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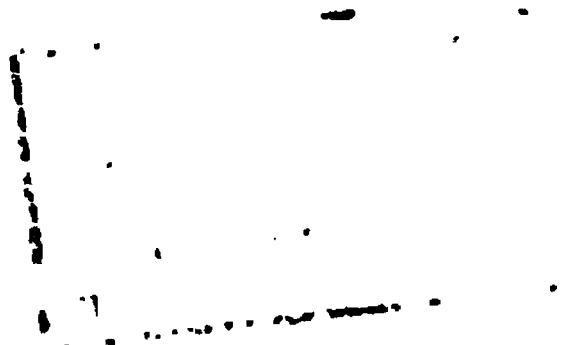
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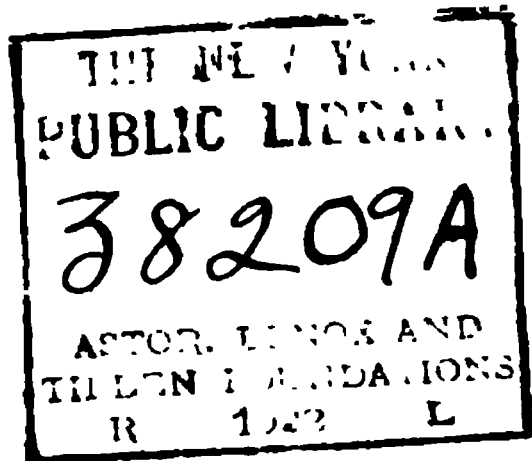
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ALEXANDER HAMILTON

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

(1757-1804)

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN

HAMILTON'S distinction among the founders of the government of the United States is everywhere acknowledged. Washington stands alone. Next him, in the rank with Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, and Sherman, Alexander Hamilton is placed. Among these illustrious men, no claim could surpass Hamilton's. He was a gallant soldier, an eloquent orator, a persuasive writer, a skillful financier, a successful administrator, and a political philosopher practical as well as wise. He is worthy to be compared in political debate with Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Webster; in organization with Cavour and Bismarck; in finance with Sully, Colbert, Robert Morris, and Gladstone. "My three friends," said Guizot to a young American many years ago, pointing to three portraits which hung upon the walls of his library,—Aberdeen, Hamilton, and Washington. Even his opponents acknowledged his powers. Thus, Jefferson called Hamilton "the Colossus of the Federalists," and Ambrose Spencer said he was "the greatest man this country ever produced." James Kent, an admirer, used terms of more discriminating praise. Allibone has collected similar tributes from Talleyrand, Guizot, and Gouverneur Morris, Story, and Webster. Yet Hamilton was severely criticized during his life by his political enemies, and he encountered attacks from the newspapers as severe as those which befall any of our contemporaries. Lodge says of him that he was "pre-eminently a leader of leaders; he could do the thinking of his time." No single sentence could express more completely the distinction of his genius: "He could do the thinking of his time." Fortunately, a good deal of the "thinking of his time" is now irrevocably fixed in the Constitution, the laws, the administration, and the institutions of this country, and the name of Hamilton now stands above reproach "among the immortals."

His public life began precociously and ended prematurely. Before he was of age, his powers were acknowledged and his reputation was established. Before he was fifty, all was over. Born in Nevis, one of the smallest of the West Indies, the son of a Scotch merchant and a French mother, he was sent to this country for his education; and

unprotected by family ties, with small pecuniary resources, he entered Columbia College, New York, in 1774. From that time onward for thirty years he was pushed forward to one influential station after another, and he was adequate to the highest of them all. Beginning his military service as a captain of artillery, he was soon afterwards aide-de-camp and secretary to General Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At a much later period of his life (1797) he was commissioned as a major-general, and served two years as inspector-general at the head of the United States army. In political life he was always prominent, first as a receiver of Continental taxes, then, successively, as a member of the Continental Congress (1782), the New York Legislature (1786), the Annapolis Convention (1786), and finally of the Constitutional Convention and of the ratifying convention in New York. Equal but hardly greater service was rendered to the country by this extraordinary patriot in the Treasury Department of the United States, of which he was Secretary for five years, under Washington, from 1789 to 1794.

The memoirs of Hamilton have been edited by several hands. Shortly after his death, three volumes of his works were printed. Subsequently, John C. Hamilton the son published a memoir in two volumes; and many years later he wrote in seven volumes a 'History of the United States, as it may be read in the writings of Alexander Hamilton.' A complete edition of Hamilton's works was edited by Henry Cabot Lodge in nine octavo volumes. In addition to the memoir just referred to, by J. C. Hamilton, there are several biographies, of which the most recent and valuable are those by John T. Morse, Jr. (2 vols., 1876); Henry Cabot Lodge (American Statesmen Series, 1882); and George Shea (second edition, 1880). All the standard histories of the United States—Bancroft, Hildreth, Schouler, Von Holst, Curtis, Fisk, etc.—may be consulted advantageously.

It is easy to form an image of the person of Hamilton, for there are several portraits in oil and a bust in marble by Giuseppe Cerrachi, besides the "Talleyrand miniature." All these have been frequently engraved. But as valuable in another way is the description by Judge Shea of Hamilton's personal appearance, as it was remembered "by some that knew and one that loved him." This sketch is so good that it would be a pity to abridge it.

"He was," says Judge Shea, "a small, lithe figure, instinct with life; erect and steady in gait: a military presence, without the intolerable accuracy of a martinet; and his general address was graceful and nervous, indicating the beauty, energy, and activity of his mind. A bright, ruddy complexion; light-colored hair; a mouth infinite in expression, its sweet smile being most observable and most spoken of; eyes lustrous with meaning and reflection, or glancing with quick canny pleasantry, and the whole countenance decidedly Scottish in

form and expression. He was, as may be inferred, the welcome guest and cheery companion in all relations of civil and social life. His political enemies frankly spoke of his manner and conversation, and regretted its irresistible charm. He certainly had a correct sense of that which is appropriate to the occasion and its object: the attribute which we call good taste. His manner, with a natural change, became very calm and grave when 'deliberation and public care' claimed his whole attention. At the time of which we now speak particularly (1787), he was continually brooding over the State Convention then at hand; moods of engrossing thought came upon him even as he trod the crowded streets, and then his pace would become slower, his head be slightly bent downward, and with hands joined together behind, he wended his way, his lips moving in concert with the thoughts forming in his mind. This habit of thinking, and this attitude, became involuntary with him as he grew in years."

But without these portraits, it would be easy to discover in the incidents of Hamilton's life the characteristics of a gallant, independent, high-spirited man, who never shrunk from danger and who placed the public interests above all private considerations. At times he was rash and unexpected, but his rashness was the result of swift and accurate reasoning and of unswerving will. His integrity was faultless, and bore the severest scrutiny, sometimes under circumstances of stress. We can easily imagine that such a brave and honest knight would have been welcomed to a seat at the Round Table of King Arthur.

Recall his career; a mere boy, he leaves his West India home to get a college education in this country. Princeton for technical reasons would not receive him, and he proceeds at once, and not in vain, to the halls of King's College, now known as Columbia. Just after entering college he goes to a mass meeting of the citizens "in the open fields" near the city of New York, and not quite satisfied with the arguments there set forth, he mounts the platform and after a slight hesitation carries with him the entire assembly. When the Revolutionary War begins he enlists at once, and takes part in the battle of Long Island, the consequent retreat to White Plains, and the contests at Trenton and Princeton. He makes a brilliant assault upon the enemy's redoubts at Yorktown. While on the staff of Washington, a reproof from the General cuts him to the quick, and on the instant he says, "We part," and so retires from military service. His standing at the bar of New York is that of a leader. When the Constitutional Convention assembles, he takes part in its deliberations; and though not entirely satisfied with the conclusions reached, he accepts them, and becomes with Jay and Madison one of the chief exponents and defenders of the new Constitution. Under Washington as President he is placed in charge of the national

finances, and soon establishes the public credit on the basis which has never since been shaken. Low creatures endeavor to blackmail him, and circulate scandalous stories respecting his financial management: he bravely tells the whole truth, and stands absolutely acquitted of the least suspicion of official malfeasance. In 1799, when war with France is imminent, Washington, again selected as commander-in-chief, selects him as the first of three major-generals on whom he must depend. Finally, when Aaron Burr challenges him he accepts the challenge; he makes his will, meets his enemy, and falls with a mortal wound.

The news of his death sent a thrill of horror through the country, not unlike that which followed the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield. The story of the duel has often been told, but nowhere so vividly as in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, recently published. His countrymen mourned the death of Hamilton as they had mourned for no other statesman except Washington. Morris's speech at the funeral, under circumstances of great popular excitement, brings to mind the speech of Brutus over the body of Cæsar. Unless there had been great restraint on the part of the orator, the passions of the multitude would have been inflamed against the rival who fired the fatal shot.

It is time to pass from that which is transient in Hamilton's life to that which will endure as long as this government shall last,—to the ideas suggested and embodied by the framers of the Constitution in fundamental measures. The distinction of Hamilton does not depend upon the stations that he held, however exalted they may appear, in either the political or the military service of his country. It was his "thinking" that made him famous; his "thinking" that perpetuated his influence as well as his fame, through the nine decades that have followed since his death. Even now, when his personality is obscurely remembered, his political doctrines are more firmly established than ever before. The adjustment of the democratic principles of which Jefferson was the exponent and the national principles which Hamilton advocated still prevails; but as Morse sagaciously says, "the democratic system of Jefferson is administered in the form and on the principles of Hamilton."

In the anxious days of the Confederation,—when the old government had been thrown off, and when men were groping with conflicting motives after a new government which should secure union with independence, national or Continental authority with the preservation of State rights,—Hamilton was one of the earliest to perceive the true solution of the problem. He bore his part in the debates, always inclining toward a strong federal government. The conclusions which were reached by the Convention did not meet his unqualified assent;

but he accepted them as the best results that could then be secured. He became their expounder and their defender. The essays which he wrote, with those of his two colleagues Jay and Madison, were collected in a volume known as 'The Federalist,'—a volume which is of the first importance in the interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. Successive generations of judges, senators, statesmen, and publicists, recur to its pages as to a commentary of the highest value. The opinion of Mr. Curtis, the historian of the Constitution, will not be questioned. "These essays," he says, "gave birth to American constitutional law, which was thus placed above arbitrary construction and brought into the domain of legal truth." "They made it a science, and so long as the Constitution shall exist, they will continue to be resorted to as the most important source of contemporaneous interpretation which the annals of the country afford."

Hamilton's confidence in the power of the press to enlighten and guide the public was balanced by grave apprehensions as to the fate of the Constitution. "A nation," he said, "without a national government is an awful spectacle. The establishment of a Constitution, in a time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety." We who have lived to see the end of a century of constitutional government, in the course of which appeal has been made to the sword, we who live secure in the unique advantages of our dual governments, find it hard even to imagine the rocks through which the ship of State was steered by the framers of the Constitution.

As a financier, not less than as a statesman, Hamilton showed exceptional ability. He had the rare qualities of intellect which enabled him to perceive the legitimate sources of revenue, the proper conditions of national credit, and the best method of distributing over a term of years the payment required by the emergencies of the State. Commerce and trade were palsied; currency was wanting; confidence was shaken; counsels were conflicting. These difficulties were like a stimulant to the mind of Hamilton. He mastered the situation, he proposed remedies, he secured support, he restored credit. From his time to the present, in peace and war, notwithstanding temporary embarrassments and occasional panics, the finances of the government have been sound, and its obligations accepted wherever offered. In the long line of honest and able secretaries who have administered the treasury, Hamilton stands as the first and greatest financier.

His ability was not alone that of a reasoner upon the principles of political economy. He was ingenious and wise in devising methods by which principles may be reduced to practice. The Treasury

Department was to be organized. Hamilton became the organizer. While Congress imposed upon him the duty of preparing far-reaching plans for the creation of revenue, which he produced with promptness and sagacity, he also found time to devise the complex machinery that was requisite, and the system of accounts. "So well were these tasks performed," says Morse, "that the plans still subsist, developing and growing with the nation, but at bottom the original arrangements of Hamilton."

This administrative ability was shown on a large scale the second time, but in another field. When it became necessary, in view of a foreign war that seemed impending, to organize an army, it was Washington who called to this service his former comrade in arms, the man who had organized the Treasury at the beginning of his first administration. Here, as before, Hamilton's abilities were employed successfully.

The limits of this article preclude the enumeration of Hamilton's services in many subordinate ways,—for example, his influence in securing the acceptance of the treaty with England. It is enough in conclusion to repeat the words of two great thinkers. Daniel Webster spoke as follows in 1831:—

"He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived with delight and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton."

And Francis Lieber, in his 'Civil Liberty and Self-Government,' wrote thus in 1853:—

"The framers of our Constitution boldly conceived a federal republic, or the application of the representative principle, with its two houses, to a confederacy. It was the first instance in history. The Netherlands, which served our forefathers as models in many respects, even in the name bestowed on our confederacy, furnished them with no example for this great conception. It is the chief American contribution to the common treasures of political civilization. It is that by which America will influence other parts of the world, more than by any other political institution or principle. . . . I consider the mixture of wisdom and daring shown in the framing of our Constitution as one of the most remarkable facts in all history."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. G. Sumner", with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

FROM 'THE FEDERALIST'

DEFENSE OF HIS VIEWS OF THE CONSTITUTION

THUS have I, fellow-citizens, executed the task I had assigned to myself; with what success, your conduct must determine.

I trust at least you will admit that I have not failed, in the assurance I gave you respecting the spirit with which my endeavors should be conducted. I have addressed myself purely to your judgments, and have studiously avoided those asperities which are too apt to disgrace political disputants of all parties, and which have been not a little provoked by the language and conduct of the opponents of the Constitution. The charge of a conspiracy against the liberties of the people, which has been indiscriminately brought against the advocates of the plan, has something in it too wanton and too malignant not to excite the indignation of every man who feels in his own bosom a refutation of the calumny. The perpetual changes which have been rung upon the wealthy, the well-born, and the great, have been such as to inspire the disgust of all sensible men; and the unwarrantable concealments and misrepresentations which have been in various ways practiced to keep the truth from the public eye, have been of a nature to demand the reprobation of all honest men. It is not impossible that these circumstances may have occasionally betrayed me into intemperances of expression which I did not intend: it is certain that I have frequently felt a struggle between sensibility and moderation; and if the former has in some instances prevailed, it must be my excuse that it has been neither often nor much.

THE WISDOM OF BRIEF PRESIDENTIAL TERMS OF OFFICE

IT MAY perhaps be asked, how the shortness of the duration in office can affect the independence of the executive on the legislature, unless the one were possessed of the power of appointing or displacing the other. One answer to this inquiry may be drawn from the principle already remarked; that is, from the slender interest a man is apt to take in a short-lived advantage, and the little inducement it affords him to expose himself, on account of it, to any considerable inconvenience or hazard. Another answer, perhaps more obvious though not more conclusive,

will result from the consideration of the influence of the legislative body over the people; which might be employed to prevent the re-election of a man who, by an upright resistance to any sinister project of that body, should have made himself obnoxious to its resentment.

It may be asked also whether a duration of four years would answer the end proposed; and if it would not, whether a less period, which would at least be recommended by greater security against ambitious designs, would not for that reason be preferable to a longer period, which was at the same time too short for the purpose of inspiring the desired firmness and independence of the magistrate.

It cannot be affirmed that a duration of four years, or any other limited duration, would completely answer the end proposed; but it would contribute toward it in a degree which would have a material influence upon the spirit and character of the government. Between the commencement and termination of such a period there would always be a considerable interval, in which the prospect of annihilation would be sufficiently remote not to have an improper effect upon the conduct of a man indued with a tolerable portion of fortitude; and in which he might reasonably promise himself that there would be time enough before it arrived, to make the community sensible of the propriety of the measures he might incline to pursue. Though it be probable that—as he approached the moment when the public were by a new election to signify their sense of his conduct—his confidence, and with it his firmness, would decline; yet both the one and the other would derive support from the opportunities which his previous continuance in the station had afforded him, of establishing himself in the esteem and good-will of his constituents. He might then hazard with safety, in proportion to the proofs he had given of his wisdom and integrity, and to the title he had acquired to the respect and attachment of his fellow-citizens. As on the one hand, a duration of four years will contribute to the firmness of the executive in a sufficient degree to render it a very valuable ingredient in the composition; so, on the other, it is not enough to justify any alarm for the public liberty. If a British House of Commons, from the most feeble beginnings, *from the mere power of assenting or disagreeing to the imposition of a new tax*, have by rapid strides reduced the prerogatives of the Crown and the privileges of the

nobility within the limits they conceived to be compatible with the principles of a free government, while they raised themselves to the rank and consequence of a coequal branch of the legislature, if they have been able in one instance to abolish both the royalty and the aristocracy, and to overturn all the ancient establishments, as well in the Church as State; if they have been able on a recent occasion to make the monarch tremble at the prospect of an innovation attempted by them,—what would be to be feared from an elective magistrate of four years' duration, with the confined authorities of a President of the United States? What, but that he might be unequal to the task which the Constitution assigns him?

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A PRESIDENT AND A SOVEREIGN

AND it appears yet more unequivocally, that there is no pretense for the parallel which has been attempted between him and the king of Great Britain. But to render the contrast in this respect still more striking, it may be of use to throw the principal circumstances of dissimilitude into a closer group.

The President of the United States would be an officer elected by the people for *four* years; the king of Great Britain is a perpetual and *hereditary* prince. The one would be amenable to personal punishment and disgrace; the person of the other is sacred and inviolable. The one would have a *qualified* negative upon the acts of the legislative body; the other has an *absolute* negative. The one would have a right to command the military and naval forces of the nation; the other, in addition to this right, possesses that of *declaring* war, and of *raising* and *regulating* fleets and armies by his own authority. The one would have a concurrent power with a branch of the legislature in the formation of treaties; the other is the *sole possessor* of the power of making treaties. The one would have a like concurrent authority in appointing to offices; the other is the sole author of all appointments. The one can confer no privileges whatever; the other can make denizens of aliens, noblemen of commoners, can erect corporations, with all the rights incident to corporate bodies. The one can prescribe no rules concerning the commerce or currency of the nation; the other is in several respects the arbiter of commerce, and in this capacity can establish markets and fairs, can regulate weights and measures, can lay embargoes for a limited

time, can coin money, can authorize or prohibit the circulation of foreign coin. The one has no particle of spiritual jurisdiction; the other is the supreme head and governor of the national Church! What answer shall we give to those who would persuade us that things so unlike resemble each other? The same that ought to be given to those who tell us that a government, the whole power of which would be in the hands of the elective and periodical servants of the people, is an aristocracy, a monarchy, and a despotism.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM AS DISTINGUISHED FROM A STANDING ARMY

WERE I to deliver my sentiments to a member of the federal legislature from this State on the subject of a militia establishment, I should hold to him in substance the following discourse:—

“The project of disciplining all the militia of the United States is as futile as it would be injurious, if it were capable of being carried into execution. A tolerable expertness in military movements is a business that requires time and practice. It is not a day, or even a week, that will suffice for the attainment of it. To oblige the great body of the yeomanry and of the other classes of the citizens to be under arms for the purpose of going through military exercises and evolutions, as often as might be necessary to acquire the degree of perfection which would entitle them to the character of a well-regulated militia, would be a real grievance to the people, and a serious public inconvenience and loss. It would form an annual deduction from the productive labor of the country, to an amount which, calculating upon the present numbers of the people, would not fall far short of the whole expense of the civil establishments of all the States. To attempt a thing which would abridge the mass of labor and industry to so considerable an extent, would be unwise: and the experiment, if made, could not succeed, because it would not long be endured. Little more can reasonably be aimed at, with respect to the people at large, than to have them properly armed and equipped; and in order to see that this be not neglected, it will be necessary to assemble them once or twice in the course of a year.

“But though the scheme of disciplining the whole nation must be abandoned as mischievous or impracticable, yet it is a matter

of the utmost importance that a well-digested plan should as soon as possible be adopted for the proper establishment of the militia. The attention of the government ought particularly to be directed to the formation of a select corps of moderate extent, upon such principles as will really fit them for service in case of need. By thus circumscribing the plan, it will be possible to have an excellent body of well-trained militia, ready to take the field whenever the defense of the State shall require it. This will not only lessen the call for military establishments, but if circumstances should at any time oblige the government to form an army of any magnitude, that army can never be formidable to the liberties of the people, while there is a large body of citizens little if at all inferior to them in discipline and the use of arms, who stand ready to defend their own rights and those of their fellow-citizens. This appears to me the only substitute that can be devised for a standing army, and the best possible security against it if it should exist."

CONFEDERACY AS EXPRESSED IN THE FEDERAL SYSTEM

THOUGH the ancient feudal systems were not, strictly speaking, confederacies, yet they partook of the nature of that species of association. There was a common head, chieftain, or sovereign, whose authority extended over the whole nation; and a number of subordinate vassals or feudatories, who had large portions of land allotted to them, and numerous trains of inferior vassals or retainers, who occupied and cultivated that land upon the tenure of fealty or obedience to the persons of whom they held it. Each principal vassal was a kind of sovereign within his particular demesnes. The consequences of this situation were a continual opposition to the authority of the sovereign, and frequent wars between the great barons or chief feudatories themselves. The power of the head of the nation was commonly too weak either to preserve the public peace, or to protect the people against the oppressions of their immediate lords. This period of European affairs is emphatically styled by historians the times of feudal anarchy.

When the sovereign happened to be a man of vigorous and warlike temper and of superior abilities, he would acquire a personal weight and influence which answered for the time the purposes of a more regular authority. But in general the power

of the barons triumphed over that of the prince, and in many instances his dominion was entirely thrown off, and the great fiefs were erected into independent principalities or States. In those instances in which the monarch finally prevailed over his vassals, his success was chiefly owing to the tyranny of those vassals over their dependents. The barons or nobles, equally the enemies of the sovereign and the oppressors of the common people, were dreaded and detested by both; till mutual danger and mutual interest effected a union between them fatal to the power of the aristocracy. Had the nobles by a conduct of clemency and justice preserved the fidelity and devotion of their retainers and followers, the contests between them and the prince must almost always have ended in their favor, and in the abridgment or subversion of the royal authority.

This is not an assertion founded merely in speculation or conjecture. Among other illustrations of its truth which might be cited, Scotland will furnish a cogent example. The spirit of clanship which was at an early day introduced into that kingdom, uniting the nobles and their dependents by ties equivalent to those of kindred, rendered the aristocracy a constant overmatch for the power of the monarch, till the incorporation with England subdued its fierce and ungovernable spirit, and reduced it within those rules of subordination which a more rational and more energetic system of civil polity had previously established in the latter kingdom.

The separate governments in a confederacy may aptly be compared with the feudal baronies; with this advantage in their favor, that from the reasons already explained, they will generally possess the confidence and good-will of the people, and with so important a support, will be able effectually to oppose all encroachments of the national government.

OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES AS RELATED TO ITS COMMERCE

THE relative situation of these States; the number of rivers with which they are intersected, and of bays that wash their shores; the facility of communication in every direction; the affinity of language and manners; the familiar habits of intercourse,—all these are circumstances that would conspire to render an illicit trade between them a matter of little difficulty,

and would insure frequent evasions of the commercial regulations of each other. The separate States or confederacies would be necessitated by mutual jealousy to avoid the temptations to that kind of trade by the lowness of their duties. The temper of our governments, for a long time to come, would not permit those rigorous precautions by which the European nations guard the avenues into their respective countries, as well by land as by water; and which even there are found insufficient obstacles to the adventurous stratagems of avarice.

In France there is an army of patrols (as they are called) constantly employed to secure their fiscal regulations against the inroads of the dealers in contraband trade. Mr. Necker computes the number of these patrols at upwards of twenty thousand. This shows the immense difficulty in preventing that species of traffic where there is an inland communication, and places in a strong light the disadvantages with which the collection of duties in this country would be incumbered, if by disunion the States should be placed in a situation with respect to each other resembling that of France with respect to her neighbors. The arbitrary and vexatious powers with which the patrols are necessarily armed would be intolerable in a free country.

If on the contrary there be but one government pervading all the States, there will be as to the principal part of our commerce but *one side* to guard,—the *Atlantic coast*. Vessels arriving directly from foreign countries, laden with valuable cargoes, would rarely choose to hazard themselves to the complicated and critical perils which would attend attempts to unlade prior to their coming into port. They would have to dread both the dangers of the coast and of detection, as well after as before their arrival at the places of their final destination. An ordinary degree of vigilance would be competent to the prevention of any material infractions upon the rights of the revenue. A few armed vessels, judiciously stationed at the entrances of our ports, might at a small expense be made useful sentinels of the laws. And the government having the same interest to provide against violations everywhere, the co-operation of its measures in each State would have a powerful tendency to render them effectual. Here also we should preserve, by union, an advantage which nature holds out to us and which would be relinquished by separation. The United States lie at a great distance from Europe, and at a considerable distance from all other places with which they would have

extensive connections of foreign trade. The passage from them to us in a few hours, or in a single night, as between the coasts of France and Britain, and of other neighboring nations, would be impracticable. This is a prodigious security against a direct contraband with foreign countries; but a circuitous contraband to one State through the medium of another would be both easy and safe. The difference between a direct importation from abroad and an indirect importation through the channel of a neighboring State, in small parcels, according to time and opportunity, with the additional facilities of inland communication, must be palpable to every man of discernment.

It is therefore evident that one national government would be able, at much less expense, to extend the duties on imports beyond comparison further than would be practicable to the States separately, or to any partial confederacies.

THE STANDING ARMY AS A PERIL TO A REPUBLIC

THE disciplined armies always kept on foot on the Continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have notwithstanding been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede and finally to frustrate the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned, but of towns taken and retaken; of battles that decide nothing; of retreats more beneficial than victories; of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long

as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one State open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous States would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War therefore would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought, though I confess it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will after a time give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort, for repose and security, to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to are *standing armies* and the correspondent appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new Constitution; and it is therefore inferred that they may exist under it. Their existence, however, from the very terms of the proposition, is at most problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the Confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker States or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defense, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would at the same time be necessitated to strengthen the executive arm of government, in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the States or confederacies that made use of them a superiority over their neighbors. Small States, or States of less natural

strength, under vigorous governments and with the assistance of disciplined armies have often triumphed over large States, or States of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the more important States or confederacies would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the Old World. This at least would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be the more likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

DO REPUBLICS PROMOTE PEACE?

NOTWITHSTANDING the concurring testimony of experience in this particular, there are still to be found visionary or designing men who stand ready to advocate the paradox of perpetual peace between the States, though dismembered and alienated from each other. The genius of republics (say they) is pacific; the spirit of commerce has a tendency to soften the manners of men, and to extinguish those inflammable humors which have so often kindled into wars. Commercial republics like ours will never be disposed to waste themselves in ruinous contentions with each other. They will be governed by mutual interest, and will cultivate a spirit of mutual amity and concord.

Is it not (we may ask these projectors in politics) the true interest of all nations to cultivate the same benevolent and philosophic spirit? If this be their true interest, have they in fact pursued it? Has it not, on the contrary, invariably been found that momentary passions and immediate interests have a more active and imperious control over human conduct than general or remote considerations of policy, utility, or justice? Have republics in practice been less addicted to war than monarchies? Are not the former administered by men as well as the latter? Are there not aversions, predilections, rivalships, and desires of unjust acquisitions that affect nations as well as kings? Are not popular assemblies frequently subject to the impulses of rage, resentment, jealousy, avarice, and of other irregular and violent

propensities? Is it not well known that their determinations are often governed by a few individuals in whom they place confidence, and are of course liable to be tinged by the passions and views of those individuals? Has commerce hitherto done anything more than change the objects of war? Is not the love of wealth as domineering and enterprising a passion as that of power or glory? Have there not been as many wars founded upon commercial motives, since that has become the prevailing system of nations, as were before occasioned by the cupidity of territory or dominion? Has not the spirit of commerce in many instances administered new incentives to the appetite, both for the one and for the other? Let experience, the least fallible guide of human opinions, be appealed to for an answer to these inquiries.

Sparta, Athens, Rome, and Carthage were all republics; two of them, Athens and Carthage, of the commercial kind. Yet were they as often engaged in wars, offensive and defensive, as the neighboring monarchies of the same times. Sparta was little better than a well-regulated camp; and Rome was never sated of carnage and conquest.

Carthage, though a commercial republic, was the aggressor in the very war that ended in her destruction. Hannibal had carried her arms into the heart of Italy and to the gates of Rome, before Scipio in turn gave him an overthrow in the territories of Carthage, and made a conquest of the commonwealth.

Venice in later times figured more than once in wars of ambition, till, becoming an object of terror to the other Italian States, Pope Julius II. found means to accomplish that formidable league which gave a deadly blow to the power and pride of this haughty republic.

The provinces of Holland, till they were overwhelmed in debts and taxes, took a leading and conspicuous part in the wars of Europe. They had furious contests with England for the dominion of the sea, and were among the most persevering and most implacable of the opponents of Louis XIV.

In the government of Britain the representatives of the people compose one branch of the national legislature. Commerce has been for ages the predominant pursuit of that country. Few nations, nevertheless, have been more frequently engaged in war; and the wars in which that kingdom has been engaged have in numerous instances proceeded from the people.

There have been, if I may so express it, almost as many popular as royal wars. The cries of the nation and the importunities of their representatives have upon various occasions dragged their monarchs into war, or continued them in it, contrary to their inclinations, and sometimes contrary to the real interests of the State. In that memorable struggle for superiority between the rival houses of Austria and Bourbon, which so long kept Europe in a flame, it is well known that the antipathies of the English against the French, seconding the ambition or rather the avarice of a favorite leader, protracted the war beyond the limits marked out by sound policy, and for a considerable time in opposition to the views of the court.

The wars of these two last-mentioned nations have in a great measure grown out of commercial considerations,—the desire of supplanting and the fear of being supplanted, either in particular branches of traffic or in the general advantages of trade and navigation.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE IN NATIONAL POLITICS

THE causes of hostility among nations are innumerable. There are some which have a general and almost constant operation upon the collective bodies of society. Of this description are the love of power or the desire of pre-eminence and dominion,—the jealousy of power, or the desire of equality and safety. There are others which have a more circumscribed though an equally operative influence within their spheres. Such are the rivalships and competitions of commerce between commercial nations. And there are others, not less numerous than either of the former, which take their origin entirely in private passions; in the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes, and fears of leading individuals in the communities of which they are members. Men of this class, whether the favorites of a king or of a people, have in too many instances abused the confidence they possessed; and assuming the pretext of some public motive, have not scrupled to sacrifice the national tranquillity to personal advantage or personal gratification.

The celebrated Pericles, in compliance with the resentment of a prostitute, at the expense of much of the blood and treasure of his countrymen, attacked, vanquished, and destroyed the city of the Samnians. The same man, stimulated by private pique

against the Megarensians, another nation of Greece, or to avoid a prosecution with which he was threatened as an accomplice in a supposed theft of the statuary Phidias, or to get rid of the accusations prepared to be brought against him for dissipating the funds of the State in the purchase of popularity, or from a combination of all these causes, was the primitive author of that famous and fatal war distinguished in the Grecian annals by the name of the Peloponnesian War; which after various vicissitudes, intermissions, and renewals, terminated in the ruin of the Athenian commonwealth.

The ambitious cardinal who was prime minister to Henry VIII., permitting his vanity to aspire to the triple crown, entertained hopes of succeeding in the acquisition of that splendid prize by the influence of the Emperor Charles V. To secure the favor and interest of this enterprising and powerful monarch, he precipitated England into a war with France, contrary to the plainest dictates of policy, and at the hazard of the safety and independence, as well of the kingdom over which he presided by his counsels as of Europe in general. For if there ever was a sovereign who bid fair to realize the project of universal monarchy, it was the Emperor Charles V., of whose intrigues Wolsey was at once the instrument and the dupe.

The influence which the bigotry of one female, the petulance of another, and the cabals of a third, had in the contemporary policy, ferments, and pacifications of a considerable part of Europe, are topics that have been too often descanted upon not to be generally known.

To multiply examples of the agency of personal considerations in the production of great, national events, either foreign or domestic, according to their direction, would be an unnecessary waste of time. Those who have but a superficial acquaintance with the sources from which they are to be drawn, will themselves recollect a variety of instances; and those who have a tolerable knowledge of human nature will not stand in need of such lights, to form their opinion either of the reality or extent of that agency.

RESULTS OF THE CONFEDERATION

WE MAY indeed, with propriety, be said to have reached almost the last stage of national humiliation. There is scarcely anything that can wound the pride or degrade the character of an independent nation, which we do not experience. Are there engagements to the performance of which we are held by every tie respectable among men? these are the subjects of constant and unblushing violation. Do we owe debts to foreigners, and to our own citizens, contracted in a time of imminent peril, for the preservation of our political existence? these remain without any proper or satisfactory provision for their discharge. Have we valuable territories and important posts in the possession of a foreign power, which, by express stipulations, ought long since to have been surrendered? these are still retained, to the prejudice of our interests not less than of our rights. Are we in a condition to resent or to repel the aggression? we have neither troops, nor treasury, nor government. Are we even in a condition to remonstrate with dignity? the just imputations on our own faith, in respect to the same treaty, ought first to be removed. Are we entitled by nature and compact to a free participation in the navigation of the Mississippi? Spain excludes us from it. Is public credit an indispensable resource in time of public danger? we seem to have abandoned its cause as desperate and irretrievable. Is commerce of importance to national wealth? ours is at the lowest point of declension. Is respectability in the eyes of foreign powers a safeguard against foreign encroachments? the imbecility of our government even forbids them to treat with us; our ambassadors abroad are the mere pageants of mimic sovereignty. Is a violent and unnatural decrease in the value of land a symptom of national distress? the price of improved land in most parts of the country is much lower than can be accounted for by the quantity of waste land at market, and can only be fully explained by that want of private and public confidence which are so alarmingly prevalent among all ranks, and which have a direct tendency to depreciate property of every kind. Is private credit the friend and patron of industry? that most useful kind which relates to borrowing and lending is reduced within the narrowest limits, and this still more from an opinion of insecurity than from the scarcity of money. To shorten an enumeration of particulars which can afford neither

pleasure nor instruction, it may in general be demanded: What indication is there of national disorder, poverty, and insignificance that could befall a community so peculiarly blessed with natural advantages as we are, which does not form a part of the dark catalogue of our public misfortunes?

INSTANCES OF THE EVILS OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY

FROM such a parade of constitutional powers, in the representatives and head of this [the German] Confederacy, the natural supposition would be that it must form an exception to the general character which belongs to its kindred systems. Nothing would be further from the reality. The fundamental principle on which it rests, that the Empire is a community of sovereigns, that the Diet is a representation of sovereigns, and that the laws are addressed to sovereigns, renders the Empire a nerveless body, incapable of regulating its own members, insecure against external dangers, and agitated with unceasing fermentations in its own bowels.

The history of Germany is a history of wars between the Emperor and the princes and States themselves; of the licentiousness of the strong and the oppression of the weak; of foreign intrusions and foreign intrigues; of requisitions of men and money disregarded, or partially complied with; of attempts to enforce them, altogether abortive, or attended with slaughter and desolation, involving the innocent with the guilty; of general imbecility, confusion, and misery.

In the sixteenth century, the Emperor, with one part of the Empire on his side, was seen engaged against the other princes and States. In one of the conflicts, the Emperor himself was put to flight and very near being made prisoner by the Elector of Saxony. The late King of Prussia was more than once pitted against his imperial sovereign, and commonly proved an overmatch for him. Controversies and wars among the members themselves have been so common, that the German annals are crowded with the bloody pages which describe them. Previous to the peace of Westphalia, Germany was desolated by a war of thirty years, in which the Emperor with one half of the Empire was on one side, and Sweden with the other half on the opposite side. Peace was at length negotiated and dictated by foreign

powers; and the articles of it, to which foreign powers are parties, made a fundamental part of the Germanic constitution. . . .


The impossibility of maintaining order and dispensing justice among these sovereign subjects produced the experiment of dividing the Empire into nine or ten circles or districts; of giving them an interior organization; and of charging them with the military execution of the laws against delinquent and contumacious members. This experiment has only served to demonstrate more fully the radical vice of the constitution. Each circle is the miniature picture of the deformities of this political monster. They either fail to execute their commissions, or they do it with all the devastation and carnage of civil war. Sometimes whole circles are defaulters; and then they increase the mischief which they were instituted to remedy. . . .

It may be asked, perhaps, What has so long kept this disjointed machine from falling entirely to pieces? The answer is obvious. The weakness of most of the members, who are unwilling to expose themselves to the mercy of foreign powers; the weakness of most of the principal members, compared with the formidable powers all around them; the vast weight and influence which the Emperor derives from his separate and hereditary dominions; and the interest he feels in preserving a system with which his family pride is connected, and which constitutes him the first prince in Europe,—these causes support a feeble and precarious union; whilst the repellent quality incident to the nature of sovereignty, and which time continually strengthens, prevents any reform whatever, founded on a proper consolidation. Nor is it to be imagined, if this obstacle could be surmounted, that the neighboring powers would suffer a revolution to take place which would give to the Empire the force and pre-eminence to which it is entitled. Foreign nations have long considered themselves as interested in the changes made by events in this constitution; and have on various occasions betrayed their policy of perpetuating its anarchy and weakness.

If more direct examples were wanting, Poland, as a government over local sovereigns, might not improperly be taken notice of. Nor could any proof more striking be given of the calamities flowing from such institutions. Equally unfit for self-government and self-defense, it has long been at the mercy of its powerful neighbors; who have lately had the mercy to disburden it of one third of its people and territories.

ANTHONY HAMILTON

(1646?-1720) ↓

 HE author of 'Gramont's Memoirs,' usually known as Count Hamilton, was a man without a nationality. Born in Ireland of Scotch blood, grandson of the Earl of Abercorn, he was a baby when his parents followed the relics of the royal family to France after the execution of Charles I.; and he remained there till 1660, his education and formative influences during childhood being wholly French, which language was really his mother tongue. At the Restoration he returned to England and became an ornament of Charles II.'s court, though debarred from office for being a Catholic. James II. gave him command of an Irish regiment and made him governor of Limerick; but on James's abdication he returned to France and remained there, a notable figure in Louis XIV.'s court, whose wit and elastic moral atmosphere were alike congenial to him.

He made a good French translation of Pope's 'Essay on Man,' cordially acknowledged by the author. He wrote graceful poems; and in ridicule of the prevalent

craze for Oriental tales, which he declared quite within the powers of any one with the slenderest literary faculty, wrote several stories of the Arabian Nights order, without plot or denouement, usually promising the finish in "the next volume," which was never written. These stories are clever and witty enough to be still read, and some of their expressions have become stock literary quotations, but they are curios rather than living works.

COUNT DE GRAMONT

More can be said for another work, which has permanent vitality,—the 'Memoirs' of his brother-in-law the Duke of Gramont. The latter was a conspicuous soldier and courtier during the Regency, and Hamilton's senior by twenty years. This dashing, witty profligate, with generous impulses and no conscience, was a true product of the court of Louis XIV. and of that of the English Charles II. An aristocrat of long descent, a soldier of renown, with his laughing

eyes, his dimple, and his conversational gift, he was popular everywhere.

Hamilton met him first in England, whither a social imprudence had led him, and where he became engaged to his biographer's beautiful sister. Then he was recalled, and started for home, unmindful of his promises. The young lady's brothers hurried after him:—

"Chevalier! chevalier! haven't you forgotten something at London?"

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the chevalier. "I have forgotten to marry your sister."

He went back with them, married Miss Hamilton, and took her to France. The incident is characteristic of his careless ready wit; and it did not seem to weaken Hamilton's admiring affection.

Gramont's prime quality was social talent. He loved extravagant living, intrigue, and *bons-mots*, and the life that receives most stimulus from other personalities. To write as he conversed was impossible to him. Yet he had been told that the record of his life was too interesting to be lost, and his vanity liked the thought. There was talk of giving the task to Boileau, who wanted it. But Boileau might be severe or satiric; so Hamilton was preferred.

Hamilton, in spite of his knowledge of court life in France and England, and his somewhat malicious wit, was rather taciturn and unsuccessful as a society man. He loved better the quiet of Saint-Germain, and solitary, thoughtful constitutionals in its forest. To write was easier for him than to talk. He appreciated the life in which he did not shine, and could do justice to the duke's reminiscences.

The result is a brilliant picture of the court of Charles II., of that pleasure-seeking king and the beauties and fascinations of his mistresses. There are many other scandalous tales as well, involving the Duke of Buckingham, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Gramont himself, and other celebrities. In spirit and style the work is wholly French,—a long succession of witty, malicious gossip. The author addresses himself in the opening sentence to those who read for amusement. To such the memoirs are perennially interesting.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE

From 'Gramont's Memoirs'

[De Gramont and his friend M. Matta being much pressed for money, the Count relates an incident of his early youth, and suggests acting on its hint, to raise the sum they require.]

THEY had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day when the chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy-chair; and being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having for a short time observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons who had never before held their tongues for a moment when together, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him.

"A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the chevalier: "what is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?"

"Faith, chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître-d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved for the remainder of the campaign to live upon others as others have lived upon us: this was my dream. Now tell me, chevalier, on what were you musing?"

"Poor fellow!" said the chevalier, shrugging his shoulders; "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair, at some silly stories which the maître-d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money? Have you no sentiments of honor? Where is the dignity of France?"

"And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say the Devil may take them if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week since I have seen you pull out your purse or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity."

"I own all this," said the chevalier; "but yet I will force you to confess that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story. . . .

"When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite; and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being perhaps the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarreled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign; I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy: however, it was with the greatest reluctance and the most poignant anguish that he found himself obliged to yield; one would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he on the contrary appeared so overwhelmed with grief that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away those four hundred louis. He went on so heavily that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me now and then, 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage;

for instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half a crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead; his name Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair in order to go down-stairs, 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.'

"The moment he mentioned cards and dice I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of

the tables where they were playing, and thought that I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country boobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one at a moderate distance would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning while supper is getting ready: but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves: we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey. Never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots: God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up, and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. M. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having traveled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap.

I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon: and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir. May the Devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I: 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no designs upon his money; and that if he pleased I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections, but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game: fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him; he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he like a true gamester took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool

manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune without being able to find any remedy: in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip which he held in his hand, 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains? Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has perhaps a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the Devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he. 'Five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is perhaps but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy

words: but I thought he would have fainted when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' and after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he: 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes; I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap: Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children: my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty—as well for some little repairs in the abbey as to pay for praying for me! Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for since my arrival I have had at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors. Fortune is now again become unfavorable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must therefore endeavor to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta; "it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to? Mind what I say: I will go to-morrow to the headquarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper."

"Where?" said Matta.

"Here," said the chevalier.

"You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have

neither money nor credit; and to re-establish our circumstances you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the chevalier: "is it possible that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I: we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with: I will bespeak a splendid supper; he shall pay for it. Send your maître-d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions which it is necessary to take on such an occasion."

"What are they?" said Matta.

"I will tell you," said the chevalier; "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noonday. You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground between this place and the headquarters."

"What the devil!" cried Matta; "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to do with it."

"Poor devil!" said the chevalier: "the matter is this: it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

"Embrace me, my dear chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides and laughing; "embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot; I must indeed confess that you are already a great soldier."

The next day everything happened as the Chevalier Gramont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible; Matta drank

five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Gramont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play;—that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being done, the serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade and the Chevalier de Gramont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise and the high-crowned hat were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy-chair in order to fall asleep, while the chevalier was stripping the poor count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta. As his head was heavy with sleep and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor count," said he, "if I was in your place, I would play no more."

"Why so?" said the other.

"I don't know," said he; "but my heart tells me that your ill luck will continue."

"I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards.

"Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed.

"Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep: "all your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the Devil take me if it is possible for you to win."

"Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient.

"Do you wish to know?" said Matta: "why, faith, it is because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Gramont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of

truth: "M. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man who plays with such ill luck as the count to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester than such a threat; and the count in a softened tone told the chevalier that M. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Gramont gave the count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons, for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated without informing him of it. "Besides," said he, "it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favored them the remainder of the campaign; and the Chevalier de Gramont, to prove that he had only seized upon the count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them: officers who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence, but his manner of conferring a favor exceeded even the favor itself.

Every man possessed of such amiable qualities must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him. The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favor.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

(1847-)



SPECIAL taste for the abstract in mathematics, along with a practical interest in the military profession, do not generally enter into the stuff out of which romance-writers and poets are made. Mr. Hardy, however, is an interesting example of the temperament that takes hold of both the real and the ideal. Successively a hard-working professor of civil engineering and applied mathematical science in two or three institutions, he has built up a reputation in belles-lettres by working in them with an industry that has given him a distinctive place in what he once reckoned only an avocation. In addition he represented his country for eight years as minister abroad.

Mr. Hardy was born in 1847 at Andover, Massachusetts. By school life at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, he was early put into touch with French letters and French life. After a single year at Amherst College he entered the West Point Military Academy, graduating in 1869. He became a second lieutenant in the Third Artillery Regiment, saw some soldier life during 1869 and 1870, and then resigned from the service to become a professor of civil engineering at Iowa College for a brief time. In 1874 he went abroad, to take a course in scientific bridge-building and road-constructing in Paris, returning to take a professorship in that line of instruction at the Chandler Scientific School, connected with Dartmouth College. He assumed a similar professorship in Dartmouth College in 1878. This position (in connection with which he published at least one established text-book, *Elements of Quaternions*,) followed by his translation of *Argand's Imaginary Quantities*, by his own *Analytical Geometry*, and by other practical works in applied mathematics) he held until 1893, when he became editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. In 1897 he was appointed minister resident and consul-general at Teheran, Persia; in 1899 he became minister to Greece; two years later he was transferred to Switzerland; and he completed his diplomatic service as minister to Spain, 1903-5.

Mr. Hardy in literature is a novelist and a poet. His novels include *But Yet a Woman* (1883), *Wind of Destiny* (1886), *Passe Rose* (1889), *His Daughter First* (1903), *Aurélie* (1912), and *Diane and Her Friends* (1914). The earliest of these is of peculiar grace, united with firmness of construction; with a decided

truth: "M. Matta."
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HERBURN HARDY

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... specially as to its epigrammatic flash);
 ... definite definiteness prominent in it, par-
 ... Father Le Blanc, the philosophic and
 ... subtle psychologic quality, 'The Wind
 ... its scenery and characters partly
 ... and its little drama a tragic one.
 ... novel, dealing with the days and court
 ... of it a dancing-girl, with a princess as
 ... first as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly
 ... as a book in 1889. It is a romance of that
 ... meets with a response in every novel-reader's
 ... names are all charming; but he has presented
 ... type than this flower of a mediæval day, with
 ... northern sea in her eyes and under the rose-brown
 ... the sound of its waves in the ripple of her

LE BLANC MAKES A CALL; AND PREACHES A SERMON

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LE BLANC had a profound belief in human agencies.
 He loved to play the ministering angel, for his heart was a
 well of sympathy. There was even a latent chiding of
 providence at the bottom of this well sometimes, when the sight
 of the poor and the suffering stirred its depths with pity for
 those lonely wayfarers who, neglected by this world, seem for-
 gotten also of God. This was but one of those many themes
 which this mind, at once simple, honest, and profound, turned
 over and over reflectively, never seeing its one aspect except as
 on the way to the other. "The difficulty does not lie in believ-
 ing the truths of the Church," he once said, "but in those other
 things which we must believe also." Or again, "Belief is an edi-
 fice never completed, because we do not yet comprehend its plan,
 and every day some workman brings a new stone from the
 quarry." So that while Father Le Blanc was very devout, he was
 not a devotee. He flavored his religious belief with the salt of a
 good sense against which he endeavored to be on his guard, as
 he was even against his charity and compassion. The vision of
 Milton's fallen Spirit, beating its wings vainly in a non-resisting
 air, drew from his heart a profound sigh.

His thoughts turned very naturally to Stéphanie and her journey that day, for he was on the way to secure the nineteenth volume of the 'Viaje de España' of Pontz, for which he had been long on the search, and which awaited him at last on the Quai Voltaire. Those old books which filled the shelves of his room in the Rue Tiquetonne had left his purse a light one. "But," said Father Le Blanc, "I am not poor, since I have what I want."

After possessing himself of his coveted book, he took up his way along the quai, with his treasure under his arm. "I have a mind to call on her," he said, still thinking of Stéphanie. "The art of knowing when one is needed is more difficult than that of helping;" and he paused on the curbstone to watch a company of the line coming from the caserne of the Cité. A carriage, arrested a moment by the passage of the troops, approached the spot where he was standing, and he recognized M. De Marzac. The priest was evidently sauntering, and M. De Marzac called to his driver to stop.

"I see you are out for a promenade," he said. "Accept this seat beside me, and take a turn with me in the Bois."

Father Le Blanc was not in his second childhood, for he had not yet outgrown his first; consequently the temptation was a strong one. But M. De Marzac was no favorite of his, and not even the fine day nor this opportunity to enjoy it could counterbalance M. De Marzac's company. Dislike at first sight is more common than love, as discord is more common than harmony. So he excused himself as about to make a visit. "Well, then, that decides it," he said to himself, as he trudged down the quai with the gait of a man with an object in view. "Now I must go."

At the door of the hôtel in the Boulevard St. Germain he stopped a moment before entering, and took a deep inspiration. To tell the truth, the day was so fine he regretted going in-doors. "I feel that I have a pair of lungs," he said, as he rang the porter's bell.

Stéphanie was not expecting a visit from Father Le Blanc, yet was glad to see him. She was in that period which lies after decision and before action, when, having made all her preparations for an early start in the express of the next morning, there was nothing to be done but sit down and wait for the hour of departure.

"The air is so pure that I feared to find you were out. And you go to-morrow!"

"Yes," St  phanie said, "*Si Dios quiere*, as the Spaniards say."

"But I shall be there before you. I leave this evening."

"This evening!"

"And without fatigue," said the priest mysteriously, drawing his volume from under his arm. "It is my nineteenth journey."

"You have been to Spain?" said St  phanie, taking the book, but still perplexed.

"Oh, never! except in those leaves which you are turning; and for two reasons," he added laughingly: "the guide-books tell us that there are in Spain priests by the thousand, but not a single cook! Still, you perceive that I am about to follow you, and—who knows!—shall perhaps lodge at the same inn. That is a country in which nothing becomes obsolete, and I have no doubt but that if you inquire for it, they will show you in Tob  so the very *fonda* at which Don Quixote dismounted."

St  phanie thought she heard in this pleasantry something more than was said. Certainly Father Le Blanc had not even whispered, "Though you are going away, my child, I shall follow you in my thoughts and in my prayers;" and yet that is what she heard. Some of his most commonplace sentences were so many half-hidden channels, such as the brooks make under the grass of the meadows, into which overflowed the currents of his sympathy and kindliness. In spite of a strong natural reserve, an invincible trust in this homely face crowned with white hairs mastered her.

"You are very good to think of me, father," she said, in a voice so full that it brought straight from his heart the message he had come to deliver.

"All who suffer are my children; and you suffer—and that grieves me. The Master who took upon himself the sorrows of the world, bade his followers imitate him. Why will you not lean a little upon me, daughter? I am an old man who has traveled the path before you."

She turned her eyes upon him, and they said, "I do not speak; but read, and comfort me."

"Sorrow is a very real thing," he continued in a voice full of sweetness and authority. "It is neither a morbid nor an unhealthy state. When it seems deepest,—when after the world has failed us, self also proves insufficient,—it may even be a

blessed one. I do not chide, I even agree with you. But I wish you also to agree with me. Be our life wide or narrow, whether we live humbly or sit on a throne, whether we dwell in our own thoughts, in the midst of action or in the search of pleasure, we come to the verdict of the Hebrew king,—that verdict which I read in your face and which broods over your life. All is emptiness and vanity! It is not the range but the depth of our experience which convinces us, and from the first we apprehend this truth dimly. We own this sad statue of Sorrow in the block from the outset, before experience chisels it out for us; and in our first search for happiness, when we look on the splendors of the young world for what they do not contain, it is this intimation of *what* they cannot yield, and the capacity of our own natures, which both allure and deceive us.”

She seemed to be listening to the story of her own life.

“And as we live on, this conviction deepens. The voices without echo and reinforce those within. We are ever looking to something better than we have or are, and whether we attain it or lose it, there is no rest for our feet. It is the man who is fooled and deluded that is to be pitied. He who finds life and self sufficient is either a monster or a caricature. Do you not see that I do not argue with your tears? But do not think to dry them in Spain, my child. Sorrow is the handmaid of God, not of Satan. She would lead us, as she did the Psalmist, to say, ‘Who will show us any good?’ that after having said this, we may also say with him, ‘Lord, lift thou the light of *thy* countenance upon us.’”

“All else is a broken cistern,” said Father Le Blanc, taking up his thoughts after a pause. “See how time deceives us! He covers the sore, he even heals the wound, but he gives no immunity from a fresh one.” Stéphanie’s eyes fell. “God only renders us superior to calamity. Honestly,” said he, lifting his hands as if he appealed to his own conscience, “priest of God though I am, in understanding I am as a child. I cannot explain—I testify. I witness to you this mystery, that out of the very hurt which brings me low, the spiritual life is developed. And,” he added, as he would the benediction to a discourse at St. Eustache, “blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are they which mourn, blessed are they which hunger and thirst, for *these* are they which shall be filled; for *theirs* is the kingdom of heaven.”

How much soever of gratefulness she felt for these words, she could not answer them. Had he held her hand, her answer

would have been a pressure. But Father Le Blanc was not hurt by her silence. Though words bubbled easily over his lips, none better knew the difficulty of sometimes saying, "Thank you." He sat quietly, smoothing the wrinkles of his soutane over his broad knee, with his eyes on the floor.

"When you return," he said at last, looking up, "I shall ask you all the questions which are not answered in my nineteen volumes. Think of it, at my age! never to have seen the sea. Yet I have lain stretched out on its yellow sands in the sun, listening to the music of its blue waves—in the Rue Tiquetonne! And when I go to my window at night, it is to stand on the summit of some high cliff, and the roar of the city is that of the sea at its base. Chained as we are to our little patrimony in the Rue Tiquetonne, the imagination is a free rover in space and time. I wager you are surprised to hear an old man talk of imagination," he said, taking her share of the conversation, and putting in her mouth the replies which he wished to answer,— "imagination, which is supposed to belong only to youth. I say, rather, youth belongs to imagination, which is then a wild Barbary colt, and carries one wherever it will; but at my age it has become domesticated, and it is on its back that I have ridden, as did Sancho on that of his patient donkey, over all the byways of Spain. And when you see some worthy colleague of mine on his ass, plodding before you with a shovel hat on his head a metre in length, you will say to yourself, 'There is my friend ahead of me.'"

Her hands crossed on her knees, plunged in a delicious revery which this voice penetrated without disturbing, Stéphanie raised her eyes to his face and smiled.

He took his book from the table where she had laid it, and put it under his arm again. He had dropped his few seeds of comfort, and was ready to permit God to water them. So he sought an excuse to go.

"I am like a schoolboy," he said, tapping the volume, "with a new copy-book, who cannot rest till he has written something on the first page. What a good friend this book will be! I count upon him in advance;" and his eyes spoke to hers; "he will not speak unless I question him; we shall perchance differ profoundly, but he will not reproach me; I shall rifle his pockets and put him aside at my pleasure, yet he will not feel neglected. I shall invite him to-night to a tête-à-tête before my fire, and

fall asleep while he is doing his best to entertain me; but when I awake, his countenance will be unruffled. Doubtless because all the while he is aware that I still prize him. What strange things we do to those whom we love! Absolutely, madame," said Father Le Blanc, rising, and with a self-accusing gesture, "I am an inveterate sermonizer, and I have not given you even the opportunity to interrupt me."

Stéphanie followed him to the door of the room, and at the threshold put her hand softly upon his arm.

"Thanks, father, for this visit," she said. Her voice was low; it was all she said, but her look and that gesture were more eloquent than words.

"I say to you as they will say to you in Spain," replied Father Le Blanc, "go your way with God, my daughter."

When he had gone she went to the window and watched him as he crossed the court-yard, following him out through the gates, where he stopped to say something to the porter, who touched his hat to him. She seated herself there in the wide-open window which projected over the area, as did its counterpart at the other end of the room over the garden in the rear. Flanked by two long and narrow projections, this court-yard with its large paving-blocks of stone was not very inviting in its aspect. It was in the other window, overhanging the garden, whose casement the trees brushed, over which the vines swayed with the wind, that she loved to sit. But her thoughts were far away.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the sun went slowly down behind the tall roofs of the neighboring houses before she rose to do what greatly surprised Lizette, who thought madame altogether too much of a saint for a woman who neglected mass and confession. When madame was dressed, and Lizette had taken her place beside her in the carriage, she wondered at the route taken by the coachman, whose instructions she had not overheard. She supposed they were going to the Bois or the Parc Monceau. And still greater was her surprise when she found herself a little later in St. Eustache, placing a chair for madame at the vesper service.

It was nearly over. Father Le Blanc himself in the pulpit was finishing his exhortation. . . . The words of the preacher gathered force from the immense space in which they were uttered; from those dim, aspiring vaults into which they were gathered, and where they died away without a confusing murmur.

Break your theological rocks, O ritual-hating brother, on the King's highway, and worship him after your own fashion. For every wayfaring heart overfed upon these symbols, you shall show us one starved on your formulæ. Not only for thy weaker brother, to whom God has not given the brains of the doctors in the Temple, shall these vaults of stone be the very arches of heaven; not only for thy frailer sister, in the keeping of whose warm heart God has placed the sacred things of this life, shall the incense of this swinging censer be the very fragrance of celestial fields; but unto many of thine own dignity also shall this star above the altar be the very star of Bethlehem. . . .

"My children," Father Le Blanc was saying, "you put all your treasures into earthen vessels. Your aspirations, so noble, soar upward like the branches of the tree, but your roots are in the earth, that you must certainly leave. All your faith which will not take denial; all your hopes which will not be gainsaid; all your wide-embracing affections, you place in humanity,—in a few frail hearts which cannot meet the infinity of your need and of your desire. And all these things which must fail you and pass away, which you have perchance already gauged and found wanting,—why will you put them in the place of heaven, to which you go to live forever; in the place of God, whose love knows no variableness nor shadow of turning? It is not I who undervalue them; it is you who overestimate them. Measure them rightly, and I shall no longer be to you a prophet of woe or a sorrowful comforter. Love them without sacrificing yourself to them. Make them the rivers that water your life, and also the rivers that bear you to the infinite sea into which they shall be merged. Then shall this life cease to be for you a vale of tears walled about with tombs, and become the pathway to your abiding country. Its beauties shall not satiate, if you see behind them the world of spiritual beauty. What will it matter to you that its fetters chafe, that the soul discovers it is imprisoned, when that end, in which every beauty of flesh and color is engulfed, is not an end but a beginning? 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whoso loseth his life for My sake shall find it!'"

"For My sake," thought Stéphanie.

And Father Le Blanc, who had not seen this listener,—who, having sown the seed, had left it humbly to God,—was thus himself permitted to water it.

THOMAS HARDY

(1840-) 1928

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

THOMAS HARDY is of that rare fellowship of novel-writers who are actuated in their portrayal of life by a spirit as disinterested and as seemingly unsympathetic as the spirit of nature itself. His realism is indeed less the realism of art than of the raw material of every-day existence. His straightforward account of the changes and chances of this mortal state is unsoftened by optimistic prejudice. But precisely how far his creations are true to the facts of human experience, is a matter of individual rather than of general judgment. An analysis of his most characteristic novels may show that their realism is after all one-sided, and that they are closer exponents of a Hardy theory regarding life, than of life itself.

What is this theory? and how is it embodied in Hardy's novels? Stating it briefly, it is that the law which governs human events is rendered just beyond calculation by an admixture of luck. There is just enough of chance in the moral order to warrant the implication of jugglery in the Ten Commandments. Acknowledging no creed, this most modern of modern novelists is eminently Calvinistic in his portrayal of men and women as predestined to misfortune or failure; as pulled about or tossed about at the impish pleasure of the god Circumstance. The keynote of his work indeed is the effect of circumstance—of luck—upon man's war with the lower elements in his nature. Some foreordained event for which he is in no wise responsible turns the tide of the battle against him; yet he is held accountable for his defeat. He reaps where he has not sown. He is overwhelmed with punishments for sins committed by others. He is literally badgered through life by the modern devil of ill luck. In 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' the heroine Elfrida is victimized by circumstances. The adverse star is already risen above her brow when the book opens. She goes artlessly as a child into the hopeless labyrinth of mischance from which death alone can release her. Tess is an innocent sinner, browbeaten by bad luck into a guilty one. So persistent is this evil fortune, this malign spell which might be broken by a word more or less, that Tess becomes well-nigh an irresponsible being, a mere bruised flower floating on an irresistible current of doom.

Between these two heroines, the one of Hardy's earliest, the other of his latest day, is a long sequence of men and women, all more or less handicapped by fortune. Their humanity is traceable with greater distinctness in their failures than in their successes. Hardy is perhaps the first novelist except George Eliot who has had the courage to portray failure. What he himself calls "the optimistic grin which ends a story happily" is never present in his work. His stories end much as the little dramas of real life end: in compromise, in the tacit acknowledgment that it is better to make the best of a bad bargain and so to live on in a semblance of security, than to die for the impossible.

Hardy himself began to undergo life in 1840. At the age of sixteen he entered upon the study of architecture. For several years he vacillated between literary pursuits and his chosen profession. His first novel, 'Desperate Remedies,' published in 1870, showed at least that he was a good story-teller. Characteristically, the persons of the book are all engaged more or less in a tussle with adverse circumstances; but the melodramatic elements in the intricate plot remove it from the sphere of great art. 'Under the Greenwood Tree' followed fast upon 'Desperate Remedies.' In this woodland story, Hardy first exhibits the fairest qualities of his genius. It is free from the taint of the battledore-and-shuttlecock conception of man and the almighty Something in the clutch of which he wriggles. It is an idyl of the fields. That wonderful grasp of rural life which marks Hardy out from his contemporaries and links him at times with Shakespeare, is here shown in its fullness; the smell of the primeval earth is here; between Hardy and the rustic there is a living bond. Few authors have been able to do as he has done, to depict Hodge in his native fields in such a manner that the humorous aspect of the picture will be most apparent.

Hardy's peasantry say nothing which is consciously witty. His art has discovered the unconscious humor of their homely talk. The serenade of the church choir in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' the gossip of the rustics opening a vault in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' are rich in this elemental humor. So talk the clowns of Shakespeare; Grandfer Cattle is linked with Dogberry. Yet the clowns of Hardy have a worldly wisdom of their own. In 'The Return of the Native' the question of the advisability of church-going is discussed by the natives of Egdon Heath. "I ha'n't been these three years," said Humphrey; "for I'm so mortal sleepy of a Sunday, and 'tis so mortal far to get there, and when you do get there 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above, when so many bain't, that I bide at home and don't go at all." Here are a few observations on dancing:—

"You be bound to dance at Christmas, because 'tis the time of the year: you must dance at weddings, because it is the time of life. At christenings folks will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no further on than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing. For my part, I like a good hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better, and it don't wear your legs to stumps in talking over a poor feller's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes."

In 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' Hardy's third novel, he passes under the domination of the one aspect of life which has impressed him most forcibly. Little Elfride, the blue-eyed heroine, the dainty child of the hills, formed by nature for tenderness and joy, is unlucky enough to have been beloved, before the story opens, by a village youth in her father's parish. She was not altogether unconscious of his far-off worship. She led him on a little. Through that slight girlish concession to a passing coquetry she blights her life. Her punishment is out of all proportion to her offense. The youth pines away and dies. His mother becomes the active enemy of Elfride. She blackens a thoughtless adventure of the girl's with a subsequent lover into a sin, and by means of this scandal alienates forever the one man above all others whom Elfride really loves. She in her turn tightens the miserable tangle of affairs by an over-exaggeration of her imprudence. She makes the mistakes of a schoolgirl, and is punished for the sins of a woman.

In 'The Return of the Native' it is the hero who plays this uneven game with chance; and chance, as so often happens in Hardy's novels, takes the form of a woman. It is Eustacia Vye, "with pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries," who leads Clym Yeobright into the wilderness of love, stripped of his ambitions. ["Throw a woman into this bargaining matter of life, and its intricacies are increased tenfold," might be Hardy's motto in the treatment of his "dainty heroines."] And here a word may be said concerning these heroines. Hardy's women are even more real than his men. He understands woman nature, or rather the nature of the eternal woman as opposed to the woman who is an artificial product of a period or of a system. Sue in 'Jude the Obscure' is one striking exception to this rule. She is the type of the over-civilized, neurotic female who has unholy shivers over nature's pure ordinance of marriage. Happily she has predecessors. She has little in common with the warm, bright Bathsheba, with the tender, fair Lady Constantine, with demure little Anne, with the quaint and gentle Elizabeth Jane, with Elfride, or with the frankly human 'Group of Noble Dames.' Hardy's women are always lovable; and because they are so they make men more or less irresponsible, and thus add

to the confusion, the moral disorder, of which Hardy sees so much in the working out of character. In 'Two on a Tower' Lady Constantine draws the eyes of the boy astronomer from the stars to gaze into her own. She enters his life only to render his primitive austere devotion to science forever impossible. Eustacia Vye leads Clym Yeobright a devious dance in the direction of nowhere. Jude is purloined from a possible Oxford career, first by Arabella, then by Sue. But women are not altogether to blame for the mischief which is always brewing in Hardy's novels. 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' is the story of a man hampered by himself. In a fit of drunkenness, he sells his wife and child to the highest bidder. For his hour of dissipation he pays a lifetime of struggle and remorse.

The irony of circumstance is ever present in Hardy's portrayal of the ambitions and good intentions of men and women. Their "hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet," have always death about them to Hardy: the trickery of death, its hideous surprises, its untimely interventions. In 'Life's Little Ironies,' a middle-aged man, laboring under the delusion that marriage can patch up a wrong done to a woman, heroically resolves to take this step after many years of cowardice. His melodramatic self-sacrifice to the woman once sacrificed to him is turned by the irony of circumstance into mere clumsiness, since his appearance in the neglected little family ruins the chances of his daughter to make a match of smug respectability. In 'Fellow-Townsmen,' one of the 'Wessex Tales,' Lucy Saville, a middle-aged widow, says no to the man who has loved her and waited for her through many years, because she does not think it good form to say yes at once. She sends a note after him, however, asking him to call again; but he has taken her at her word, and has left the town forever. Such an incident has a marked resemblance to certain incidents of real life. Hardy has the courage always to tell a thing as it really happened, not as weak-hearted humanity would like it to happen.

In 'Tess' Hardy has written the modern classic of misfortune; in 'Tess' the finest and most characteristic qualities of his art are focused. In the portrayal of this primitive tragedy, this spirit-rending story of a girl's struggle with destiny, Hardy has put forth his consummate effort. In 'Tess' the Calvinistic idea of fate, predestination, the treacherous power outside of ourselves which makes for confusion, as opposed to the rational Greek idea of pursuing punishment for sins committed,—in 'Tess' this Calvinistic idea receives its finished embodiment. The subtle poison of the book lies in the false theory which actuated its production, not in the working out of the theory. Tess is a pure woman; the defiant subtitle is unnecessary. Only the inexperienced would wag their heads dubiously over it as

they read the tale in sheltered and respectable parlors. Hardy to the contrary, it is society, not the Almighty, which is to blame for the moral *gaucherie*, for the malignant blunders which entrap Tess. Nature is non-moral. She herself would have put no obstacles in the way of the recuperation of this fair-souled, high-minded country lass, knocked into the mud by a lustful hoof. The virginal spirit of the maiden would have regained the birthright violently snatched from her, if conventional opinion in the form of Angel Clare had not intervened. This young man, half seraph, half prig, meets Tess at a dairy, miles away from the scene of her trouble. He is a gentleman's son, and the gentle nature in him is drawn to this rare wild flower sprung from the forgotten graves of the D'Urberville knights. He loves the maiden Tess. On their marriage day he confesses a certain folly of his, a three-days' unholy fever for an unworthy woman. Tess gives back confession for confession. Clare, under the spell of false tradition, throws her from the heights which she has regained back into the limbo of the hopeless. He cannot separate her body from her soul. He the deliberate sinner passes judgment on her, the sinned against. Rejected by love itself as unclean, Tess drifts on to her tragic doom. The mercifulness of nature and of God are alike unknown to her. Her case is against man. In 'Tess' Hardy has perhaps unconsciously stigmatized the man-made moral order.

The soil which smells of grass and flowers in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' in 'Jude the Obscure' sends up a sour odor to the nostrils. If 'Tess' is the classic of the unlucky, 'Jude' is the classic of the neurotic woman. The hero has after all little to do with the working out of the story. His part is to a great degree passive. Like certain other heroes of Hardy, he is born under an evil star. His boyish ambition to become a student at Oxford is thwarted continually by the assertions of his lower nature; but—and this again is essentially in the spirit of Hardy—accident, chance, take sides with his baser elements. He is tricked into marriage with the sensual Arabella. He has the misfortune to run across his cousin Sue at a time when it is most necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose that he should enter into the sexless temper of the scholar. Sue is intellectual, pseudo-passionate, morbidly pure. She is a type of the modern woman, whose intellect is developed at the expense of her earthy nature. The awful innocence of Sue throughout the book is the innocence of the bold thinker whose flights of fancy reach to Mars, but who knows nothing of the soil underfoot. It is futile to call the actions of the two bewildered children Jude and Sue immoral; a new adjective will have to be evolved to meet their essentially modern case. 'Jude' is the book of an era where between one and one there is always a shadowy third.

Hardy's novels of rustic life will give probably the most pleasure to coming generations. The chapters of the dairy life in 'Tess,' the idyl of the lush green meadows, will save her tragedy from oblivion. 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' with its troop of men and maidens of the fields, will give solace when 'A Laodicean' is well-nigh forgotten. 'The Trumpet-Major' and 'The Return of the Native' are revivingly sweet and clean with the breath of the sea and with the heather-scented wind of the moors. In Hardy's stories of his beloved Wessex country there is the perennial refreshment of nature. His peasantry are primitive. Their quaint humor, their wise saws, their hold upon Mother Earth, might have been characteristic of the homely parents of the race in the first dawn of the world. They are "representative of a magnificent antiquity."

Hardy is as much in sympathy with the natural world as he is with those men and women who seem a part of the soil on which they live. He has the love of genius for the open air. Nature is the perpetual background for the scenes of his novels; and as in Shakespeare, the aspect of nature reflects the moral atmosphere of the scene. The happiest time of Tess's life begins in the flowery months of May and June. Her desolate existence, after she has been forsaken by her husband, coincides with the bitter, barren winter-time upon the upland moors. Elfride's love story seems well-nigh a part of the processes of nature in its interchange of storm and sunshine. The majority of Hardy's people are near to nature: sensitive, passionate lovers of the sea, and of the heath. His genius comprehends at once the natural, primitive man, and man the product of modern hypercultivation. In this wideness of human view lies perhaps his surest claim to greatness.

HARDY'S POETRY

BY GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

ALTHOUGH Hardy's pre-occupation with the «visible dilemma» of the universe found its earliest expression in lyrics, it was only after the completion of the novels that he began, with the publication of (Wessex Poems) in 1898, to win his reputation as a poet. In these twenty years he has devoted himself to lyric verse and to the colossal epic-drama, (The Dynasts.)

The value of Hardy's lyrics is the value of a dignified, sincere, apt, and often felicitous expression of an interesting mind. They are neither conceived by a powerful imagination nor executed by a master of diction. We miss in them the novelist's imaginative treatment of nature. The poet sees in nature only more disheartening hatreds and

rivalries than among men. Its message is that of (Yellham Woods), «Life offers — to deny.» He cannot escape the domination of a scientific formula, although in (The Darkling Thrush) he almost attains to a poet's freedom.

The metaphysical background of the novels gains clearness and cohesion in the poems and receives its most comprehensive formation in (The Dynasts.) The representation of the unequal struggle between individuals and the force of destiny — if struggle it may be called when material determinism controls the outcome — is repeated in numerous poems of incident or emotion which reveal, sometimes with a delicate sympathy, sometimes with irony, the poet's pity for mankind. (In Time of the Breaking of Nations) is characteristic of his gentler mood:

«Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by.
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.»

The chief concern of the lyrics, however, is to express the poet's personal sense of the «rote-restricted ways» of life. The futile hopes, the lost chances, the vain regrets and dreams are all his own. He communes with phantoms and they show him the «sad, seared face» of life. He himself has slowly died and guards at best a fading memory for «sick life's antidote.» He does not rebel. He forgives Blight and Death because they are, like himself, the slaves of Destiny. His mood is too passive to be called despair. He even dares to think, when the bird flings her song upon the gloom where there was «so little cause for caroling» that there may be

«Some blessed hope whereof she knew
And I was unaware.»

There are moments of light and grace in this sombre verse, as in (Shelley's Skylark) and (When I set out for Lyonesse); stories are sometimes told in a whimsical vein, as in (Lizbie Browne); and in some of his later lyrics he seems to have grown less «cold in apathy» and to have acquired a more serene outlook as well as a surer touch.

(At a Lunar Eclipse) represents Hardy's prevailing mood and forecasts the metaphysic of (The Dynasts.) The curving line of «imperturbable serenity» cast by the earth upon the moon excites wonder that «continents of moil and misery» can but «throw so small a shade.»

(The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars) is conceived on a vast scale. It is more than a chronicle play. By the audacity of its plan it challenges comparison with Æschylean trilogy. Yet it throws aside the restraints of all drama, ancient or modern. It has the range of the great epics, and it attempts to do for the «modern cosmogony» what Milton did for the Hebraic. But it is not «an epic with Napoleon

for its superman.» Its chief purpose is to show that the rôle of demi-god is «a part past playing now.» Nor is it, as has been said, a «drama of nations.» Except for slight touches, like the rage of Prussia, there is no characterization of any of the «wan, weltering nations,» not even of France, to compensate for the lack of psychology in the treatment of Napoleon. (The Dynasts) was obliged to dispense with both. What it does instead is to treat the chronicle of events, the whole sweeping current of the ten-years period between Napoleon's crowning at Milan and his defeat at Waterloo, as a symbolization of the poet's metaphysical conception of the universe. The drama becomes a vast moving-picture spectacle, three volumes long, with an audience of supernatural spirits who make their comments as the reel unwinds. These spirits, being conceived as emanations of the mind, express the meaning of events. Yet that mind itself, like the actors on the screen, is a figment of material energy.

The splendid setting of the play is announced in the Forescene. The Spirit of the Pities and the Spirit of the Ironies, standing in general for the optimists and the pessimists, are discussing the state of Europe, with Napoleon ready to invade England, when the Spirit of the Years, who is the upholder of hard fact, bids them watch the spectacle and «count as framework to the stagery Yon architraves of sunbeam-smitten cloud.» After which,

«The nether sky opens and Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone and the branching mountains like ribs, the peninsular plateau forming a head. Broad and lengthy lowlands stretch from the north of France across Russia like a gray-green garment hemmed by the Ural Mountains and the glistening Arctic Ocean.»

The «key-scene of the whole» is then laid bare:

«A new and penetrating light enduing men and things with a seeming transparency exhibits the organism of life and movement in all humanity and vitalized matter.»

The action begins at length with a realistic scene designed to reveal the meaning of «this Corsican mischief» to the inhabitants of the coast of Wessex, where the landing of Napoleon's troops is hourly expected. From the rustics of the heath to the French admiral who says, «An emperor's chide is a command to die,» the power of the «Mighty Futility» is reflected in people of every class and country. Through a bewildering succession of scenes in which the men and women of the streets, the toilers and the fighters, play their parts along with the rulers, the statesmen, generals, and queens, while the reader is swept from sea to sea, over broad plains where armies crawl like caterpillars, across rivers that wind like ribands or plunge in torrents as the view is from near or far, into ball-rooms and parliament house and tents and hovels, on the fields of great historic battles or in the thick of sea-fights, — through a

stupendous variety of incident and scenery a certain unity is maintained by the continued portrayal of the effect of Napoleon's character upon the individuals of the multitude.

The scattered episodes are further united by the action of the chorus, who gather them into symbolic cohesion, involving them in one universal force, the Will that has no volition.

«So the Will heaves through Space and molds the times
With mortals for its fingers. We shall see
Again men's passions, virtues, visions, crimes,
Obey resistlessly
The purposive, unmotived, dominant Thing
Which sways in brooding dark their wayfaring.»

For this gain in unity there is a corresponding loss. Near the beginning, one spirit tells another to imagine for a while that men are responsible for their acts. If this illusion — so valuable for Art — could have been maintained the story would have been more interesting. But it is quickly dispelled; and whenever we become interested in a possible choice of action — as when Napoleon is reminded of his compact with Liberty — we are told at once that no choice is possible. Moreover, Napoleon is commended for understanding this fact. It enables him to justify himself on all occasions, — to Josephine, for example. What might have seemed cowardice becomes a virtue! His remorse, therefore, as typified by his vision of the Duc d'Enghien and the skeletons, has no deep significance.

The «whirlwind of the Will» entails another loss. Nothing is more praiseworthy in «The Dynasts» than the sense of wide horizons, of unrestricted motion and swift change. Yet the constant insistence upon the «predestined plot» cramps the space and imparts rigidity to the whole. Hardy attempted to relieve this rigidity by the repeated suggestion that the power he calls «It» may one day wake to consciousness. At the close of the Afterscene, the Pities chant the hymn they would have sung if things had been as they are not:

«To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones
And liftest those of low estate,
We sing, with Her men consecrate.»

And then we have this total breaking away from the main theme:

«But a stirring fills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled and deliverance offered from the darts that were;
Consciousness the Will informing till It fashion all things fair.»

The end is out of harmony with a plan designed to make clear «the intolerable antilogy of making figments feel.» The outcome on the human side is more fittingly expressed: —

«Yet is it but Napoleon who has failed.
The pale, pathetic peoples still plod on
Through hoodwinkings to light.»

Hardy's treatment of the «pale, pathetic peoples» is more impressive than his treatment of the dynasts. His beacon-keepers and effigy-burners are vital human beings, not related to the «economy of vitality,» and they are more real than his kings and diplomats. But when one considers the tragedy of the novels, one understands why Hardy chose Napoleon as the symbol of the tragic reality in the scheme of things. The greatest of puppets, he is of those who «wade across the world to make an epoch» and are in truth,

«Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and tools of earth's unfolding
Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire
Because it must.»

He is an ignoble figure from the first. «His gait is defiant rather than dignified and a bluish pallor overspreads his face.» Pitt said, after Austerlitz,

«Realms, laws, peoples, dynasties
Are churning to a pulp within the maw
Of empire-making lust and personal gain.»

Only in his collapse at the end is there a touch of the heroic: —

«Most men are meteors that consume themselves
To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.»

There was needed a mighty singer for so great a venture as «The Dynasts.» Hardy is at his best in the prose descriptions. His panorama is unforgettable. He has created also a sweep of action that carries one through masses of detail and much indifferent blank verse. He has given us many scenes of great power. And his treatment of the elements of warfare is remarkable. The human elements are all there, the most sordid and the most heroic, and the natural elements as well. The most beautiful lyrical passage is the Chorus that chants, above Waterloo, the consternation of all living things at the welter of war.

THE MELLSTOCK «WAITS»

From (Under the Greenwood Tree)

SHORTLY after ten o'clock the singing-boys arrived at the tranter's house, which was invariably the place of meeting, and preparations were made for the start. The older men and musicians wore thick coats, with stiff perpendicular collars, and colored handkerchiefs wound round and round the neck till the end came to hand, over all which they just showed their ears and noses like people looking over a wall. The remainder,—stalwart, ruddy men and boys,—were mainly dressed in snow-white smock-frocks, embroidered upon the shoulders and breasts in ornament of hearts, diamonds, and zigzags. The cider mug

in books were arranged,

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"Farmer Ledlow's first; the rest as usual."

"And Voss," said the tranter terminatively, "you keep house here till about half-past two; then heat the metheglin and cider in the warmer you'll find turned up upon the copper; and bring it wi' the victuals to church porch, as th'st know."

Just before the clock struck twelve, they lighted the lanterns and started. The moon, in her third quarter, had risen since the snow-storm; but the dense accumulation of snow-cloud weakened her power to a faint twilight, which was rather pervasive of the landscape than traceable to the sky. The breeze had gone down, and the rustle of their feet and tones of their speech echoed with an alert rebound from every post, boundary stone, and ancient wall they passed, even where the distance of the echo's origin was less than a few yards. Beyond their own slight noises nothing was to be heard, save the occasional howl of foxes in the direction of Yalbury Wood, or the brush of a rabbit among the grass now and then, as it scampered out of their way.

Most of the outlying homesteads and hamlets had been visited by about two o'clock; they then passed across the Home Plantation toward the main village. Pursuing no recognized track, great care was necessary in walking lest their faces should come

in contact with the low-hanging boughs of the old trees, which were overgrowths of interlaced branches, from the times they used to be," said a tell what interesting old panoramas setting his outward glance rest on the convenient a position as any. "People now! I've been thinking we must be a country of the old string players. It door to 'em that you blow wi' your of late years."

holding his head; and old William, on

other. "Time was—long and the varmint was to be heard right. They should have kept their nets, and done away with the musical religion, stick to

said Mr. "Time was—long and the varmint was to be heard right. They should have kept their nets, and done away with the musical religion, stick to

"There's worse things than serpents," said Mr. Penny. "Old things pass away, 'tis true: but a serpent was a good old note; a deep, rich note was the serpent."

"Clar'nets however be bad at all times," said Michael Mail. "One Christmas—years ago now, years—I went the rounds wi' the Dibbeach choir. 'Twas a hard frosty night, and the keys of all the clar'nets froze—ah, they did freeze!—so that 'twas like drawing a cork every time a key was opened; the players o' 'em had to go into a hedger's and ditcher's chimley-corner, and thaw their clar'nets every now and then. An icicle o' spet hung down from the end of every man's clar'net a span long; and as to fingers—well, there, if ye'll believe me, we had no fingers at all, to our knowledge."

"I can well bring back to my mind," said Mr. Penny, "what I said to poor Joseph Ryme (who took the tribble part in High-Story Church for two-and-forty year) when they thought of having clar'nets there. 'Joseph,' I said, says I, 'depend upon't, if so be you have them tooting clar'nets you'll spoil the whole set-out. Clar'nets were not made for the service of Providence; you can see it by looking at 'em,' I said. And what cam o't? Why, my dear souls, the parson set up a barrel organ on his own account within two years o' the time I spoke, and the old choir went to nothing."

"As far as look is concerned," said the tranter, "I don't for my part see that a fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clar'net. 'Tis farther off. There's always a rakish, skampish countenance about a fiddle that seems to say the Wicked One had a hand in making o' en; while angels be supposed to play clar'nets in heaven, or some'at like 'em, if ye may believe picters."

"Robert Penny, you were in the right," broke in the eldest Dewy. "They should ha' stuck to strings. Your brass-man is brass—well and good; your reed-man is reed—well and good; your percussion-man is percussion—good again. But I don't care who hears me say it, nothing will speak to your heart wi' the sweetness of the man of strings!"

"Strings forever!" said little Jimmy.

"Strings alone would have held their ground against all the new-comers in creation." ("True, true!" said Bowman.) "But clar'nets was death." ("Death they was!" said Mr. Penny.) "And harmoniums," William continued in a louder voice, and getting excited by these signs of approval, "harmoniums and

barrel organs" ("Ah!" and groans from Spinks) "be miserable — what shall I call 'em? — miserable —"

"Sinners," suggested Jimmy, who made large strides like the men, and did not lag behind like the other little boys.

"Miserable machines for such a divine thing as music!"

"Right, William, and so they be!" said the choir with earnest unanimity.

By this time they were crossing to a wicket in the direction of the school, which, standing on a slight eminence on the opposite side of a cross-lane, now rose in unvarying and dark flatness against the sky. The instruments were retuned, and all the band entered the inclosure, enjoined by old William to keep upon the grass.

"Number seventy-eight," he softly gave out, as they formed round in a semicircle, the boys opening the lanterns to get clearer light and directing their rays on the books.

Then passed forth into the quiet night an ancient and well-worn hymn, embodying Christianity in words peculiarly befitting the simple and honest hearts of the quaint characters who sang them so earnestly:—

"Remember Adam's fall,
O thou man:
Remember Adam's fall
From heaven to hell.
Remember Adam's fall;
How he hath condemn'd all
In hell perpetual
Therefore to dwell.

"Remember God's goodnesse,
O thou man,
Remember God's goodnesse,
His promise made.
Remember God's goodnesse;
He sent his Son sinlesse
Our ails for to redress,
Our hearts to aid.

"In Bethlehem he was born,
O thou man:
In Bethlehem he was born,
For mankind's sake.

In Bethlehem he was born,
Christmas-day i' the morn,
Our Saviour did not scorn
Our faults to take.

"Give thanks to God alway,
O thou man:
Give thanks to God alway
With heartfelt joy.
Give thanks to God alway
On this our joyful day:
Let all men sing and say,
Holy, Holy!"

Having concluded the last note, they listened for a minute or two, but found that no sound issued from the schoolhouse.

"Forty breaths, and then, 'O what unbounded goodness!' number fifty-nine," said William.

This was duly gone through, and no notice whatever seemed to be taken of the performance.

"Surely, 'tisn't an empty house, as befell us in the year thirty-nine and forty-three!" said old Dewy, with much disappointment.

"Perhaps she's jist come from some noble city, and sneers at our doings," the tranter whispered.

"'Od rabbit her!" said Mr. Penny, with an annihilating look at a corner of the school chimney; "I don't quite stomach her, if this is it. Your plain music well done is as worthy as your other sort done bad, a' b'lieve souls; so say I."

"Forty breaths, and then the last," said the leader authoritatively. "'Rejoice, ye tenants of the earth'; number sixty-four."

At the close, waiting yet another minute, he said in a clear loud voice, as he had said in the village at that hour and season for the previous forty years:—

"A merry Christmas to ye!"

WHEN the expectant stillness consequent upon the exclamation had nearly died out of them all, an increasing light made itself visible in one of the windows of the upper floor. It came so close to the blind that the exact position of the flame could be perceived from the outside. Remaining steady for an instant, the blind went upward from before it, revealing to thirty con-

centrated eyes a young girl, framed as a picture by the window architrave, and unconsciously illuminating her countenance to a vivid brightness by a candle she held in her left hand, close to her face, her right hand being extended to the side of the window. She was wrapped in a white robe of some kind, while down her shoulders fell a twining profusion of marvelously rich hair, in a wild disorder which proclaimed it to be only during the invisible hours of the night that such a condition was discoverable. Her bright eyes were looking into the gray world outside with an uncertain expression, oscillating between courage and shyness, which, as she recognized the semicircular group of dark forms gathered before her, transformed itself into pleasant resolution.

Opening the window, she said, lightly and warmly:—

“Thank you, singers, thank you!”

Together went the window quickly and quietly, and the blind started downward on its return to its place. Her fair forehead and eyes vanished; her little mouth; her neck and shoulders; all of her. Then the spot of candle-light shone nebulously as before; then it moved away.

“How pretty!” exclaimed Dick Dewy.

“If she’d been rale wexwork she couldn’t ha’ been comelier,” said Michael Mail.

“As near a thing to a spiritual vision as ever I wish to see!” said tranter Dewy fervently.

“Oh, sich I never, never see!” said Leaf.

All the rest, after clearing their throats and adjusting their hats, agreed that such a sight was worth singing for.

“Now to Farmer Shinar’s, and then replenish our insides, father,” said the tranter.

“Wi’ all my heart,” said old William, shouldering his bass-viol.

Farmer Shinar’s was a queer lump of a house, standing at the corner of a lane that ran obliquely into the principal thoroughfare. The upper windows were much wider than they were high, and this feature, together with a broad bay-window where the door might have been expected, gave it by day the aspect of a human countenance turned askance, and wearing a sly and wicked leer. To-night nothing was visible but the outline of the roof upon the sky.

The front of this building was reached, and the preliminaries arranged as usual.

"Forty breaths, and number thirty-two,—‘Behold the morning star,’" said old William.

They had reached the end of the second verse, and the fiddlers were doing the up bow-stroke previously to pouring forth the opening chord of the third verse, when without a light appearing or any signal being given, a roaring voice exclaimed:—

"Shut up! Don't make your blaring row here. A feller wi' a headache enough to split, likes a quiet night."

Slam went the window.

"Hullo, that's an ugly blow for we artists!" said the tranter in a keenly appreciative voice, and turning to his companions.

"Finish the carrel, all who be friends of harmony!" said old William commandingly; and they continued to the end.

"Forty breaths, and number nineteen!" said William firmly. "Give it him well; the choir can't be insulted in this manner!"

A light now flashed into existence, the window opened, and the farmer stood revealed as one in a terrific passion.

"Drown en! drown en!" the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. "Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!"

"Fortissimy!" said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shinar had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

"Very unseemly, very!" said old William, as they retired. "Never such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice, never! And he a churchwarden!"

"Only a drap o' drink got into his head," said the tranter. "Man's well enough when he's in his religious frame. He's in his worldly frame now. Must ask en to our bit of a party to-morrer night, I suppose, and so put en in track again. We bear no martel man ill-will."

They now crossed Twenty-acres to proceed to the lower village, and met Voss with the hot mead and bread and cheese as they were crossing the church-yard. This determined them to eat and drink before proceeding further, and they entered the belfry. The lanterns were opened, and the whole body sat round against the walls on benches and whatever else was available, and made a hearty meal. In the pauses of conversation

could be heard through the floor overhead a little world of undertones and creaks from the halting clockwork, which never spread farther than the tower they were born in, and raised in the more meditative minds a fancy that here lay the direct pathway of Time.

Having done eating and drinking, the instruments were again tuned, and once more the party emerged into the night air. . . .

The gallery of Mellstock Church had a status and sentiment of its own. A stranger there was regarded with a feeling altogether differing from that entertained towards him by the congregation below. Banished from the nave as an intruder whom no originality could make interesting, he was received above as a curiosity that no unfitness could render dull. The gallery, too, looked down upon and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity, and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it; while the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding minims and chest notes. Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of crying Amen; that he had a dust-hole in his pew; that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything so mild as the marriage service for some years, and now regularly studied the one which chronologically follows it; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars, Pyramus and Thisbe; that Mrs. Ledlow, the farmer's wife, counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson,—all news to those below,—were stale subjects here.

Old William sat in the centre of the front row, his violoncello between his knees, and two singers on each hand. Behind him, on the left, came the treble singers and Dick; and on the right the tranter and the tenors. Farther back was old Mail, with the altos and supernumeraries.

But before they had taken their places, and while they were standing in a circle at the back of the gallery practicing a psalm or two, Dick cast his eyes over his grandfather's shoulder, and saw the vision of the past night enter the porch door as methodically as if she had never been a vision at all. A new atmosphere seemed suddenly to be puffed into the ancient edifice by her movement, which made Dick's body and soul tingle with novel sensations. Directed by Shinar the churchwarden she

proceeded to the short aisle on the north side of the chancel, a spot now allotted to a throng of Sunday-school girls, and distinctly visible from the gallery front by looking under the curve of the furthest arch on that side.

Before this moment the church had seemed comparatively empty—now it was thronged; and as Miss Fancy rose from her knees and looked around her for a permanent place in which to deposit herself, finally choosing the remotest corner, Dick began to breathe more freely the warm new air she had brought with her; to feel rushings of blood, and to have impressions that there was a tie between her and himself visible to all the congregation.

Ever afterwards the young man could recollect individually each part of the service of that bright Christmas morning, and the minute occurrences which took place as its hours slowly drew along: the duties of that day dividing themselves by a complete line from the service of other times. The tunes they that morning essayed remained with him for years, apart from all others; also the text; also the appearance of the layer of dust upon the capitals of the piers; that the holly-bough in the chancel archway was hung a little out of the centre,—all the ideas, in short, that creep into the mind when reason is only exercising its lowest activity through the eye.

By chance or by fate, another young man who attended Mellstock Church on that Christmas morning had towards the end of the service the same instinctive perception of an interesting presence in the shape of the same bright maiden, though his emotion reached a far less developed stage. And there was this difference, too: that the person in question was surprised at his condition, and sedulously endeavored to reduce himself to his normal state of mind. He was the young vicar, Mr. Maybold.

SOCIABILITY IN THE MALT-HOUSE

From 'Far from the Madding Crowd'

GABRIEL'S nose was greeted by an atmosphere laden with the sweet smell of new malt. The conversation (which seemed to have been concerning the origin of the fire) immediately ceased, and every one ocularly criticized him to the degree expressed by contracting the flesh of their foreheads and looking

at him with narrow eyelids, as if he had been a light too strong for their sight. Several exclaimed meditatively, after this operation had been completed:—

“Oh, ’tis the new shepherd, ’a b’lieve.”

“We thought we heard a hand pawing about the door for the bobbin, but weren’t sure ’twere not a dead leaf blowed across,” said another. “Come in, shepherd; sure, ye be welcome, though we don’t know yer name.”

“Gabriel Oak, that’s my name, neighbors.”

The ancient maltster sitting in the midst turned at this—his turning being as the turning of a rusty crane.

“That’s never Gable Oak’s grandson over at Norcombe—never!” he said, as a formula expressive of surprise, which nobody was supposed for a moment to take literally.

“My father and my grandfather were old men of the name of Gabriel,” said the shepherd placidly.

“Thought I knowed the man’s face as I seed him on the rick! thought I did! And where be ye trading o’t to now, shepherd?”

“I’m thinking of biding here,” said Mr. Oak.

“Knowed yer grandfather for years and years!” continued the maltster, the words coming forth of their own accord as if the momentum previously imparted had been sufficient.

“Ah, and did you!”

“Knowed yer grandmother.”

“And her too!”

“Likewise knowed yer father when he was a child. Why, my boy Jacob there and your father were sworn brothers—that they were, sure, weren’t ye, Jacob?”

“Ay, sure,” said his son, a young man about sixty-five, with a semi-bald head and one tooth in the left centre of his upper jaw, which made much of itself by standing prominent, like a milestone in a bank. “But ’twas Joe had most to do with him. However, my son William must have knowed the very man afore us, didn’t ye, Billy, afore ye left Norcombe?”

“No, ’twas Andrew,” said Jacob’s son Billy, a child of forty or thereabouts, who manifested the peculiarity of possessing a cheerful soul in a gloomy body, and whose whiskers were assuming a chinchilla shade here and there.

“I can mind Andrew,” said Oak, “as being a man in the place when I was quite a child.”

"Ay; the other day I and my youngest daughter Liddy were over at my grandson's christening," continued Billy. "We were talking about this very family, and 'twas only last Purification Day in this very world, when the use-money is gi'ed away to the second-best poor folk, you know, shepherd, and I can mind the day because they all had to traypse up to the vestry—yes, this very man's family."

"Come, shepherd, and drink. 'Tis gape and swaller with us—a drap of sommit, but not of much account," said the maltster, removing from the fire his eyes, which were vermilion red and bleared by gazing into it for so many years. "Take up the God-forgive-me, Jacob. See if 'tis warm, Jacob."

Jacob stooped to the God-forgive-me, which was a two-handled tall mug standing in the ashes, cracked and charred with heat: it was rather furred with extraneous matter about the outside, especially in the crevices of the handles, the innermost curves of which may not have seen daylight for several years by reason of this incrustation thereon—formed of ashes accidentally wetted with cider and baked hard; but to the mind of any sensible drinker the cup was no worse for that, being incontestably clean on the inside and about the rim. It may be observed that such a class of mug is called a God-forgive-me in Weatherbury and its vicinity for uncertain reasons; probably because its size makes any given toper feel ashamed of himself when he sees its bottom in drinking it empty.

Jacob, on receiving the order to see if the liquor was warm enough, placidly dipped his forefinger into it by way of thermometer, and having pronounced it nearly of the proper degree, raised the cup and very civilly attempted to dust some of the ashes from the bottom with the skirt of his smock-frock, because shepherd Oak was a stranger.

"A clane cup for the shepherd," said the maltster commandingly.

"No, not at all," said Gabriel, in a reproving tone of considerateness. "I never fuss about dirt in its pure state, and when I know what sort it is." Taking the mug, he drank an inch or more from the depths of its contents and duly passed it to the next man. "I wouldn't think of giving such trouble to neighbors in washing up when there is so much work to be done in the world already," continued Oak in a moister tone, after recovering from the stoppage of breath which is occasioned by pulls at large mugs.

"A right sensible man," said Jacob.

"True, true; it can't be gainsaid!" observed a brisk young man—Mark Clark by name, a genial and pleasant gentleman, whom to meet anywhere in your travels was to know, to know was to drink with, and to drink with was, unfortunately, to pay for.

"And here's a mouthful of bread and bacon that mis'ess have sent, shepherd. The cider will go down better with a bit of victuals. Don't ye chaw quite close, shepherd, for I let the bacon fall in the road outside as I was bringing it along, and maybe 'tis rather gritty. There, 'tis clane dirt; and we all know what that is, as you say, and you bain't a particular man, we see, shepherd."

"True, true; not at all," said the friendly Oak.

"Don't let your teeth quite meet, and you won't feel the sandiness at all. Ah! 'tis wonderful what can be done by contrivance!"

"My own mind exactly, neighbor."

"Ah, he's his granfer's own grandson! his grandfer were just such a nice unparticular man!" said the maltster.

"Drink, Henry Fray, drink," magnanimously said Jan Coggan, a person who held Saint-Simonian notions of share and share alike where liquor was concerned, as the vessel showed signs of approaching him in its gradual revolution among them.

Having at this moment reached the end of a wistful gaze into mid-air, Henry did not refuse. He was a man of more than middle age, with eyebrows high up in his forehead, who laid it down that the law of the world was bad, with a long-suffering look through his listeners at the world alluded to, as it presented itself to his imagination. He always signed his name "Henery"—strenuously insisting upon that spelling; and if any passing schoolmaster ventured to remark that the second "e" was superfluous and old-fashioned, he received the reply that "H-e-n-e-r-y" was the name he was christened and the name he would stick to—in the tone of one to whom orthographical differences were matters which had a great deal to do with personal character.

Mr. Jan Coggan, who had passed the cup to Henery, was a crimson man with a spacious countenance and private glimmer in his eye, whose name had appeared on the marriage register of Weatherbury and neighboring parishes as best man and chief witness in countless unions of the previous twenty years; he also

very frequently filled the post of head godfather in baptisms of the subtly jovial kind.

"Come, Mark Clark, come. Ther's plenty more in the barrel," said Jan.

"Ay, that I will; 'tis my only doctor," replied Mr. Clark, who, twenty years younger than Jan Coggan, revolved in the same orbit. He secreted mirth on all occasions for special discharge at popular parties.

"Why, Joseph Poorgrass, ye han't had a drop!" said Mr. Coggan to a self-conscious man in the background, thrusting the cup towards him.

"Such a modest man as he is!" said Jacob Smallbury. "Why, ye've hardly had strength of eye enough to look in our young mis'ess's face, so I hear, Joseph?"

All looked at Joseph Poorgrass with pitying reproach.

"No, I've hardly looked at her at all," simpered Joseph, reducing his body smaller whilst talking, apparently from a meek sense of undue prominence. "And when I seed her, 'twas nothing but blushes with me!"

"Poor feller," said Mr. Clark.

"'Tis a curious nature for a man," said Jan Coggan.

"Yes," continued Joseph Poorgrass; his shyness, which was so painful as a defect, filling him with a mild complacency now that it was regarded as an interesting study. "'Twere blush, blush, blush with me every minute of the time when she was speaking to me."

"I believe ye, Joseph Poorgrass, for we all know ye to be a very bashful man."

"'Tis a' awkward gift for a man, poor soul," said the maltster. "And how long have ye suffered from it, Joseph?"

"Oh, ever since I was a boy. Yes, mother was concerned to her heart about it—yes. But 'twas all naught."

"Did ye ever go into the world to try and stop it, Joseph Poorgrass?"

"Oh ay, tried all sorts o' company. They took me to Greenhill Fair, and into a great large jerry-go-nimble show, where there were women-folk riding round—standing upon horses with hardly anything on but their smocks; but it didn't cure me a morsel. And then I was put errand-man at the Woman's Skittle Alley at the back of the Tailor's Arms in Casterbridge. 'Twas a horrible evil situation, and a very curious place for a good man.

I had to stand and look ba'dy people in the face from morning till night; but 'twas no use—I was just as bad as ever after all. Blushes hev been in the family for generations. There, 'tis a happy Providence that I be no worse, and I feel the blessing."

"True," said Jacob Smallbury, deepening his thoughts to a profounder view of the subject. "'Tis a thought to look at, that ye might have been worse; but even as you be, 'tis a very bad affliction for ye, Joseph. For ye see, shepherd, though 'tis very well for a woman, dang it all, 'tis awkward for a man like him, poor feller." He appealed to the shepherd by a feeling glance.

"'Tis, 'tis," said Gabriel, recovering from a meditation. "Yes, very awkward for the man."

"Ay, and he's very timid, too," observed Jan Coggan. "Once he had been working late at Yalbury Bottom, and had had a drap of drink, and lost his way as he was coming home along through Yalbury Wood, didn't ye, Master Poorgrass?"

"No, no, no; not that story!" expostulated the modest man, forcing a laugh to bury his concern.

"And so 'a lost himself quite," continued Mr. Coggan with an impassive face, implying that a true narrative, like time and tide, must run its course and would respect no man. "And as he was coming along in the middle of the night, much afeared, and not able to find his way out of the trees nohow, 'a cried out, 'Man-a-lost! man-a-lost!' A owl in a tree happened to be crying 'Whoo-whoo-whoo!' as owls do, you know, shepherd" (Gabriel nodded), "and Joseph all in a tremble said, 'Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury, sir!'"

"No, no, now—that's too much!" said the timid man, becoming a man of brazen courage all of a sudden. "I didn't say *sir*. I'll take my oath I didn't say 'Joseph Poorgrass o' Weatherbury, sir.' No, no; what's right is right, and I never said sir to the bird, knowing very well that no man of a gentleman's rank would be hollering there at that time o' night. 'Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury,'—that's every word I said, and I shouldn't ha' said that if 't hadn't been for Keeper Day's metheglin. . . . There, 'twas a merciful thing it ended where it did."

The question of which was right being tacitly waived by the company, Jan went on meditatively:—

"And he's the fearfulest man, bain't ye, Joseph? Ay, another time ye were lost by Lambing-Down Gate, weren't ye, Joseph?"

"I was," replied Poorgrass, as if there were some conditions too serious even for modesty to remember itself under, this being one.

"Yes; that were the middle of the night, too. The gate would not open, try how he would, and knowing there was the Devil's hand in it, he kneeled down."

"Ay," said Joseph, acquiring confidence from the warmth of the fire, the cider, and a perception of the narrative capabilities of the experience alluded to. "My heart died within me, that time; but I kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then the Belief right through, and then the Ten Commandments, in earnest prayer. But no, the gate wouldn't open; and then I went on with *Dearly Beloved Brethren*, and thinks I, this makes four, and 'tis all I know out of book, and if this don't do it nothing will, and I'm a lost man. Well, when I got to *Saying After Me*, I rose from my knees and found the gate would open,—yes, neighbors, the gate opened the same as ever."

A meditation on the obvious inference was indulged in by all, and during its continuance each directed his vision into the ash-pit, which glowed like a desert in the tropics under a vertical sun, shaping their eyes long and liny, partly because of the light, partly from the depth of the subject discussed.

Gabriel broke the silence. "What sort of a place is this to live at, and what sort of a mis'ess is she to work under?" Gabriel's bosom thrilled gently as he thus slipped under the notice of the assembly the innermost subject of his heart.

"We d' know little of her—nothing. She only showed herself a few days ago. Her uncle was took bad, and the doctor was called with his world-wide skill; but he couldn't save the man. As I take it, she's going to keep on the farm."

"That's about the shape o't, 'a b'lieve," said Jan Coggan. "Ay, 'tis a very good family. I'd as soon be under 'em as under one here and there. Her uncle was a very fair sort of man. Did ye know en, shepherd—a bachelor man?"

"Not at all."

"I used to go to his house a-courting my first wife Charlotte, who was his dairymaid. Well, a very good-hearted man were farmer Everdene, and I being a respectable young fellow was allowed to call and see her and drink as much ale as I liked, but not to carry away any—outside my skin I mane, of course."

"Ay, ay, Jan Coggan; we know yer maning."

"And so, you see, 'twas beautiful ale, and I wished to value his kindness as much as I could, and not to be so ill-mannered as to drink only a thimbleful, which would have been insulting the man's generosity —"

"True, Master Coggan, 'twould so," corroborated Mark Clark.

"—And so I used to eat a lot of salt fish afore going, and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a lime-basket—so thorough dry that that ale would slip down—ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house! You can mind, Jacob? You used to go wi' me sometimes."

"I can, I can," said Jacob. "That one, too, that we had at Buck's Head on a White Monday was a pretty tippie."

"'Twas. But for a drunk of really a noble class, that brought you no nearer to the Dark Man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there at such times is a great relief to a merry soul."

"True," said the maltster. "Nater requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life." . . .

Gabriel thought fit to change the subject. "You must be a very aged man, malter, to have sons growed up so old and ancient," he remarked.

"Father's so old that 'a can't mind his age, can ye, father?" interposed Jacob. "And he's growed terrible crooked, too, lately," Jacob continued, surveying his father's figure, which was rather more bowed than his own. "Really, one may say that father there is three-double."

"Crooked folk will last a long while," said the maltster grimly, and not in the best humor.

"Shepherd would like to hear the pedigree of yer life, father—wouldn't ye, shepherd?"

"Ay, that I should," said Gabriel, with the heartiness of a man who had longed to hear it for several months. "What may your age be, malter?"

The maltster cleared his throat in an exaggerated form for emphasis, and elongating his gaze to the remotest point of the ash-pit said, in the slow speech justifiable when the importance

of a subject is so generally felt that any mannerism must be tolerated in getting at it:—

“Well, I don’t mind the year I were born in, but perhaps I can reckon up the places I’ve lived at, and so get it that way. I bode at Upper Longpuddle across there” (nodding to the north) “till I were eleven. I bode seven at Kingsbere” (nodding to the east), “where I took to malting. I went therefrom to Norcombe, and malted there two-and-twenty years, and two-and-twenty years I was there turnip-hoeing and harvesting. Ah, I knowed that old place Norcombe, years afore you were thought of, Master Oak” (Oak smiled a corroboration of the fact). “Then I malted at Durnover four year, and four year turnip-hoeing; and I was fourteen times eleven months at Millpond St. Jude’s” (nodding north-west-by-north). “Old Twills wouldn’t hire me for more than eleven months at a time, to keep me from being chargeable to the parish if so be I was disabled. Then I was three year at Mellstock, and I’ve been here one-and-thirty year come Candlemas. How much is that?”

“Hundred and seventeen,” chuckled another old gentleman, given to mental arithmetic and little conversation, who had hitherto sat unobserved in a corner.

“Well then, that’s my age,” said the maltster emphatically.

“Oh no, father!” said Jacob. “Your turnip-hoeing were in the summer and your malting in the winter of the same years, and ye don’t ought to count both halves, father.”

“Chok’ it all! I lived through the summers, didn’t I? That’s my question. I suppose ye’ll say next I be no age at all to speak of?”

“Sure we shan’t,” said Gabriel soothingly.

“Ye be a very old aged person, malter,” attested Jan Coggan, also soothingly. “We all know that, and ye must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long, mustn’t he, neighbors?”

“True, true; ye must, malter, wonderful,” said the meeting unanimously.

The maltster, being now pacified, was even generous enough to voluntarily disparage in a slight degree the virtue of having lived a great many years, by mentioning that the cup they were drinking out of was three years older than he.

While the cup was being examined, the end of Gabriel Oak’s flute became visible over his smock-frock pocket, and Henery

Fray exclaimed, "Surely, shepherd, I seed you blowing into a great flute by now at Casterbridge?"

"You did," said Gabriel, blushing faintly. "I've been in great trouble, neighbors, and was driven to it. I used not to be so poor as I be now."

"Never mind, heart!" said Mark Clark. "You should take it careless-like, shepherd, and your time will come. But we could thank ye for a tune, if ye bain't too tired."

"Neither drum nor trumpet have I heard this Christmas," said Jan Coggan. "Come, raise a tune, Master Oak!"

"Ay, that I will," said Gabriel readily, pulling out his flute and putting it together. "A poor tool, neighbors; but such as I can do ye shall have and welcome."

Oak then struck up 'Jockey to the Fair,' and played that sparkling melody three times through, accenting the notes in the third round in a most artistic and lively manner by bending his body in small jerks and tapping with his foot to beat time.

"He can blow the flute very well, that 'a can," said a young married man, who, having no individuality worth mentioning, was known as "Susan Tall's husband." He continued admiringly, "I'd as lief as not be able to blow into a flute as well as that."

"He's a clever man, and 'tis a true comfort for us to have such a shepherd," murmured Joseph Poorgrass in a soft cadence. "We ought to feel real thanksgiving that he's not a player of ba'dy songs instead of these merry tunes; for 'twould have been just as easy for God to have made the shepherd a loose low man—a man of iniquity, so to speak it—as what he is. Yes, for our wives' and daughters' sakes we should feel real thanksgiving."

"True, true,—real thanksgiving!" dashed in Mark Clark conclusively, not feeling it to be of any consequence to his opinion that he had only heard about a word and three-quarters of what Joseph had said.

"Yes," added Joseph, beginning to feel like a man in the Bible; "for evil do thrive so in these times, that ye may be as much deceived in the cleanest shaved and whitest shirted man as in the raggedest tramp upon the turnpike, if I may term it so."

"Ay, I can mind yer face now, shepherd," said Henery Fray, criticizing Gabriel with misty eyes as he entered upon his second tune. "Yes, now I see ye blowing into the flute I know ye to be the same man I see play at Casterbridge, for yer mouth were

scrimped up and yer eyes a-staring out like a strangled man's—just as they be now.”

“’Tis a pity that playing the flute should make a man look such a scarecrow,” observed Mr. Mark Clark, with additional criticism of Gabriel’s countenance, the latter person jerking out, with the ghastly grimace required by the instrument, the chorus of ‘Dame Durden’ :—

“’Twas Moll’ and Bet’, and Doll’ and Kate’,
And Dor’-othy Drag’-gle-Tail’.”

“I hope you don’t mind that young man Mark Clark’s bad manners in naming your features?” whispered Joseph to Gabriel privately.

“Not at all,” said Mr. Oak.

“For by nature ye be a very handsome man, shepherd,” continued Joseph Poorgrass, with winning suavity.

“Ay, that ye be, shepherd,” said the company.

“Thank you very much,” said Oak, in the modest tone good manners demanded; thinking, however, that he would never let Bathsheba see him playing the flute.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS

From ‘A Pair of Blue Eyes’

ALL eyes were turned to the entrance as Stephen spoke, and the ancient-mannered conclave scrutinized him inquiringly.

“Why, ’tis our Stephen!” said his father, rising from his seat; and still retaining the frothy mug in his left hand, he swung forward his right for a grasp. “Your mother is expecting ye—thought you would have come afore dark. But you’ll wait and go home with me? I have all but done for the day, and was going directly.”

“Yes, ’tis Master Stephy, sure enough. Glad to see you so soon again, Master Smith,” said Martin Cannister, chastening the gladness expressed in his words by a strict neutrality of countenance, in order to harmonize the feeling as much as possible with the solemnity of a family vault.

“The same to you, Martin; and you, William,” said Stephen, nodding around to the rest, who, having their mouths full of

bread and cheese, were of necessity compelled to reply merely by compressing their eyes to friendly lines and wrinkles.

"And who is dead?" Stephen repeated.

"Lady Luxellian, poor gentlewoman, as we all shall," said the under-mason. "Ay, and we be going to enlarge the vault to make room for her."

"When did she die?"

"Early this morning," his father replied, with an appearance of recurring to a chronic thought. "Yes, this morning. Martin hev been tolling ever since, almost. There, 'twas expected. She was very limber."

"Ay, poor soul, this morning," resumed the under-mason, a marvelously old man, whose skin seemed so much too large for his body that it would not stay in position. "She must know by this time whether she's to go up or down, poor woman."

"What was her age?"

"Not more than seven or eight and twenty by candle-light. But, Lord! by day 'a was forty if 'a were an hour."

"Ay, night-time or daytime makes a difference of twenty years to rich feymels," observed Martin.

"She was one-and-thirty really," said John Smith. "I had it from them that know."

"Not more than that!"

"'A looked very bad, poor lady. In faith, ye might say she was dead for years afore 'a would own it."

"As my old father used to say,—'dead, but wouldn't drop down.'"

"I seed her, poor soul," said a laborer from behind some removed coffins, "only but last Valentine's Day of all the world. 'A was arm in crook wi' my lord. I says to myself, 'You be ticketed "church-yard," my noble lady, although you don't dream on't.'"

"I suppose my lord will write to all the other lords anointed in the nation, to let 'em know that she that was is now no more?"

"'Tis done and past. I see a bundle of letters go off an hour after the death. Sich wonderful black rims as they letters had—half an inch wide, at the very least."

"Too much," observed Martin. "In short, 'tis out of the question that a human being can be so mournful as black edges half an inch wide. I'm sure people don't feel more than a very narrow border when they feels most of all."

"And there are two little girls, are there not?" said Stephen.

"Nice clane little faces!—left motherless now."

"They used to come to Parson Swancourt's to play with Miss Elfride when I were there," said William Worm. "Ah, they did so's!" The latter sentence was introduced to add the necessary melancholy to a remark which intrinsically could hardly be made to possess enough for the occasion. "Yes," continued Worm, "they'd run upstairs, they'd run down; flitting about with her everywhere. Very fond of her, they were. Ah well!"

"Fonder than ever they were of their mother, so 'tis said here and there," added a laborer.

"Well, you see, 'tis natural. Lady Luxellian stood aloof from 'em so—was so drowsy-like, that they couldn't love her in the jolly-companion way children want to like folks. Only last winter I seed Miss Elfride talking to my lady and the two children, and Miss Elfride wiped their noses for 'em so careful, my lady never once seeing that it wanted doing; and naturally children take to people that's their best friend."

"Be as 'twill, the woman is dead and gone, and we must make a place for her," said John. "Come, lads, drink up your ale, and we'll just rid this corner, so as to have all clear for beginning at the wall as soon as 'tis light to-morrow."

Stephen then asked where Lady Luxellian was to lie.

"Here," said his father. "We are going to set back this wall and make a recess; and 'tis enough for us to do before the funeral. When my lord's mother died, she said, 'John, the place must be enlarged before another can be put in.' But 'a never expected 'twould be wanted so soon. Better move Lord George first, I suppose, Simeon?"

He pointed with his foot to a heavy coffin, covered with what had originally been red velvet, the color of which could only just be distinguished now.

"Just as ye think best, Master John," replied the shriveled mason. "Ah, poor Lord George!" he continued, looking contemplatively at the huge coffin; "he and I were as bitter enemies once as any could be, when one is a lord and t'other only a mortal man. Poor fellow! He'd clap his hand upon my shoulder and cuss me as familiar and neighborly as if he'd been a common chap. Ay, 'a cussed me up hill and 'a cussed me down, and then 'a would rave out again, and the goold clamps of his fine

new teeth would glisten in the sun like fetters of brass, while I, being a small man and poor, was fain to say nothing at all. Such a strappen fine gentleman as he was too! Yes, I rather liked en sometimes. But once now and then, when I looked at his towering height, I'd think in my inside, 'What a weight you'll be, my lord, for our arms to lower under the aisle of Endelstow Church some day!'"

"And was he?" inquired a young laborer.

"He was. He was five hundredweight if 'a were a pound. What with his lead, and his oak, and his handles, and his one thing and t'other"—here the ancient man slapped his hand upon the cover with a force that caused a rattle among the bones inside—"he half broke my back when I took his feet to lower en down the steps there. 'Ah,' saith I to John there—didn't I, John?—"that ever one man's glory should be such a weight upon another man!" But there, I liked my Lord George sometimes."

"'Tis a strange thought," said another, "that while they be all here under one roof, a snug united family o' Luxellians, they be really scattered miles away from one another in the form of good sheep and wicked goats, isn't it?"

"True; 'tis a thought to look at."

"And that one, if he's gone upward, don't know what his wife is doing no more than the man in the moon, if she's gone downward. And that some unfortunate one in the hot place is a-hollering across to a lucky one up in the clouds, and quite forgetting their bodies be boxed close together all the time."

"Ay, 'tis a thought to look at, too, that I can say 'Hullo!' close to fiery Lord George, and 'a can't hear me."

"And that I be eating my onion close to dainty Lady Jane's nose, and she can't smell me."

"What do 'em put all their heads one way for?" inquired a young man.

"Because 'tis church-yard law, you simple. The law of the living is, that a man shall be upright and downright; and the law of the dead is, that a man shall be east and west. Every state of society have its laws."

"We must break the law wi' a few of the poor souls, however. Come, buckle to," said the master mason.

And they set to work anew.

EGDON HEATH

From (The Return of the Native.)

A SATURDAY afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment. Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an installment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come; darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot and go home. The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its nightly roll into darkness the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen, its complete effect and explanation lying in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn: then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was, indeed, a near relation of night, and when night showed itself an apparent tendency to gravitate together could be perceived in its shades and the scene. The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternization towards which each advanced halfway.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through

the crisis of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis — the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champagnes of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Fair prospects wed happily with fair times; but alas, if times be not fair! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle-gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen.

The most thoroughgoing ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon; he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were, at least, the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists. Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms;

and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature — neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure, obsolete, superseded country figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briary wilderness — «Bruaria.» Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. «Turbaria Bruaria» — the right of cutting heath-turf — occurs in charters relating to the district. «Overgrown with heth and mosse,» says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscape — far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untamable, Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now was it always had been. Civilization was its enemy; and ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the particular formation. In its venerable one coat lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. A person on a heath in raiment of modern cut and colors has more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as now, where the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heathland which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages,

and the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow presently to be referred to — themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance — even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great Western road of the Romans, the *Via Iceniana*, or Ikenild Street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.

QUEEN OF NIGHT

From (The Return of the Native)

EUSTACIA VYE was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess, that is, those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favors here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious alternation of caresses and blows that we endure now.

She was in person full-limbed and somewhat heavy; without ruddiness, as without pallor; and soft to the touch as a cloud. To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow: it closed over her forehead like nightfall extinguishing the western glow.

Her nerves extended into those tresses, and her temper could always be softened by stroking them down. When her hair was brushed she would instantly sink into stillness and look like the Sphinx. If, in passing under one of the Egdon banks, any of its thick skeins

were caught, as they sometimes were, by a prickly tuft of the large *Ulex Europaeus* — which will act as a sort of hairbrush — she would go back a few steps, and pass against it a second time.

She had Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries. Their light, as it came and went, and came again, was partially hampered by their oppressive lids and lashes; and of these the under lid was much fuller than it usually is with English women. This enabled her to indulge in reverie without seeming to do so: she might have been believed capable of sleeping without closing them up. Assuming that the souls of men and women were visible essences, you could fancy the color of Eustacia's soul to be flame-like. The sparks from it that rose into her dark pupils gave the same impression.

The mouth seemed formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss. Some might have added, less to kiss than to curl. Viewed sideways, the closing-line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the *cima-recta*, or ogee. The sight of such a flexible bend as that on grim Egdon was quite an apparition. It was felt at once that that mouth did not come over from Sleswig with a band of Saxon pirates whose lips met like the two halves of a muffin. One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking underground in the South as fragments of forgotten marbles. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as clearly cut as the point of a spear. This keenness of corner was only blunted when she was given over to sudden fits of gloom, one of the phases of the night-side of sentiment which she knew too well for her years.

Her presence brought memories of such things as Bourbon roses, rubies, and tropical midnights; her moods recalled lotus eaters and the march in (*Athalie*); her motions, the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola. In a dim light, and with a slight rearrangement of her hair, her general figure might have stood for that of either of the higher female deities. The new moon behind her head, an old helmet upon it, a diadem of accidental dewdrops round her brow, would have been adjuncts sufficient to strike the note of Artemis, Athena, or Hera respectively, with as close an approximation to the antique as that which passes muster on many respected canvases.

But celestial imperiousness, love, wrath, and fervor had proved to be somewhat thrown away on netherward Egdon. Her power was limited, and the consciousness of this limitation had biased her development. Egdon was her Hades, and since coming there she had imbibed much of what was dark in its tone, though inwardly

and eternally unreconciled thereto. Her appearance accorded well with this smoldering rebelliousness and the shady splendor of her beauty was the real surface of the sad and stifled warmth within her. A true Tartarean dignity sat upon her brow, and not factitiously or with marks of constraint, for it had grown in her with years.

Across the upper part of her head she wore a thin fillet of black velvet, restraining the luxuriance of her shady hair, in a way which added much to this class of majesty by irregularly clouding her forehead. «Nothing can embellish a beautiful face more than a narrow band drawn over the brow,» says Richter. Some of the neighboring girls wore colored ribbon for the same purpose, and sported metallic ornaments elsewhere; but if anyone suggested colored ribbon and metallic ornaments to Eustacia Vye she laughed and went on.

Why did a woman of this sort live on Egdon Heath? Budmouth was her native place, a fashionable seaside resort at that date. She was the daughter of the bandmaster of a regiment which had been quartered there — a Corfiote by birth, and a fine musician — who met his future wife during her trip thither with her father the captain, a man of good family. The marriage was scarcely in accord with the old man's wishes, for the bandmaster's pockets were as light as his occupation. But the musician did his best; adopted his wife's name, made England permanently his home, took great trouble with his child's education, the expenses of which were defrayed by the grandfather, and throve as the chief local musician till her mother's death, when he left off thriving, drank, and died also. The girl was left to the care of her grandfather, who, since three of his ribs became broken in a shipwreck, had lived in this airy perch on Egdon, a spot which had taken his fancy because the house was to be had for next to nothing, and because a remote blue tinge on the horizon between the hills, visible from the cottage door, was traditionally believed to be the English Channel. She hated the change; she felt like one banished; but here she was forced to abide.

Thus it happened that in Eustacia's brain were juxtaposed the strangest assortment of ideas, from old time and from new. There was no middle distance in her perspective: romantic recollections of sunny afternoons on an esplanade, with military bands, officers, and gallants around, stood like gilded letters upon the dark tablet of surrounding Egdon. Every bizarre effect that could result from the random intertwining of watering-place glitter with the grand solemnity of a heath, was to be found in her. Seeing nothing of human life now, she imagined all the more of what she had seen.

Where did her dignity come from? By a latent vein from Alcinous' line, her father hailing from Phæacia's isle? — or from Fitzalan and De Vere, her maternal grandfather having had a cousin in the peerage? Perhaps it was the gift of Heaven — a happy convergence of natural laws. Among other things opportunity had of late years been denied her of learning to be undignified, for she lived lonely. Isolation on a heath renders vulgarity well-nigh impossible. It would have been as easy for the heath-ponies, bats, and snakes to be vulgar as for her. A narrow life in Budmouth might have completely demeaned her.

The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them; and Eustacia did that to a triumph. In the captain's cottage she could suggest mansions she had never seen. Perhaps that was because she frequented a vaster mansion than any of them, the open hills. Like the summer condition of the place around her, she was an embodiment of the phrase, «a populous solitude» — apparently so listless, void, and quiet, she was really busy and full.

To be loved to madness — such was her great desire. Love was to her the one cordial which could drive away the eating loneliness of her days. And she seemed to long for the abstraction called passionate love more than for any particular lover.

She could show a most reproachful look at times, but it was directed less against human beings than against certain creatures of her mind, the chief of these being Destiny, through whose interference she dimly fancied it arose that love alighted only on gliding youth — that any love she might win would sink simultaneously with the sand in the glass. She thought of it with an ever-growing consciousness of cruelty, which tended to breed actions of reckless unconventionality, framed to snatch a year's, a week's, even an hour's passion from anywhere while it could be won. Through want of it she had sung without being merry, possessed without enjoying, outshone without triumphing. Her loneliness deepened her desire. On Egdon, coldest and meanest kisses were at famine prices; and where was a mouth matching hers to be found?

Fidelity in love for fidelity's sake had less attraction for her than for most women: fidelity because of love's grip had much. A blaze of love, and extinction, was better than a lantern glimmer of the same which should last long years. On this head she knew by prevision what most women learn only by experience: she had mentally walked round love, told the towers thereof, considered its palaces; and con-

cluded that love was but a doleful joy. Yet she desired it, as one in a desert would be thankful for brackish water.

She often repeated her prayers; not at particular times, but, like the unaffectedly devout, when she desired to pray. Her prayer was always spontaneous, and often ran thus, «O deliver my heart from this fearful gloom and loneliness: send me great love from somewhere, else I shall die.»


Her high gods were William the Conqueror, Strafford, and Napoleon Bonaparte, as they had appeared in the Lady's History used at the establishment in which she was educated. Had she been a mother she would have christened her boys such names as Saul or Sisera in preference to Jacob or David, neither of whom she admired. At school she had used to side with the Philistines, in several battles, and had wondered if Pontius Pilate were as handsome as he was frank and fair.

Thus she was a girl of some forwardness of mind; indeed, weighed in relation to her situation among the very rearward of thinkers, very original. Her instincts towards social nonconformity were at the root of this. In the matter of holidays, her mood was that of horses who, when turned out to grass, enjoy looking upon their kind at work on the highway. She only valued rest to herself when it came in the midst of other people's labor. Hence she hated Sundays, when all was at rest, and often said they would be the death of her. To see the heathmen in their Sunday condition, that is, with their hands in their pockets, their boots newly oiled, and not laced up (a particularly Sunday sign), walking leisurely among the turves and furze-faggots they had cut during the week, and kicking them critically as if their use were unknown, was a fearful heaviness to her. To relieve the tedium of this untimely day she would overhaul the cupboards containing her grandfather's old charts and other rubbish, humming Saturday-night ballads of the country people the while. But on Saturday nights she would frequently sing a psalm, and it was always on a week-day that she read the Bible, that she might be unoppressed with a sense of doing her duty.

Such views of life were to some extent the natural begettings of her situation upon her nature. To dwell on a heath without studying its meanings was like wedding a foreigner without learning his tongue. The subtle beauties of the heath were lost to Eustacia; she only caught its vapors. An environment which would have made a contented woman a poet, a suffering woman a devotee, a pious woman a psalmist, even a giddy woman thoughtful, made a rebellious woman saturnine.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(1848-1908)

 ONE evening recently the lady whom Uncle Remus calls 'Miss Sally' missed her little seven-year-old. Making search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin; and looking through the window she saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus. His head rested against the old man's arm, and he was gazing with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough weather-beaten face that beamed so kindly on him."

With this charming picture Mr. Joel Chandler Harris opens the historic adventures of that Ulysses of the fields, Brer Rabbit. Uncle Remus, the raconteur of the adventures, has a prototype on every Southern plantation, and his stories are familiar to all Southerners. The art of Mr. Harris lies in the way he could transfer their impalpable charm to canvas.

Before the appearance of 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings' (New York, 1880), the negro had figured in literature; but he had figured for a purpose, either to illustrate a principle as in Mrs. Stowe's great novels 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Dred,' or he was the stage negro of the minstrel show—an intolerable misrepresentation. Perhaps he was too familiar a feature in the landscape of the Southern author for him to appreciate his artistic value; and as for the foreigner's conception of him, what Dr. Johnson said of the descriptive poems of the blind poet Blacklock may very well be applied to these efforts. "If," said Johnson, "you found that a paralytic had left his room, you would conclude he had been carried," meaning that the blind man had described what he had read, not what he had seen.

No such charge was ever brought to the author of these inimitable sketches. Like his own hero Brer Rabbit "he was born and bred in a brier patch," in middle Georgia, in the town of Eatonton, December 8th, 1848, and his happy and adventurous youth, pleasantly commemorated in his 'On the Plantation,' was passed in the society he

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

has made famous the world over. Uncle Remus, Mink, Sis Tempy, Daddy Jake, were not more real personages to him than "de creeters" they taught him to know and admire. In true American fashion, he passed from the printer's case to the bar, but forsook law for literature,—his first love,—became a member of the staff and later an editor of the Atlanta Constitution, and the author of many books, of which 'Uncle Remus' is the initial. 'Nights with Uncle Remus,' 'Rainy Days with Uncle Remus,' 'Mingo and Other Sketches,' 'Daddy Jake the Runaway,' and 'On the Plantation,' belong to the same series. Mr. Harris wrote several books of plantation romance and actualities, that betray the charm of which he was a master, but to the volumes we have named he owed his high and permanent place in American literature.

Those who are familiar with the subject know that when Mr. Harris chose the plantation negro, he had a character of some subtlety to deal with. Like the Celt, he is a creature of extremes, carelessly happy one day and despairing the next; but saved from revolt by a pathetic philosophy born of his helplessness, and also by a sense of humor that restores his equilibrium. These peculiarities are not so evident from his actions—for he has been suppressed by his surroundings—as in his songs and stories, which display his poetical temperament and his picturesque imagination. With the self-confidence of the artist, Mr. Harris in portraying his character chose the most difficult, that is, the dramatic form. Uncle Remus, the seer of the plantation, sits before his lightwood fire making "shuck" horse-collars, with the "little boy" for audience, varied by occasional visits from his satellite "Sis Tempy," or his enemy the incomparable, the irrepressible "Tildy"; and as he works at his self-imposed task, levies on the whole community for illustrations of weakness and folly. Or like a child watching his elders, he imitates their manners and customs, makes his shrewd comments, gives his hard thrusts, and dispenses his deep philosophy. Only when Mr. Harris dropped the dramatic form, as in 'On the Plantation,' 'Mingo and Other Sketches,' and 'Daddy Jake the Runaway,' did he permit himself the luxury of pathos, so obvious in the negro's life. When Uncle Remus or any of his confrères is speaking in *propria persona*, he shows the same reserve in displaying his deepest emotions as the wounded animal who seeks his lair.

Nor is it strange that the life of the plantation negro should have developed his mystical side. Much of it is spent alone, with only the "creeters," between whom and the white man he occupies a middle distance, for companions. Nor strange that like St. Francis of Assisi, each living thing becomes a brother and sister to him, endowed with personality and a sentient nature. St. Francis preached to the

birds and the "four-footed felons," the "ferocissimo lupo d'Agobis"; and Uncle Remus, though he considers them far too wise to learn from so poor a creature as man, endows them with all our vices and virtues. Did not the mystics Æsop and La Fontaine the same? But the old darky in a dim fashion does more: through them he expresses a revolt from his own condition, and the not unnatural desire to circumvent the master who has so long controlled him. Not to the swift in these stories is the race, nor to the strong the battle. The weakest, the most helpless of all the animals, the rabbit, is the hero and the champion, and in every contest is victorious over the wolf, the fox, the bear. Not virtue but weakness triumphs when Brer Rabbit milks the cow, fools the fox, and scalds the wolf; not passion but mischievousness.

With a view to edification which cannot be too sternly deprecated, etymologists have claimed 'Uncle Remus and his Songs' as a contribution to the Folk-Lore Society. Better can we spare him to the natural-history societies, to which he may contribute the chapters on 'How Mr. Rabbit Lost his Fine Bushy Tail,' 'Why Mr. Rabbit Whipped his Young Ones,' 'Why the Negro is Black,' and 'The Use Miss Goose Put her Hands to.' But Mr. Harris had a higher motive in letters than utility, we believe. His province was to charm and to amuse. The widely beloved author of 'Uncle Remus' died July 3, 1908.

WHY BROTHER WOLF DIDN'T EAT THE LITTLE RABBITS

From 'Uncle Remus and his Friends.' Copyright 1892 by Joel Chandler Harris, and reprinted here by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy one day, "why don't you come up to the big house sometimes, and tell me stories?"

"Shoo, honey, de spoon hatter go ter de bowl's house. Ef I wuz atter you ter tell me tales, I'd come up dar en set in de back porch en lissen at you eve'y day, en sometimes eve'y night. But when de spoon want anything, it hatter go ter de bowl. Hit bleedz ter be dat-a-way."

"Well, you used to come."

"Des so!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "But whar wuz you 'bout dat time? Right flat er yo' back; dat's whar you wuz. You laid dar en swaller'd dat doctor-truck, twel I be blest ef you had mo' heft dan a pa'tridge egg wid' de innerds blow'd out. En dar wuz Miss Sally a-cryin' en gwine on constant. Ef she wan't cryin' 'bout you, she wuz quoin' at me en Marse John."

'Oman tongue ain't got no Sunday. Co'se, when I git dar whar you wuz, I hatter set down en tell tales fer ter make you fergit 'bout de fuss dat wuz gwine on. I 'membér one time," Uncle Remus went on, laughing, "I wuz settin' dar by yo' bed, tellin' some great tale er nudder, en de fus' news I know'd I woke up and foun' myse'f fast asleep, en you woke up en foun' yo'se'f in de land er Nod. Dar we wuz,—me in de cheer, en you in de bed; en I'd nod at you, en you'd sno' back at me; en dar wuz de old torty-shell cat settin' by de h'ath, runnin' dat ar buzz-wheel what cats has got somewhars in der innerds; en de clock wuz a-clockin' en de candle a-splutterin'; en des 'bout dat time Miss Sally come in en rap me 'pon topper de naked place on my head wid er thimble; en I kotch my breff like a cow a-coughin', en den Miss Sally start in ter quoilin', en Marse John ax 'er what she doin', en she 'low she des whisperin' ter me; en Marse John say ef she call dat whisperin', he dunner what she call squallin'; en den I up en groanded one er deze yer meetin'-house groans.

"Dem wuz great times, mon," continued the old man, after pausing to recover his breath. "Dey mos' sholy wuz. Hit look like ter me 'bout dem days dat you wan't no bigger dan a young rabbit atter de hide been tuck off. You cert'nly wuz spare-made den. I sot dar by yo' bed, en I say ter myse'f dat ef I wuz de ole Brer Wolf en you wuz a young rabbit, I wouldn't git hongry nuff fer ter eat you, caze you wuz too bony."

"When did Brother Wolf want to eat the young rabbit, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy, thinking that he saw the suggestion of a story here.

He was not mistaken. The old man regarded him with well-feigned astonishment.

"Ain't I done tole you 'bout dat, honey? Des run over in yo' min', en see ef I ain't."

The youngster shook his head most emphatically.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, "ole Brer Wolf want ter eat de little Rabs all de time, but dey wuz one time in 'tickeler dat dey make his mouf water, en dat wuz de time when him en Brer Fox wuz visitin' at Brer Rabbit's house. De times wuz hard, but de little 'Rabs wuz slick en fat, en des ez frisky ez kittens. Ole Brer Rabbit wuz off som'ers, en Brer Wolf en Brer Fox wuz waitin' fer 'im. De little Rabs wuz playin' 'roun', en dough dey wuz little dey kep' der years open. Brer Wolf look at um out'n

de cornder uv his eyes, en lick his chops en wink at Brer Fox, en Brer Fox wunk back at 'im. Brer Wolf cross his legs, en den Brer Fox cross his'n. De little Rabs, dey frisk en dey frolic.

"Brer Wolf ho'd his head to'rds um en 'low, 'Dey er mighty fat.'

"Brer Fox grin, en say, 'Man, hush yo' mouf!'

"De little Rabs frisk en frolic, en play furder off, but dey keep der years primed.

"Brer Wolf look at um en 'low, 'Ain't dey slick en purty?'

"Brer Fox chuckle, en say, 'Oh, I wish you'd hush!'

"De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey keep der years open.

"Brer Wolf smack his mouf, en 'low, 'Dey er joosy en tender.'

"Brer Fox roll his eye en say, 'Man, ain't you gwine ter hush up, 'fo' you gi' me de fidgets?'

"De little Rabs dey frisk en dey frolic, but dey hear eve'y-thing dat pass.

"Brer Wolf lick out his tongue quick, en 'low, 'Less us whirl in en eat um.'

"Brer Fox say, 'Man, you make me hongry! Please hush up!'

"De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey know 'zackly what gwine on. Dey frisk en dey frolic, but dey got der years wide open.

"Den Brer Wolf make a bargain wid Brer Fox dat when Brer Rabbit git home, one un um ud git 'im wropped up in a 'spute 'bout fust one thing en den anudder, whiles tudder one ud go out en ketch de little Rabs.

"Brer Fox 'low, 'You better do de talkin', Brer Wolf, en lemme coax de little Rabs off. I got mo' winnin' ways wid chil-luns dan what you is.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'You can't make gourd out'n punkin, Brer Fox. I ain't no talker. Yo' tongue lots slicker dan mine. I kin bite lots better'n I kin talk. Dem little Rabs don't want no coaxin'; dey wants ketchin'—dat what dey wants. You keep ole Brer Rabbit busy, en I'll ten' ter de little Rabs.'

"Bofe un um know'd dat whichever cotch de little Rabs, de tudder one ain't gwine smell hide ner hair un um, en dey flew up' en got ter 'sputin, en whiles dey was 'sputin' en gwine on dat-a-way, de little Rabs' put off down de road, *blickety-blickety*, for ter meet der daddy. Kase dey know'd ef dey stayed dar dey'd git in big trouble.

"Dey went off down de road, de little Rabs did, en dey ain't gone so mighty fur 'fo' dey meet der daddy comin' 'long home. He had his walkin' cane in one han' en a jug in de udder, en he look ez big ez life en twice ez natchul.

"De little Rabs run to'rds 'im en holler, 'What you got, daddy? What you got, daddy?'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'Nothin' but er jug er 'lasses.'

"De little Rabs holler, 'Lemme tas'e, daddy! Lemme tas'e, daddy!'

"Den ole Brer Rabbit sot de jug down in de road en let um lick de stopper a time er two, en atter dey done get der win' back, dey up'n tell 'im 'bout de 'greement dat Brer Wolf en Brer Fox done make, en 'bout de 'spute what dey had. Ole Brer Rabbit sorter laugh ter hisse'f, en den he pick up his jug en jog on to'rds home. When he git mos' dar he stop en tell de little Rabs fer stay back dar out er sight, en wait twel he call um 'fo' dey come. Dey wuz mighty glad ter do des like dis, kaze dey'd done seed Brer Wolf tushes, en Brer Fox red tongue, en dey huddle up in de broom-sage ez still ez a mouse in de flour-bar'l.

"Brer Rabbit went on home, en sho 'nuff, he fin' Brer Wolf en Brer Fox waitin' fer 'im. Dey 'd done settle der 'spute, en dey wuz settin' dar des ez smilin' ez a basket er chips. Dey pass de time er day wid Brer Rabbit, en den dey ax 'im what he got in de jug. Brer Rabbit hummed en haw'd, en looked sorter sollum.

"Brer Wolf look like he wuz bleedz ter fin' out what wuz in de jug, en he keep a pesterin' Brer Rabbit 'bout it; but Brer Rabbit des shake his head en look sollum, en talk 'bout de wedder, en de craps, en one thing en anudder. Bimeby Brer Fox make out he wuz gwine atter a drink er water, en he slip out, he did, fer ter ketch de little Rabs. Time he git out de house, Brer Rabbit look all 'roun' ter see ef he lis'nen, en den he went ter de jug en pull out de stopper.

"He han' it ter Brer Wolf en say, 'Tas'e dat.'

"Brer Wolf tas'e de 'lasses, en smack his mouf. He 'low, 'What kinder truck dat? Hit sho is good.'

"Brer Rabbit git up close ter Brer Wolf en say, 'Don't tell nobody. Hit's Fox-blood.'

"Brer Wolf look 'stonish'. He 'low, 'How you know?'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'I knows what I knows!'

"Brer Wolf say, 'Gimme some mo'!'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'You kin git some mo' fer yo'se'f easy 'nuff; en de fresher 'tis, de better.'

"Brer Wolf 'low, 'How you know?'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'I knows what I knows!'

"Wid dat Brer Wolf stepped out, en start to'rds Brer Fox. Brer Fox seed 'im comin', en he sorter back off. Brer Wolf got little closer, en bimeby he make a dash at Brer Fox. Brer Fox dodge, he did, en den he put out fer de woods wid Brer Wolf right at his heels.

"Den atter so long a time, atter Brer Rabbit got done laughin', he call up de little Rabs, gi' um some 'lasses fer supper, en spanked um en sont um ter bed."

"Well, what did he spank 'em for, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Ter make um grow, honey,—des ter make um grow! Young creeturs is got ter have der hide loosen'd dat-a-way, same ez young chilluns."

"Did Brother Wolf catch Brother Fox?"

"How I know, honey? Much ez I kin do ter foller de tale when it keeps in de big road, let 'lone ter keep up wid dem creeturs whiles dey gone sailin' thoo de woods. De tale ain't persoo on atter um no funder dan de place whar dey make der disappear'nce. I tell you now, when I goes in de woods, I got ter know whar I'm gwine."

BROTHER MUD TURTLE'S TRICKERY

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"I DON'T like deze yer tales 'bout folks, no how you kin fix um," said Uncle Remus after an unusually long pause, during which he rubbed his left hand with the right, in order to run the rheumatism out. "No, suh, I don't like um, kaze folks can't play no tricks, ner git even wid der neighbors, widout hurtin' somebody's feelin's, er breakin' some law er 'nudder, er gwine 'ginst what de preacher say,

"Look at dat man what I des been tellin' you 'bout. He let de udder man fool 'im en ketch 'im, en mo' dan dat, he let um tote 'im off de calaboose. He oughter been tuck dar; I ain't

'sputin' dat; yit ef dat had been some er de creeturs, dey'd er sholy got loose fum dar.

"When it comes ter talkin' 'bout gittin' loose," Uncle Remus continued, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "I git ter runnin' on in my min' 'bout ole Brer Fox en ole Brer Mud Turkle. Dey had some kinder fallin' out once 'pon a time—I dunner what. I speck hit's got a tale hung on it, but de tale done switch itself out'n my min'. Yit dey'd done had a fallin' out, en dey wa'nt no love los' betwixt um. Well, suh, one day Brer Fox wuz gwine down de creek fishin'. Little ez you may think un it, Brer Fox wuz monst'us fon' er fishes, so eve'y chance he got he'd go fishin'."

"On Sunday, too?" inquired the little boy. He had been lectured on that subject not long before.

"Well, I tell you now," replied Uncle Remus laughing, "Brer Fox is like 'oman's tongue; he ain't got no Sunday."

"What kind of bait did he have?" the youngster asked.

"What he want wid bait, honey? He ain't got no bait, en no pole, en no hook. He des went down de creek, en when he come ter a good place, he'd wade in en feel und' de rocks en und' de bank. Sometimes he'd ketch a horny-head, en den ag'in he'd ketch a peerch. Well, suh, he went on en went on, en he had bad luck. Look like de fishes wuz all gone fum home, but he kep' on en kep' on. He 'low ter hisse'f dat he bleedz ter have some fish fer dinner. One time he put his han' in a crawfish nes' en got nipt, en anudder time he tetched a eel, en it made de col' chills run 'cross 'im. Yit he kep' on.

"Bimeby Brer Fox come ter whar ole Brer Mud Turkle live at. I dunner what make ole Brer Mud Turkle live in such a damp place like dat. Look like him en his folks 'ud have a bad col' de whole blessid time. But dar he wuz in de water und' de bank, layin' dar fas' asleep, dreamin' 'bout de good times he'd have when de freshet come. He 'uz layin' dar wid his eyes shot, when de fus' news he know he feel sump'n 'nudder fumblin' 'roun' his head. 'Twan't nobody but ole Brer Fox feelin' 'roun' und' de bank fer fishes.

"Brer Mud Turkle move his head, he did, but de fumblin' kep' on, en bimeby he open his mouf en Brer Fox fumble en fumble, twel bimeby he got 'is han' in dar, en time he do dat, ole Brer Mud Turkle shet down on it. En I let you know," continued Uncle Remus, shaking his head slowly from side to

side as if to add emphasis to the statement, "I let you know when ole Brer Mud Turkle shet down on yo' han', you got ter cut off his head en den wait twel it thunder, 'fo' he turn loose.

"Well, suh, he shet down on ole Brer Fox, en ef you'd 'a' been anywhars in dat settlement you'd 'a' heard squallin' den ef you ain't never hear none befo'.

"Brer Fox des hilt his head back en holler 'Ouch! Ouch! What dis got me? Ouch! Turn me aloose! Ouch! Somebody better run here quick! Laws a massy! Ouch!'

"But Brer Mud Turkle he helt on, en he feel so much comfort dat he'd er in about went ter asleep ag'in ef Brer Fox hadn't er snatched en jerked so hard en a-holler'd so loud.

"Brer Fox holler, en Brer Mud Turkle hol' on; Brer Fox holler, en Brer Mud Turkle hol' on. Dar dey wuz, nip en tug, holler en hol' fas'! Bimeby it hurt so bad dat Brer Fox des fetched one loud squall en made one big pull, en out come ole Brer Mud Turkle, a-hangin' ter his han'.

"Well, suh, when dey got out on de bank en Brer Mud Turkle sorter woke up, he tuck'n turn Brer Fox loose widout waitin' fer de thunder. He ax Brer Fox pardon, but Brer Fox he ain't got no pardon fer ter gi' 'im.

"Brer Mud Turkle make like he skeer'd. He 'low: 'I 'clar' ter gracious, Brer Fox! ef I'd a know'd 'twuz you, I'd 'a' never shet down on you in de roun' worl'; kaze I know what a dangerous man you is. I know'd yo' daddy befo' you, en he wuz a dangersome man.'

"But Brer Fox 'fuse ter lissen ter dat kinder talk. He say: 'I been wantin' you a long time, en now I got you. I got you right where I want you, en when I get thoo wid you, yo' own folks wouldn't know you ef dey wuz ter meet you in de middle er de road.'

"Brer Mud Turkle cry on one side his face en laugh on tudder. He 'low, 'Please, suh, Brer Fox, des let me off dis time, en I'll be good friend 'long wid you all de balance er de time. Please, suh, Brer Fox, let me off dis time!'

"Brer Fox say, 'Oh, yes! I'll let you off; I'm all de time a-lettin' off folks what bite me ter de bone! Oh yes! I'll let you off, but I'll take en skin you fust.'

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Spozen I ain't got no hide on me; den what you gwine to do?'

"Brer Fox grit his tushes. He say, 'Ef you ain't got no hide, I'll fin' de place whar de hide oughter be—dat's what!'

"Wid dat he make a grab at Brer Mud Turkle's neck, but Brer Mud Turkle draw his head en his foots und' his shell, en quile up his tail, en dar he wuz. He so ole en tough he got moss on his shell. Brer Fox fool wid 'im, en gnyaw en gouge at de shell, but he des might ez well gnyaw en gouge at a flint rock. He work en he work, but 'tain't do no good; he can't git Brer Mud Turkle out er his house no way he kin fix it.

"Ole Brer Mud Turkle talk at 'im. He 'low, 'Hard ain't no name fer it, Brer Fox! You'll be jimber-jaw'd long 'fo' you gnyaw thoo my hide!'

"Brer Fox gnyaw en gouge, en gouge en gnyaw.

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Dey ain't but one way fer ter git dat shell off, Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox 'fuse ter make answer. He gouge en gnyaw, en gnyaw en gouge.

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Tushes ain't gwine git it off! Claws ain't gwine git it off! Yit mud en water will do de work. Now I'm gwine ter sleep.'

"Brer Fox gnyaw en gouge, en gouge en gnyaw, en bimeby he git tired, mo' speshually when he hear ole Brer Mud Turkle layin' in dar snorin' des like somebody sawin' gourds. Den he sot down en watch Brer Mud Turkle, but he ain't move. He do des like he sleep.

"Den Brer Fox git de idee dat he'll play a trick on Brer Mud Turkle. He holler out, 'Good-by, Brer Mud Turkle! You er too much fer me dis time. My han' hurt me so bad I got ter go home en git a poultice on it. But I'll pay you back ef hit's de las' ac'!'

"Brer Fox make like he gwine off, but he des run 'roun' en hid in de bushes. Yit does you speck he gwine fool Brer Mud Turkle? Shoo, honey! Dat creetur got moss on his back, en he got so much sense in his head his eyes look red. He des lay dar, ole Brer Mud Turkle did, en sun hisse'f same as ef he wuz on a rock in de creek. He lay dar so still dat Brer Fox got his impatients stirred up, en he come out de bushes en went ter Brer Mud Turkle en shuck 'im up en ax'd 'im how he gwine git de shell off.

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Tushes ain't gwine git it off! Claws ain't gwine git it off! Yit mud en water will do de work!'

"Brer Fox say, 'Don't riddle me no riddles. Up en tell me like a man how I gwine ter git yo' shell off!'"

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Put me in de mud en rub my back hard ez you kin. Den de shell bleedz ter come off. Dat de reason dey calls me Brer Mud Turkle."

"Well, suh," said Uncle Remus, laughing heartily, "Brer Fox ain't got no better sense dan ter b'lieve all dat truck, so he tuck en shove Brer Mud Turkle 'long twel he got 'im in de mud, en den he 'gun ter rub on his back like somebody curryin' a hoss. What happen den? Well, dey ain't nothin' 't all happen, 'ceppin' what bleedz ter happen. De mo' he rub on de back, de deeper Brer Mud Turkle go in de mud. Bimeby, whiles Brer Fox wuz rubbin' right hard, Brer Mud Turkle sorter gun hisse'f a flirt en went down out er reach. Co'se dis make Brer Fox splunge in de water, en a little mo' en he'd a drown'ded right den en dar. He went out on de bank, he did, en whiles he settin' dar dryin' hisse'f he know'd dat Brer Mud Turkle wuz laughin' at 'im, kaze he kin see de signs un it."

The little boy laughed, but he shook his head incredulously.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, "ef you gwine ter 'spute dat, you des ez well ter stan' up en face me down 'bout de whole tale. Kaze when Brer Fox see bubbles risin' on de water en follerin' atter one anudder, he bleedz ter know dat Brer Mud Turkle down under dar laughin' fit ter kill hisse'f."

This settled the matter. The child was convinced.

UNCLE REMUS AT THE TELEPHONE

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ONE night recently, as Uncle Remus's Miss Sally was sitting by the fire sewing and singing softly to herself, she heard the old man come into the back yard and enter the dining-room, where a bright fire was still burning in the grate. Everything had been cleared away. The cook had gone, and the house-girl had disappeared, and the little boy was asleep. Uncle Remus had many privileges in the house of the daughter of his old mistress and master, and one of these was to warm himself by the dining-room fire whenever he felt lonely, especially at

night. To the lady there was a whimsical suggestion of pathos in everything the old negro said and did; and yet her attitude toward Uncle Remus was one of bustling criticism and depreciation. By leaning back in her chair a little, she could see him as he sat before the fire enjoying the warmth.

"I should think it was time for you to be in bed," she exclaimed.

"No'm, 'tain't," responded Uncle Remus. "I year tell dat w'en ole folks git ter bed soon, dey feelin's bin hurted; en goodness knows dey ain't nobody hurted my feelin's dis day."

"Well, there isn't anything in there that you can pick up. I've had everything put under lock and key."

"Yessum, dey is sump'n n'er in yer, too, kaze yer Mars John supper settin' right down yer 'fo' de fier, en little mo' hit 'ud a bin dry spang up, if I hadn't 'a' drapt in des w'en I did. I year Mars John tell dat ar nigger 'oman w'at you call yo' cook fer ter have 'im some fried aigs fer supper, en ef deze ain't fried en dried I ain't never see none w'at is. W'en Mars John come, you kin set plum' in dar en year 'im crack um up in his mouf, same lak cow chawin' fodder. Las' Sat'd'y night Mars John fotch some fried isters home, en ef dish yer nigger 'oman stay on dis hill many mo' days, he ull git all his vittles cooked down town en fetch it home in a basket. Whar Mars John now?"

Just then there was a call at the telephone. The little gong rattled away like a house on fire. As the lady went to answer it, Uncle Remus rose from his chair and crept on his tiptoes to the door that opened into the sitting-room. He heard his Miss Sally talking:

"Well, what's wanted? . . . Oh—is that you? Well, I couldn't imagine . . . No . . . Fast asleep too long ago to talk about . . . Why of course! No! . . . Why should I be frightened! . . . I declare! you ought to be ashamed . . . Remus is here . . . Two hours! I think you are horrid mean! . . . By-by!"

Uncle Remus stood looking suspiciously at the telephone after his Miss Sally had turned away.

"Miss Sally," he said presently, "wuz you talkin' ter Mars John?"

"Certainly. Who did you suppose it was?"

"Wharbouts wuz Mars John?"

"At his office."

"Way down yan on Yallerbamer street?"

"Yes."

At this piece of information Uncle Remus emitted a groan that was full of doubt and pity, and went into the dining-room. His Miss Sally laughed, and then an idea seemed to strike her. She called him back, and went again to the telephone.

"Is that you, Central? . . . Please connect eleven-forty with fourteen-sixty." There was a fluttering sound in the instrument, and then the lady said: "Yes, it's me! . . . Here's Remus. . . . Yes, but he wants to talk to you."

"Here, Remus, take this and put it to your ear. Here, simpleton! it won't hurt you."

Uncle Remus took the ear-piece and handled it as though it had been a loaded pistol. He tried to look in at both ends, and then he placed it to his ear and grinned sheepishly. He heard a thin, sepulchral, but familiar voice calling out, "Hello, Remus!" and his sheepish grin gave place to an expression of uneasy astonishment.

"Hello, Remus! Hello-ello-ello-ello-o-o!"

"Is dat you, Mars John?"

"Of course it is, you bandy-legged old villain. I have no time to be standing here. What do you want?"

"How in de name er God you git in dar, Mars John?"

"In where?"

"In dish yer—in dish yer appleratus."

"Oh, you be fiddlestick! What do you want?"

"Mars John, kin you see me—er is she all dark in dar?"

"Are you crazy? Where is your Miss Sally?"

"She in yer, hollun en laughin'. Mars John, how you gwine git out'n dar?"

"Dry up! Good-night!"

"Yer 'tis, Miss Sally," said Uncle Remus, after listening a moment. "Dey's a mighty zoonin' gwine on in dar, en I dunner whe'er Mars John tryin' ter scramble out, er whe'er he des tryin' fer ter make hisse'f comfertuble in dar."

"What did he say, Remus?"

"He up en 'low'd dat one un us wuz a vilyun, but dey wuz such a buzzin' gwine on in dar dat I couldn't 'zactly ketch de rights un it."

Uncle Remus went back to his place by the dining-room fire, and after a while began to mutter and talk to himself.

"What's the matter now?" his Miss Sally asked.

"I 'uz des a-sayin' dat I know Mars John mus' be suffun some'rs."

"Why?"

"Oh, I des knows it; kaze' ef he ain't, w'at make he talk so weak? He bleedz ter be in trouble. I'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe: dat w'ite man talk like he ain't bigger den one er deze yer little teenchy chany dolls. I boun' you," he continued, "ef I 'uz a w'ite 'oman en Mars John wuz my ole man, I'd snatch up my bonnet en I'd natally sail 'roun' dish yer town twel I fine out w'at de matter wid 'im. I would dat."

The old man's Miss Sally laughed until the tears came in her eyes, and then she said:—

"There's a piece of pie on the sideboard. Do get it, and hush so much talking."

"Thanky, mistiss, thanky!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, shuffling across the room. He got the pie and returned to his chair. "Dish yer pie," he continued, holding it up between his eyes and the fire, "dish yer pie come in good time, kaze Mars John talk so weak en fur off it make me feel right empty. I speck he be well time he git home, en ef he 'uz ter git holt er dish yer pie, hit mought make 'im have bad dreams."

In a few moments the pie had disappeared, and when his Miss Sally looked at him a little later he was fast asleep.

FREDERIC HARRISON

(1831—)



FREDERIC HARRISON is a man of striking personality, whose activity has been varied. He is a brilliant essay-writer and controversialist, whose literary work is full of life and savor. He is a student and writer of history, especially in its modern and socialistic aspects. And he is a thinker who, in England, is the most stalwart champion of the Positivist philosophy of Comte.

He has himself told the story of his education and early life. Born in London, October 18th, 1831, of good family, with both English and Irish blood in his veins, he went to King's College School, and then to Oxford, where he was a scholar at Wadham College and displayed a talent for the classics. His student days fell at the turn of the half-century (1848-1852); a time when instead of dealing with abstract themes in true sophomoric fashion, he was, as he says, absorbed in current affairs, "impressed with the tumultuous succession of events that surged across Europe." He felt the complexity of modern society and desired to study it. His sympathy for the popular cause was deep, and grew deeper with the years. On being graduated, Mr. Harrison taught for some years in the Working-Men's College, associated with such men as F. D. Maurice and Thomas Hughes. He also served on the Trades-Union Commission for three years. These positions brought him into touch with leading economists and humanitarians. Gradually the idea of teaching the principles of Positivism took possession of him; and having private fortune enough for independence, his chief aim for nearly half a century has been to do this work. This devotion to philosophic exposition led him to disclaim any other profession. He asserts that he has never studied literature as an art, nor has he been a great reader, even in his historical studies, always preferring to talk with men and see things for the forming of an opinion. This trait and training give to Harrison's writing an incisive vigor that is marked.

By the time he was thirty-five, Mr. Harrison had come to an acceptance of the cardinal tenets of Comte: successively he was convinced of the truth of that French philosopher's views on history, education, society, politics, philosophy, and religion. The English disciple preaches the brotherhood of man, the Divineness of humanity, the hope of that altruistic immortality desired by George Eliot, which

comes from living in the lives of those made better by our presence. He was the champion of this Positivist faith against Herbert Spencer's agnosticism in a series of articles which attracted wide attention when first published in the Nineteenth Century in 1884, and were afterwards published in book form. Later statements of his position are to be found in *(The Creed of a Layman)* (1907) and *(The Positive Evolution of Religion)* (1912).

Mr. Harrison has translated Comte's *(Social Statics.)* In history his views are modern and liberal, while his style makes the expression of exceptional interest. Works in this field are: — *(The Meaning of History)* (1862), *(Oliver Cromwell)* (1888), *(Annals of an Old Manor-House)* (1893), *(The Study of History)* (1895), *(George Washington and other American Addresses)* (1901), and *(Chatham)* (1905). Other books are *(Order and Progress)* (1875), *(The Choice of Books, and Other Literary Pieces)* (1886), *(The Millenary of King Alfred)* (1897), *(Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates)* (1900), *(Memories and Thoughts)* (1906), *(Autobiographical Memoirs)* (1911), and *(The German Peril)* (1915). The essay on *(The Choice of Books)* has always been popular, and is distinguished by a fine culture, independence of judgment, good sense, and happy presentation.

THE USE AND SELECTION OF BOOKS

From *'The Choice of Books, and Other Literary Pieces'*

IT is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't;" and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in Hamlet, is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead: he pats the skull of the jester, batters the cheek of lord,

lady, or courtier, and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds, and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides,—we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year,—all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all,—of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue! Exercises for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our street; the flirtations of their maiden aunts; and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmother's first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful amongst us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street, as easily as an idler in a tavern. "I came across such-and-such a book that I never heard mentioned," says one, "and found it curious, though entirely worthless."—"I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared." And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pot-house all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes "curious."

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books as books are entitled *à priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book, on the mere ground that we never heard of it before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world; the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men; the true books are not easier to find than the true men; the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to

the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely. so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything, vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life, such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day: how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfill that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out, that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing, whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the

obtrusive crowd of the wrong books: so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place; I should rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually; if it be not rather some noisy book fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practicing his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers—

“Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.”

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the ‘Paradise Lost’ is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great-aunt, and why Adam or Satan is like that or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the ‘Paradise Lost,’ but the ‘Paradise Lost’ itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton’s are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this:

What are the books that in our little remnant of reading-time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose; every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information—*i. e.*, the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind—is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the sea-shore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it,—there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought; as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse. . . .

And so,—I say it most confidently,—the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save out of the relentless cataract of ink the immortal thoughts

of the greatest,—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good. . . .

But how are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters? There are some who appear to suppose that the "best" are known only to experts in an esoteric way, who may reveal to inquirers what schoolboys and betting men describe as "tips." There are no "tips" in literature; the "best" authors are never dark horses; we need no "crammers" and "coaches" to thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. "Crammers" will only lead us wrong. It is a thing far easier and more common than many imagine, to discover the best. It needs no research, no learning, and is only misguided by recondite information. The world has long ago closed the great assize of letters, and judged the first places everywhere. In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, is almost unerring. When some Zoilus finds blemishes in Homer, and prefers, it may be, the work of some Apollonius of his own discovering, we only laugh. There may be doubts about the third and the fourth rank; but the first and the second are hardly open to discussion. The gates which lead to the Elysian Fields may slowly wheel back on their adamantine hinges to admit now and then some new and chosen modern. But the company of the masters of those who know, and in especial degree of the great poets, is a roll long closed and complete, and they who are of it hold ever peaceful converse together.

Hence we may find it a useful maxim that if our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world, there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe, so much "Hebrew-Greek" to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Molière and Scott, rest year after year undisturbed on their shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college text-books; if you have never opened the 'Cid,' the 'Nibelungen,' 'Crusoe,' and 'Don Quixote' since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the 'Imitation' for some wet Sunday afternoon—know, friend, that your reading can do

you little real good. Your mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order. No doubt, to thousands of intelligent, educated men who call themselves readers, the reading through a canto of the 'Purgatorio' or a book of the 'Paradise Lost' is a task as irksome as it would be to decipher an ill-written manuscript in a language that is almost forgotten. But although we are not to be always reading epics, and are chiefly in the mood for slighter things, to be absolutely unable to read Milton or Dante with enjoyment is to be in a very bad way. Aristophanes, Theocritus, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Molière, are often as light as the driven foam; but they are not light enough for the general reader. Their humor is too bright and lovely for the groundlings. They are, alas! "classics," somewhat apart from our every-day ways; they are not banal enough for us: and so for us they slumber "unknown in a long night," just *because* they are immortal poets and are not scribblers of to-day.

When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life? *Ceci tuera cela*, the last great poet might have said of the first circulating library. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country. Until a man can truly enjoy a draught of clear water bubbling from a mountain-side, his taste is in an unwholesome state. And so he who finds the Heliconian spring insipid should look to the state of his nerves. Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain-tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the 'Cid,' the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' and 'Lycidas' pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Red Cross Knight'; if he thinks 'Crusoe' and the 'Vicar' books for the young; if he thrill not with the 'Ode to the West Wind' and the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'; if he have no stomach for 'Christabel' or the lines written on 'The Wye above Tintern Abbey,'—he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleanlier and quieter spirit.

The intellectual system of most of us in these days needs "to purge and to live cleanly." Only by such a course of treatment shall we bring our minds to feel at peace with the grand pure works of the world. Something we ought all to know of

the masterpieces of antiquity, and of the other nations of Europe. To understand a great national poet such as Dante, Calderon, Corneille, or Goethe, is to know other types of human civilization in ways which a library of histories does not sufficiently teach. The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the charm and solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education.

BRET HARTE

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BRET HARTE

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BRET HARTE

(1839-1902)

BY WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

RANCIS BRET HARTE (from whose name, so far as pen purposes are concerned, the Francis was long since dropped) was born in Albany, New York, August 25th, 1839. After an ordinary school education he went in 1854 to California,—drawn thither, like so many other ambitious youths, by the gold excitement and the prospects of fortune. At first he tried his hand at teaching and mining, and had ample opportunity to study in close contact the wild frontier life which he was afterwards to portray. Unsuccessful in both lines of experiment, he presently entered a printing-office, and in 1857 was in San Francisco as compositor on the *Golden Era*. Unsigned sketches from his pen soon after this began to attract notice, and he was invited to join the staff of the *Californian*, to which he contributed a series of clever parodies on the styles and methods of famous contemporary writers of fiction, subsequently published in volume form under the title 'Condensed Novels.' Meanwhile, in 1864, Mr. Harte had been made secretary of the U. S. Branch Mint; and during his six-years' tenure of office he produced some of his best known poems,—'John Burns of Gettysburg,' 'The Pliocene Skull,' and 'The Society upon the Stanislaus' among the number. In 1868 the *Overland Monthly* was started, with Mr. Harte as editor. It was now that he began in a systematic way to work up the material furnished by his earlier frontier life. The first result was 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' which upon its appearance in the second number of the magazine instantly made its mark, and was accepted as heralding the rise of a new star in the literary heavens. No other prose production of its author has enjoyed greater popularity, though as a work of art it will hardly bear comparison with such stories as 'Miggles,' 'Tennessee's Partner,' and 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' which followed in rapid succession, and the last-named of which is generally considered the most perfect of his works. In 1871 Mr. Harte settled in New York, and became a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1878 he was appointed United States consul in Crefeld, Germany, whence in 1880 he was removed to the more lucrative post in Glasgow, after which time he resided abroad, principally in England, where his

books enjoyed wide popularity. His pen still remained active; but despite long absence from the land out of whose life his initial successes were wrought, he continued for the most part to deal with the old California themes, remaining *facile princeps* in a field in which he soon had many imitators. That he ever did anything quite so good as his first group of stories and poems cannot be said, for he undoubtedly paid the penalty of working an exhausted soil, and his later volumes are marked as a whole by the repetition of well-worn motives and by declining spontaneity and power. Hence it is by his earlier writings that he will always be known. Still, the average quality of his output remained unusually high; and when the circumstances of its production are borne in mind, it may perhaps seem remarkable that it should have preserved so many traces of the writer's youthful freshness and vigor.

In estimating Mr. Harte's work, allowance has of course to be made for the fact that it was his rare good fortune to break new ground, and to become the first literary interpreter of a life which with its primitive breadth and freedom, its unconventionality and picturesqueness, its striking contrasts of circumstance and character, offered singular opportunities to the novelist. But appreciation of this point must not lead us to underrate the strength and certainty with which the chance of the moment was seized on and turned to use. In the last analysis the secret of Mr. Harte's success will be found to inhere not so much in the novelty of the people and incidents described, as in the sterling qualities of his own genius and art.

Among such qualities, those which perhaps most constantly impress the critical reader of his total work are his splendid dramatic instinct, his keen insight into character, his broad sympathy, and his subtle and pervasive humor. In his handling of certain of the more commonplace comic types, he frequently reveals the strong early influence of Dickens, whose familiar method is to be detected for instance in Sal, Mrs. Markle, and even Colonel Starbottle of 'Gabriel Conroy,' and of whom we are often unexpectedly reminded here and there in the author's more distinctive studies. But at his best, and in his own particular field,—in such characters as the gamblers Hamlin and Oakhurst, Tennessee's Partner, Kentuck, Miggles, M'liss, Olly, and many others, from his earlier stories especially,—Mr. Harte is altogether himself. Dealing for the most part with large, strongly marked, elemental types, as these develop and express themselves under conditions which give free play to instinct and passion, he does not indulge in lengthy analyses or detailed descriptions. His men and women are sketched with a few bold firm strokes, and are left to work out their own personalities in speech and deed; and yet, such

is the skill with which this is accomplished that they stand out before us as creatures of real flesh and blood, whom we unquestioningly, even if sometimes against our cooler judgment, accept and believe in. Mr. Harte does not purposely soften the shadows in his pictures; the baseness and extravagance, the sin and wretchedness, of frontier life are frankly portrayed, as well as its rough chivalry and its crude romance. None the less, there can be little doubt that consciously or unconsciously he contrived to throw an idealizing glamor over the fret and fever, the squalor and misery, of the mine and the camp, and that many of his most lifelike and successful characters are wrought in the imagination, though out of the stuff of fact. His place is emphatically not among the realists, realistic as much of his work undoubtedly is; for the shaping power of dramatic genius molds and fashions the raw material furnished by experience and observation. That—to take a single example—the reprobate Hamlin had no counterpart or original in actual life, is altogether improbable; yet it is certain that in the picture as we have it, much, perhaps very much, is attributable to the cunning and delicacy of the artist's hand. Thus what he gives us is something very different from a photograph. But it is just here that we touch upon what is perhaps one of the finest qualities of his work,—a quality not to be separated from his tendency towards idealization. Rarely falling into the didactic, and dwelling habitually upon life's unexplained and inexplicable tragic complexities, he nevertheless suffuses his stories with an atmosphere of charity, eminently clear, sweet, and wholesome. His characteristic men and women, products of rude conditions, are generally rough and often positively vicious; but he succeeds in convincing his readers of their common humanity, and in showing the keen responsiveness to nobler influences still possessed by hearts which, superficially considered, might well seem hopelessly callous and dead. And he does this simply and naturally, without maudlin sentiment or forced rhetoric—without, in a word, playing to the gallery.

The weakness of Mr. Harte's writing is closely connected with some of its main elements of strength. A master of condensed and rapid narration, he produced many stories which are too episodic in character and sketchy in method to be completely satisfactory from the artistic point of view; while in his desire to achieve terseness, he occasionally sacrificed clearness of plot. This is particularly the case with his more ambitious efforts, especially with his long novel 'Gabriel Conroy,' an elaborate study of the culture conditions of early California civilization. The book has many admirable points. It abounds in memorable descriptions, vivid and humorous character sketches, and separate scenes of remarkable power. But it lacks wholeness, proportion, lucidity. It is a bundle of episodes, and

these episodes do not hang together; its plot is unduly intricate; while the conduct of the story everywhere shows the author's inability to hold in hand and weave into definite pattern the multitudinous threads indispensable to his design. Undoubtedly written under the influence of the huge novels of Dickens, the contrast that it presents on the structural side with such an orderly and well-sustained work as 'Bleak House' is almost painful.

As a writer of verse Mr. Harte is unequal. Some of his humorous poetry is too racy and original to be lost; much on the other hand is too temporary and extravagant to find an abiding place in literature. His best verse, artistically considered, is perhaps to be sought in his wonderfully dramatic monologues in dialect. 'Jim' and 'In the Tunnel' are masterpieces of this kind; while 'Plain Language from Truthful James' (currently known as 'The Heathen Chinees') must remain secure of a distinct place in American verse. He died after a brief illness, at Camberley, England, May 5, 1902.

William Henry Hudson

The following poems are all taken from 'The Poetical Works of Bret Harte,' copyright 1882 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and are reprinted by special arrangement with the publishers.

JIM

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?

Well,—no offense:
'Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money? Not much:
That ain't my kind:

I ain't no such.

Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;—
Well, that is strange:

Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:

Eh?

The h— you say!

Dead?

That little cuss?

What makes you star',
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
D— much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!

Poor—little—Jim!

Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—

No-account men:
Then to take *him*!

Well, thar, good-by—
No more, sir—I—

Eh?

What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes! By Joe!

Sold!

Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,

Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

DOW'S FLAT

(1856)

DOW'S FLAT. That's its name;
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,—
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,
Which the same was an ass;
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in the
grass.

You see this yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a-straddled thet fence-rail, the derved thing 'ud get up
and buck.

He mined on the bar
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids from
the States.

It was rough, mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on when no
one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;

And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a-peggin' in his usual ridikilous way.

One day—it was June,
And a year ago, jest—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his
breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the
cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heer'd the
folks say.

And— That's a peart hoss
Thet you've got, ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!— Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?" Beg your parding,
young man,—there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same isn't bad
for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is

That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness:
 For 'twas *water* the derved cuss was seekin', and his luck made him
 certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,
 To the left of yon tree,
 But—a—look h'yur, say?
 Won't you come up to tea?
 No? Well then, the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow—
 and thet's *me*.

IN THE TUNNEL

DIDN'T know Flynn,—
 Flynn of Virginia,—
 Long as he's been yar?
 Look'ee here, stranger,
 Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
 He was my pardner,
 That same Tom Flynn,—
 Working together,
 In wind and weather,
 Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
 Well, that *is* queer;
 Why, it's a sin
 To think of Tom Flynn,—
 Tom with his cheer,
 Tom without fear,—
 Stranger, look yar!

Thar in the drift,
 Back to the wall,
 He held the timbers
 Ready to fall;
 Then in the darkness
 I heard him call:
 "Run for your life, Jake!
 Run for your wife's sake!
 Don't wait for me."

And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about
Flynn of Virginia.
That lets me out.
Here in the damp,
Out of the sun,
That 'ar derved lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there,—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia,
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been yar.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,—
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault.
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I knew about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

THOMPSON OF ANGEL'S

IT is the story of Thompson—of Thompson, the hero of Angel's.
Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to the stranger;
ger;

Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver;
Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom.

Yet not happy or gay was Thompson, the hero of Angel's;
Often spoke to himself in accents of anguish and sorrow:—
“Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth who in folly
Thoughtlessly pass my revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom?”

“Why in my daily walks does the surgeon drop his left eyelid,
The undertaker smile, and the sculptor of gravestone marbles
Lean on his chisel and gaze? I care not o'ermuch for attention;
Simple am I in my ways, save for this lightness and freedom.”

So spake that pensive man—this Thompson, the hero of Angel's;
Bitterly smiled to himself, as he strode through the chapparal mus-
ing.

"Why, O why?" echoed the pines in the dark-olive depth far resounding.

"Why, indeed?" whispered the sage-brush that bent 'neath his feet non-elastic.

Pleasant indeed was that morn that dawned o'er the bar-room at Angel's,

Where in their manhood's prime was gathered the pride of the hamlet.

Six "took sugar in theirs," and nine to the barkeeper lightly
Smiled as they said, "Well, Jim, you can give us our regular fusil."

Suddenly as the gray hawk swoops down on the barn-yard, alighting
Where, pensively picking their corn, the favorite pullets are gathered,
So in that festive bar-room dropped Thompson, the hero of Angel's,
Grasping his weapon dread with his pristine lightness and freedom.

Never a word he spoke; divesting himself of his garments,
Danced the war-dance of the playful yet truculent Modoc,
Uttered a single whoop, and then in the accents of challenge
Spake, "Oh, behold in me a Crested Jay Hawk of the mountain."

Then rose a pallid man—a man sick with fever and ague;
Small was he, and his step was tremulous, weak, and uncertain;
Slowly a Derringer drew, and covered the person of Thompson;
Said in his feeblest pipe, "I'm a Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley."

As on its native plains the kangaroo, startled by hunters,
Leaps with successive bounds, and hurries away to the thickets,
So leaped the Crested Hawk, and quietly hopping behind him
Ran, and occasionally shot, that Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley.

Vain at the festive bar still lingered the people of Angel's,
Hearing afar in the woods the petulant pop of the pistol;
Never again returned the Crested Jay Hawk of the mountains,
Never again was seen the Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley.

Yet in the hamlet of Angel's, when truculent speeches are uttered,
When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some trifling misstatement,

Maidens and men in their prime recall the last hero of Angel's,
Think of and vainly regret the Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

TABLE MOUNTAIN

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre: the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor—"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewn
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

From the Overland Monthly.

ON A CONE OF THE BIG TREES

(SEQUOIA GIGANTEA)

BROWN foundling of the Western wood,
Babe of primeval wildernesses!
Long on my table thou hast stood
Encounters strange and rude caresses;
Perchance contented with thy lot,
Surroundings new and curious faces,
As though ten centuries were not
Imprisoned in thy shining cases.

Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days
Of grateful rest, the week of leisure,

The journey lapped in autumn haze,
The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure,
The morning ride, the noonday halt,
The blazing slopes, the red dust rising,
And then the dim, brown, columned vault,
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Once more I see the rocking masts
That scrape the sky, their only tenant
The jay-bird, that in frolic casts
From some high yard his broad blue pennant.
I see the Indian files that keep
Their places in the dusty heather,
Their red trunks standing ankle-deep
In moccasins of rusty leather.

I see all this, and marvel much
That thou, sweet woodland waif, art able
To keep the company of such
As throng thy friend's the poet's table:
The latest spawn the press hath cast,—
The "modern Popes," "the later Byrons,"—
Why, e'en the best may not outlast
Thy poor relation *Sempervirens*!

Thy sire saw the light that shone
On Mohammed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
And deed forgotten in the present;
He saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic larches;
And saw from forest domes like these,
The builder bring his Gothic arches.

And must thou, foundling, still forego
Thy heritage and high ambition,
To lie full lowly and full low,
Adjusted to thy new condition?
Not hidden in the drifted snows,
But under ink-drops idly spattered,
And leaves ephemeral as those
That on thy woodland tomb were scattered?

DICKENS IN CAMP

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp; but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG

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THE first intimation given of the eccentricity of the testator was, I think, in the spring of 1854. He was at that time in possession of a considerable property, heavily mortgaged to one friend, and a wife of some attraction, on whose affections another friend held an incumbering lien. One day it was found that he had secretly dug, or caused to be dug, a deep trap before the front door of his dwelling, into which a few friends in the course of the evening casually and familiarly dropped. This circumstance, slight in itself, seemed to point to the existence of a certain humor in the man, which might eventually get into literature; although his wife's lover—a man of quick discernment, whose leg was broken by the fall—took other views. It was some weeks later that while dining with certain other friends of his wife, he excused himself from the table, to quietly reappear at the front window with a three-quarter-inch hydraulic pipe, and a stream of water projected at the assembled company. An attempt was made to take public cognizance of this; but a majority of the citizens of Red Dog who were not at dinner decided that a man had a right to choose his own methods of diverting his company. Nevertheless, there were some hints of his insanity: his wife recalled other acts clearly attributable to dementia; the crippled lover argued from his own experience that the integrity of her limbs could only be secured by leaving her husband's house; and the mortgagee, fearing a further damage to his property, foreclosed. But here the cause of all this anxiety took matters into his own hands and disappeared.

When we next heard from him, he had in some mysterious way been relieved alike of his wife and property and was living alone at Rockville, fifty miles away, and editing a newspaper. But that originality he had displayed when dealing with the

problems of his own private life, when applied to politics in the columns of The Rockville Vanguard was singularly unsuccessful. An amusing exaggeration, purporting to be an exact account of the manner in which the opposing candidate had murdered his Chinese laundryman, was, I regret to say, answered only by assault and battery. A gratuitous and purely imaginative description of a great religious revival in Calaveras, in which the sheriff of the county—a notoriously profane skeptic—was alleged to have been the chief exhorter, resulted only in the withdrawal of the county advertising from the paper. In the midst of this practical confusion he suddenly died. It was then discovered, as a crowning proof of his absurdity, that he had left a will, bequeathing his entire effects to a freckle-faced maid-servant at the Rockville Hotel. But that absurdity became serious when it was also discovered that among these effects were a thousand shares in the Rising Sun Mining Company, which a day or two after his demise, and while people were still laughing at his grotesque benefaction, suddenly sprang into opulence and celebrity. Three millions of dollars was roughly estimated as the value of the estate thus wantonly sacrificed. For it is only fair to state, as a just tribute to the enterprise and energy of that young and thriving settlement, that there was not probably a single citizen who did not feel himself better able to control the deceased humorist's property. Some had expressed a doubt of their ability to support a family; others had felt perhaps too keenly the deep responsibility resting upon them when chosen from the panel as jurors, and had evaded their public duties; a few had declined office and a low salary: but no one shrank from the possibility of having been called upon to assume the functions of Peggy Moffat the heiress.

The will was contested,—first by the widow, who it now appeared had never been legally divorced from the deceased; next by four of his cousins, who awoke, only too late, to a consciousness of his moral and pecuniary worth. But the humble legatee—a singularly plain, unpretending, uneducated Western girl—exhibited a dogged pertinacity in claiming her rights. She rejected all compromises. A rough sense of justice in the community, while doubting her ability to take care of the whole fortune, suggested that she ought to be content with three hundred thousand dollars. “She’s bound to throw even *that* away on some derved skunk of a man, natoorally; but three millions is

too much to give a chap for makin' her onhappy. It's offerin' a temptation to cussedness." The only opposing voice to this counsel came from the sardonic lips of Mr. Jack Hamlin. "Suppose," suggested that gentleman, turning abruptly on the speaker, "suppose, when you won twenty thousand dollars of me last Friday night—suppose that instead of handing you over the money as I did—suppose I'd got up on my hind legs and said, 'Look yer, Bill Wethersbee, you're a d—d fool. If I give ye that twenty thousand you'll throw it away in the first skin game in 'Frisco, and hand it over to the first short card-sharp you'll meet. There's a thousand,—enough for you to fling away,—take it and get!' Suppose what I'd said to you was the frozen truth, and you knowed it, would that have been the square thing to play on you?" But here Wethersbee quickly pointed out the inefficiency of the comparison by stating that *he* had won the money fairly with a *stake*. "And how do you know," demanded Hamlin savagely, bending his black eyes on the astonished casuist, "how do you know that the gal hezn't put down a stake?" The man stammered an unintelligible reply. The gambler laid his white hand on Wetherbee's shoulder. "Look yer, old man," he said, "every gal stakes her *whole* pile,—you can bet your life on that,—whatever's her little game. If she took to keerds instead of her feelings, if she'd put up chips instead o' body and soul, she'd burst every bank 'twixt this and 'Frisco! You hear me?"

Somewhat of this idea was conveyed, I fear not quite as sentimentally, to Peggy Moffat herself. The best legal wisdom of San Francisco, retained by the widow and relatives, took occasion, in a private interview with Peggy, to point out that she stood in the quasi-criminal attitude of having unlawfully practiced upon the affections of an insane elderly gentleman, with a view of getting possession of his property; and suggested to her that no vestige of her moral character would remain after the trial, if she persisted in forcing her claims to that issue. It is said that Peggy, on hearing this, stopped washing the plate she had in her hands, and twisting the towel around her fingers, fixed her small pale blue eyes at the lawyer.

"And ez that the kind o' chirpin' these critters keep up?"

"I regret to say, my dear young lady," responded the lawyer, "that the world is censorious. I must add," he continued, with engaging frankness, "that we professional lawyers are apt to

study the opinion of the world, and that such will be the theory of — our side.”

“Then,” said Peggy stoutly, “ez I allow I’ve got to go into court to defend my character, I might as well pack in them three millions too.”

There is hearsay evidence that Peg added to this speech a wish and desire to “bust the crust” of her traducers, and remarking that “that was the kind of hair-pin” she was, closed the conversation with an unfortunate accident to the plate, that left a severe contusion on the legal brow of her companion. But this story, popular in the bar-rooms and gulches, lacked confirmation in higher circles. Better authenticated was the legend related of an interview with her own lawyer. That gentleman had pointed out to her the advantage of being able to show some reasonable cause for the singular generosity of the testator.

“Although,” he continued, “the law does not go back of the will for reason or cause for its provisions, it would be a strong point with the judge and jury, particularly if the theory of insanity were set up, for us to show that the act was logical and natural. Of course you have—I speak confidently, Miss Moffat—certain ideas of your own why the late Mr. Byways was so singularly generous to you?”

“No, I haven’t,” said Peg decidedly.

“Think again. Had he not expressed to you—you understand that this is confidential between us, although I protest, my dear young lady, that I see no reason why it should not be made public—had he not given utterance to sentiments of a nature consistent with some future matrimonial relations?” But here Miss Peg’s large mouth, which had been slowly relaxing over her irregular teeth, stopped him.

“If you mean he wanted to marry me—no!”

“I see. But were there any conditions—of course you know the law takes no cognizance of any not expressed in the will; but still, for the sake of mere corroboration of the bequest, do you know of any conditions on which he gave you the property?”

“You mean did he want anything in return?”

“Exactly, my dear young lady.”

Peg’s face on one side turned a deep magenta color, on the other a lighter cherry, while her nose was purple and her forehead an Indian red. To add to the effect of this awkward and

discomposing dramatic exhibition of embarrassment, she began to wipe her hands on her dress, and sat silent.

"I understand," said the lawyer hastily. "No matter; the conditions *were* fulfilled—"

"No!" said Peg amazedly. "How could they be until he was dead?"

It was the lawyer's turn to color and grow embarrassed.

"He *did* say something, and make some conditions," continued Peg, with a certain firmness through her awkwardness; "but that's nobody's business but mine and his'n. And it's no call o' yours or theirs."

"But, my dear Miss Moffat, if these very conditions were proofs of his right mind, you surely would not object to make them known, if only to enable you to put yourself in a condition to carry them out."

"But," said Peg cunningly, "s'pose you and the court didn't think 'em satisfactory? S'pose you thought 'em *queer*? Eh?"

With this helpless limitation on the part of the defense, the case came to trial. Everybody remembers it,—how for six weeks it was the daily food of Calaveras County; how for six weeks the intellectual and moral and spiritual competency of Mr. James Byways to dispose of his property was discussed with learned and formal obscurity in the court, and with unlettered and independent prejudice by camp-fires and in bar-rooms. At the end of that time, when it was logically established that at least nine-tenths of the population of Calaveras were harmless lunatics, and everybody else's reason seemed to totter on its throne, an exhausted jury succumbed one day to the presence of Peg in the court-room. It was not a prepossessing presence at any time; but the excitement, and an injudicious attempt to ornament herself, brought her defects into a glaring relief that was almost unreal. Every freckle on her face stood out and asserted itself singly; her pale blue eyes, that gave no indication of her force of character, were weak and wandering, or stared blankly at the judge; her over-sized head, broad at the base, terminating in the scantiest possible light-colored braid in the middle of her narrow shoulders, was as hard and uninteresting as the wooden spheres that topped the railing against which she sat. The jury, who for six weeks had had her described to them by the plaintiffs as an arch, wily enchantress, who had sapped the failing reason of Jim Byways, revolted to a man. There was something so appallingly

gratuitous in her plainness, that it was felt that three millions was scarcely a compensation for it. "Ef that money was give to her, she earned it *sure*, boys; it wasn't no softness of the old man," said the foreman. When the jury retired, it was felt that she had cleared her character; when they re-entered the room with their verdict, it was known that she had been awarded three millions damages for its defamation.

She got the money. But those who had confidently expected to see her squander it were disappointed: on the contrary, it was presently whispered that she was exceeding penurious. That admirable woman Mrs. Stiver of Red Dog, who accompanied her to San Francisco to assist her in making purchases, was loud in her indignation. "She cares more for two bits* than I do for five dollars. She wouldn't buy anything at the 'City of Paris' because it was 'too expensive,' and at last rigged herself out a perfect guy at some cheap slop-shops in Market Street. And after all the care Jane and me took of her, giving up our time and experience to her, she never so much as made Jane a single present." Popular opinion, which regarded Mrs. Stiver's attention as purely speculative, was not shocked at this unprofitable denouement; but when Peg refused to give anything to clear the mortgage off the new Presbyterian church, and even declined to take shares in the Union Ditch, considered by many as an equally sacred and safe investment, she began to lose favor. Nevertheless, she seemed to be as regardless of public opinion as she had been before the trial; took a small house, in which she lived with an old woman who had once been a fellow-servant, on apparently terms of perfect equality, and looked after her money. I wish I could say that she did this discreetly; but the fact is, she blundered. The same dogged persistency she had displayed in claiming her rights was visible in her unsuccessful ventures. She sunk two hundred thousand dollars in a worn-out shaft originally projected by the deceased testator; she prolonged the miserable existence of The Rockville Vanguard long after it had ceased to interest even its enemies; she kept the doors of the Rockville Hotel open when its custom had departed; she lost the co-operation and favor of a fellow capitalist through a trifling misunderstanding in which she was derelict and impenitent; she had three lawsuits on her hands that could have been settled for

* Twenty-five cents.

a trifle. I note these defects to show that she was by no means a heroine. I quote her affair with Jack Folinsbee to show she was scarcely the average woman.

That handsome, graceless vagabond had struck the outskirts of Red Dog in a cyclone of dissipation, which left him a stranded but still rather interesting wreck in a ruinous cabin not far from Peg Moffat's virgin bower. Pale, crippled from excesses, with a voice quite tremulous from sympathetic emotion more or less developed by stimulants, he lingered languidly, with much time on his hands and only a few neighbors. In this fascinating kind of general *déshabille* of morals, dress, and the emotions, he appeared before Peg Moffat. More than that, he occasionally limped with her through the settlement. The critical eye of Red Dog took in the singular pair,—Jack voluble, suffering, apparently overcome by remorse, conscience, vituperation, and disease, and Peg open-mouthed, high-colored, awkward, yet delighted; and the critical eye of Red Dog, seeing this, winked meaningly at Rockville. No one knew what passed between them; but all observed that one summer day Jack drove down the main street of Red Dog in an open buggy, with the heiress of that town beside him. Jack, albeit a trifle shaky, held the reins with something of his old dash; and Mistress Peggy, in an enormous bonnet with pearl-colored ribbons a shade darker than her hair, holding in her short, pink-gloved fingers a bouquet of yellow roses, absolutely glowed crimson in distressful gratification over the dashboard. So these two fared on, out of the busy settlement, into the woods, against the rosy sunset. Possibly it was not a pretty picture: nevertheless, as the dim aisles of the solemn pines opened to receive them, miners leaned upon their spades, and mechanics stopped in their toil to look after them. The critical eye of Red Dog, perhaps from the sun, perhaps from the fact that it had itself once been young and dissipated, took on a kindly moisture as it gazed.

The moon was high when they returned. Those who had waited to congratulate Jack on this near prospect of a favorable change in his fortunes were chagrined to find that having seen the lady safe home, he had himself departed from Red Dog. Nothing was to be gained from Peg, who on the next day and ensuing days kept the even tenor of her way, sunk a thousand or two more in unsuccessful speculation, and made no change in her habits of personal economy. Weeks passed without any

apparent sequel to this romantic idyl. Nothing was known definitely until Jack a month later turned up in Sacramento, with a billiard cue in his hand, and a heart overcharged with indignant emotion.

"I don't mind saying to you gentlemen in confidence," said Jack to a circle of sympathizing players,— "I don't mind telling you regarding this thing, that I was as soft on that freckle-faced, red-eyed, tallow-haired gal as if she'd been—a—a—an actress. And I don't mind saying, gentlemen, that as far as I understand women, she was just as soft on me. You kin laugh; but it's so. One day I took her out buggy-riding,— in style too,—and out on the road I offered to do the square thing, just as if she'd been a lady,—offered to marry her then and there. And what did she do?" said Jack with a hysterical laugh. "Why, blank it all! *offered me twenty-five dollars a week allowance—pay to be stopped when I wasn't at home!*" The roar of laughter that greeted this frank confession was broken by a quiet voice asking, "And what did *you* say?" "Say?" screamed Jack, "I just told her to go to——with her money." "They say," continued the quiet voice, "that you asked her for the loan of two hundred and fifty dollars to get you to Sacramento—and that you got it." "Who says so?" roared Jack. "Show me the blank liar." There was a dead silence. Then the possessor of the quiet voice, Mr. Jack Hamlin, languidly reached under the table, took the chalk, and rubbing the end of his billiard cue began with gentle gravity: "It was an old friend of mine in Sacramento, a man with a wooden leg, a game eye, three fingers on his right hand, and a consumptive cough. Being unable, naturally, to back himself, he leaves things to me. So, for the sake of argument," continued Hamlin, suddenly laying down his cue and fixing his wicked black eyes on the speaker, "say it's *me!*"

I am afraid that this story, whether truthful or not, did not tend to increase Peg's popularity in a community where recklessness and generosity condoned for the absence of all the other virtues; and it is possible also that Red Dog was no more free from prejudice than other more civilized but equally disappointed match-makers. Likewise, during the following year she made several more foolish ventures and lost heavily. In fact, a feverish desire to increase her store at almost any risk seemed to possess her. At last it was announced that she intended to reopen

the infelix Rockville Hotel, and keep it herself. Wild as this scheme appeared in theory, when put into practical operation there seemed to be some chance of success. Much doubtless was owing to her practical knowledge of hotel-keeping, but more to her rigid economy and untiring industry. The mistress of millions, she cooked, washed, waited on table, made the beds, and labored like a common menial. Visitors were attracted by this novel spectacle. The income of the house increased as their respect for the hostess lessened. No anecdote of her avarice was too extravagant for current belief. It was even alleged that she had been known to carry the luggage of guests to their rooms, that she might anticipate the usual porter's gratuity. She denied herself the ordinary necessities of life. She was poorly clad, she was ill-fed—but the hotel was making money.

A few hinted of insanity; others shook their heads, and said a curse was entailed on the property. It was believed also from her appearance that she could not long survive this tax on her energies, and already there was discussion as to the probable final disposition of her property.

It was the particular fortune of Mr. Jack Hamlin to be able to set the world right on this and other questions regarding her.

A stormy December evening had set in when he chanced to be a guest of the Rockville Hotel. He had during the past week been engaged in the prosecution of his noble profession at Red Dog, and had in the graphic language of a coadjutor "cleared out the town, except his fare in the pockets of the stage-driver." The Red Dog Standard had bewailed his departure in playful obituary verse, beginning, "Dearest Johnny, thou hast left us," wherein the rhymes "bereft us" and "deplore" carried a vague allusion to "a thousand dollars more." A quiet contentment naturally suffused his personality, and he was more than usually lazy and deliberate in his speech. At midnight, when he was about to retire, he was a little surprised however by a tap on his door, followed by the presence of Mistress Peg Moffat, heiress, and landlady of Rockville Hotel.

Mr. Hamlin, despite his previous defense of Peg, had no liking for her. His fastidious taste rejected her uncomeliness; his habits of thought and life were all antagonistic to what he had heard of her niggardliness and greed. As she stood there in a dirty calico wrapper, still redolent with the day's *cuisine*, crimson with embarrassment and the recent heat of the kitchen range,

she certainly was not an alluring apparition. Happily for the lateness of the hour, her loneliness, and the infelix reputation of the man before her, she was at least a safe one. And I fear the very consciousness of this scarcely relieved her embarrassment.

"I wanted to say a few words to ye alone, Mr. Hamlin," she began, taking an unoffered seat on the end of his portmanteau, "or I shouldn't hev intruded. But it's the only time I can ketch you, or you me; for I'm down in the kitchen from sun-up till now."

She stopped awkwardly, as if to listen to the wind, which was rattling the windows and spreading a film of rain against the opaque darkness without. Then, smoothing her wrapper over her knees she remarked, as if opening a desultory conversation, "Thar's a power of rain outside."

Mr. Hamlin's only response to this meteorological observation was a yawn, and a preliminary tug at his coat as he began to remove it.

"I thought ye couldn't mind doin' me a favor," continued Peg, with a hard, awkward laugh, "partik'ly seein' ez folks allowed you'd sorter bin a friend o' mine, and hed stood up for me at times when you hedn't any partikler call to do it. I hevn't," she continued, looking down at her lap and following with her finger and thumb a seam of her gown,— "I hevn't so many friends ez slings a kind word for me these times that I disremember them." Her under lip quivered a little here; and after vainly hunting for a forgotten handkerchief, she finally lifted the hem of her gown, wiped her snub nose upon it, but left the tears still in her eyes as she raised them to the man.

Mr. Hamlin, who had by this time divested himself of his coat, stopped unbuttoning his waistcoat and looked at her.

"Like ez not thar'll be high water on the North Fork, ef this rain keeps on," said Peg, as if apologetically, looking toward the window.

The other rain having ceased, Mr. Hamlin began to unbutton his waistcoat again.

"I wanted to ask ye a favor about Mr.—about—Jack Folinsbee," began Peg again hurriedly. "He's ailin' agin, and is mighty low. And he's losin' a heap o' money here and thar, and mostly to *you*. You cleaned him out of two thousand dollars last night—all he had."

"Well?" said the gambler coldly.

"Well, I thought as you woz a friend o' mine, I'd ask ye to let up a little on him," said Peg with an affected laugh. "You kin do it. Don't let him play with ye."

"Mistress Margaret Moffat," said Jack with lazy deliberation, taking off his watch and beginning to wind it up, "ef you're that much stuck after Jack Folinsbee, *you* kin keep him off of me much easier than I kin. You're a rich woman. Give him enough money to break my bank, or break himself for good and all; but don't keep him forlin' round me in hopes to make a raise. It don't pay, Mistress Moffat—it don't pay!"

A finer nature than Peg's would have misunderstood or resented the gambler's slang, and the miserable truths that underlay it. But she comprehended him instantly, and sat hopelessly silent.

"Ef you'll take my advice," continued Jack, placing his watch and chain under his pillow and quietly unloosing his cravat, "you'll quit this yer forlin', marry that chap, and hand over to him the money and the money-makin' that's killin' you. He'll get rid of it soon enough. I don't say this because *I* expect to git it; for when he's got that much of a raise, he'll make a break for 'Frisco, and lose it to some first-class sport *there*. I don't say, neither, that you mayn't be in luck enough to reform him. I don't say neither—and it's a derved sight more likely!—that you mayn't be luckier yet, and he'll up and die afore he gits rid of your money. But I do say you'll make him happy *now*; and ez I reckon you're about ez badly stuck after that chap ez I ever saw any woman, you won't be hurtin' your own feelin's either."

The blood left Peg's face as she looked up. "But that's *why* I can't give him the money; and he won't marry me without it."

Mr. Hamlin's hand dropped from the last button of his waistcoat. "Can't—give—him—the—money?" he repeated slowly.

"No."

"Why?"

"Because—because I *love* him."

Mr. Hamlin rebuttoned his waistcoat, and sat down patiently on the bed. Peg arose, and awkwardly drew the portmanteau a little nearer to him.

"When Jim Byways left me this yer property," she began, looking cautiously around, "he left it to me on *conditions*; not

conditions ez waz in his *written* will, but conditions ez waz *spoken*. A promise I made him in this very room, Mr. Hamlin,—this very room, and on that very bed you're sittin' on, in which he died."

Like most gamblers, Mr. Hamlin was superstitious. He rose hastily from the bed, and took a chair beside the window. The wind shook it as if the discontented spirit of Mr. Byways were without, reinforcing his last injunction.

"I don't know if you remember him," said Peg feverishly. "He was a man ez hed suffered. All that he loved—wife, formerly, friends—had gone back on him. He tried to make light of it afore folks; but with me, being a poor gal, he let himself out. I never told anybody this. I don't know why he told *me*; I don't know," continued Peg with a snuffle, "why he wanted to make me unhappy too. But he made me promise that if he left me his fortune, I'd *never, never*,—so help me God!—never share it with any man or woman that I *loved*. I didn't think it would be hard to keep that promise then, Mr. Hamlin, for I was very poor, and hedn't a friend nor a living bein' that was kind to me but *him*."

"But you've as good as broken your promise already," said Hamlin. "You've given Jack money, as I know."

"Only what I made myself. Listen to me, Mr. Hamlin. When Jack proposed to me, I offered him about what I kalkilated I could earn myself. When he went away, and was sick and in trouble, I came here and took this hotel. I knew that by hard work I could make it pay. Don't laugh at me, please. I *did* work hard, and *did* make it pay—without takin' one cent of the fortin'. And all I made, workin' by night and day, I gave to him; I did, Mr. Hamlin. I ain't so hard to him as you think, though I might be kinder, I know."

Mr. Hamlin rose, deliberately resumed his coat, watch, hat, and overcoat. When he was completely dressed again, he turned to Peg.

"Do you mean to say that you've been givin' all the money you made here to this A1 first-class cherubim?"

"Yes; but he didn't know where I got it. O Mr. Hamlin! he didn't know that."

"Do I understand you, that he's been bucking agin faro with the money that you raised on hash? and *you* makin' the hash?"

"But he didn't know that. He wouldn't hev took it if I'd told him."

"No, he'd hev died fust!" said Mr. Hamlin gravely. "Why, he's that sensitive, is Jack Folinsbee, that it nearly kills him to take money even of *me*. But where does this angel reside when he isn't fightin' the tiger, and is, so to speak, visible to the naked eye?"

"He—he—stops here," said Peg, with an awkward blush.

"I see. Might I ask the number of his room; or should I be a—disturbing him in his meditations?" continued Jack Hamlin, with grave politeness.

"Oh! then you'll promise? And you'll talk to him, and make *him* promise?"

"Of course," said Hamlin quietly.

"And you'll remember he's sick—very sick? His room's No. 44, at the end of the hall. Perhaps I'd better go with you?"

"I'll find it."

"And you won't be too hard on him?"

"I'll be a father to him," said Hamlin demurely, as he opened the door, and stepped into the hall. But he hesitated a moment, and then turned, and gravely held out his hand. Peg took it timidly. He did not seem quite in earnest; and his black eyes, vainly questioned, indicated nothing. But he shook her hand warmly, and the next moment was gone.

He found the room with no difficulty. A faint cough from within, and a querulous protest, answered his knock. Mr. Hamlin entered without further ceremony. A sickening smell of drugs, a palpable flavor of stale dissipation, and the wasted figure of Jack Folinsbee, half dressed, extended upon the bed, greeted him. Mr. Hamlin was for an instant startled. There were hollow circles round the sick man's eyes; there was palsy in his trembling limbs; there was dissolution in his feverish breath.

"What's up?" he asked huskily and nervously.

"I am, and I want *you* to get up too."

"I can't, Jack. I'm regularly done up." He reached his shaking hand towards a glass half filled with suspicious pungent-smelling liquid; but Mr. Hamlin stayed it.

"Do you want to get back that two thousand dollars you lost?"

"Yes."

"Well, get up, and marry that woman down-stairs."

Folinsbee laughed, half hysterically, half sardonically.

"She won't give it to me."

"No; but *I* will."

"*You?*"

"Yes."

Folinsbee, with an attempt at a reckless laugh, rose, trembling and with difficulty, to his swollen feet. Hamlin eyed him narrowly, and then bade him lie down again. "To-morrow will do," he said, "and then" —

"If I don't —"


"If you don't," responded Hamlin, "why, I'll just wade in and *cut you out!*"

But on the morrow Mr. Hamlin was spared that possible act of disloyalty; for in the night, the already hesitating spirit of Mr. Jack Folinsbee took flight on the wings of the southeast storm. When or how it happened nobody knew. Whether this last excitement, and the near prospect of matrimony, or whether an overdose of anodyne, had hastened his end, was never known. I only know that when they came to awaken him the next morning, the best that was left of him — a face still beautiful and boy-like — looked up coldly at the tearful eyes of Peg Mof-fat. "It serves me right,—it's a judgment," she said in a low whisper to Jack Hamlin; "for God knew that I'd broken my word, and willed all my property to him."

She did not long survive him. Whether Mr. Hamlin ever clothed with action the suggestion indicated in his speech to the lamented Jack that night, is not of record. He was always her friend, and on her demise became her executor. But the bulk of her property was left to a distant relation of handsome Jack Folinsbee, and so passed out of the control of Red Dog forever.

WILHELM HAUFF

(1802-1827)

ILHELM HAUFF was born at Stuttgart, November 29th, 1802. His brief life was as happy as it was uneventful. He died at the age of twenty-five, and the period of his literary work was comprised within his last two years. This short time however sufficed to express his extraordinary genius, though the loss to literature by his early death cannot be estimated.

He was the son of August Friedrich Hauff, Government Secretary of Foreign Affairs. His father died when he was but seven years of age, and the education of the children devolved upon the mother, a woman of great intelligence, whose influence over her sensitive son was the result of a perfect understanding of his emotional nature. As a lad, Wilhelm Hauff showed very little indication of talent. His school career was far from brilliant, and it was only in the family circle that he gave evidence of his real abilities. He had absorbed Goethe and Schiller into his inmost fibre, and with his mother and sisters for an indulgent audience, he declaimed long passages from 'Egmont' and 'Wallenstein.' He roved at liberty in the library of his grandfather,

WILHELM HAUFF which appears to have been a large miscellaneous collection from various languages and literatures, and the fantastic character of his imagination was early manifested by his love for weird tales and stories of adventure. His education was necessarily somewhat desultory, as his constitution was delicate, and periodical attacks of illness precluded any systematic or rigorous course.

In 1820 he entered the University of Tübingen, where, following the wishes of his mother rather than his own inclinations, he studied theology and in 1824 received his degree. In 1826 appeared his first volume of tales, 'Das Märchen-Almanach' (The Story Almanac). Two other volumes of the 'Märchen-Almanach' followed. This first little collection of stories, although overshadowed by his later works, nevertheless strikes the keynote of his peculiar fancy. Nowhere are more strikingly shown his dramatic power and his delicious humor. The

success of this first effort encouraged him to devote himself wholly to literature. The first volume of 'Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan' (Communications from the Memoirs of Satan), a fragmentary production of much humor, published anonymously, appeared immediately after (1826), and in the same year followed 'Der Mann im Mond, von H. Clauren' (The Man in the Moon, by H. Clauren). This was originally intended as a caricature of the sentimentality of Clauren; but what was meant as a parody became a distinct imitation. As it was published under the name of Clauren, that aggrieved author had grounds for legal redress, and won the suit which he brought against Hauff. To some extent, however, the tables were turned by the amusing controversy which ensued, and in the lists of wit and satire Hauff came off victor.

'Lichtenstein: Romantische Sage aus der Württembergischen Geschichte' (Lichtenstein: A Romantic Tale from Württemberg History: 1826), a so-called historical romance, none the worse from the fact that its history though always justified was pure fabrication, was received with great favor; and on the high tide of prosperity the young author set out for a tour through France, Belgium, and Germany. In 1827 he undertook the editorship of the Stuttgart Morgenblatt; and secure of the future through the powerful patronage of the publisher Cotta, he married a distant cousin of his own name, to whom he had long been attached. He spent the summer of 1827 in the Tyrol, where he was engaged upon another historical novel, which was to deal with the War of Freedom of 1809. This was never finished. In the autumn of the same year his health began to fail, and on October 18th, 1827, he died at Stuttgart.

Hauff's powers of work were enormous, and he produced his stories in rapid succession. 'Das Bild des Kaisers' (The Portrait of the Emperor), a poetic piece of romance, and 'Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts' (The Beggar of the Pont des Arts), are masterpieces of their kind. Among the best of his productions must be ranked 'Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller' (Phantasies in the Bremen Rathskeller: 1827). It is however most especially in the series of tales 'The Caravan,' 'The Sheik of Alexandria,' and 'The Inn in Spessart,' that Hauff's high originality is best exemplified. He is pre-eminently a story-teller, and his pure and lucid style is the transparent medium for the expression of strikingly bold dramatic ideas. His wit is singularly delicate, yet penetrating, and he exercises a fascination over persons of all ages and conditions. The popularity which he at once attained is still unabated. His collected works continue to be issued in numerous editions, and his place in German literature seems now as assured as it has always been in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE STORY OF THE CALIPH STORK

From 'The Caravan'

THE Caliph Chasid of Bagdad was sitting, one fine summer afternoon, comfortably on his divan; he had slept a little, for it was a sultry day, and he looked quite refreshed after his nap. He smoked a long rosewood pipe, sipped now and then a little coffee which a slave poured out for him, and stroked his beard contentedly whenever he had enjoyed it: in short, it could be seen at a glance that the Caliph felt very comfortable. At such a time it was easy to approach him, as he was very good-tempered and affable; wherefore his Grand Vizier Mansor visited him every day about this time. This afternoon he came as usual, looking however very grave,—a rare thing for him. The Caliph took the pipe out of his mouth and said, "Why dost thou make so grave a face, Grand Vizier?" The Grand Vizier folded his arms across his breast, bowed to his master, and answered, "Master! whether I assume a grave appearance I know not, but down below in the palace stands a peddler who has such fine wares that it vexes me that I have no money to spare."

The Caliph, who had long desired to rejoice the heart of his Grand Vizier, ordered his black slave to fetch the peddler. In a few moments the slave returned with him. He was a little stout man, swarthy in the face, and dressed in rags. He carried a box in which he had all sorts of wares: pearls and rings, pistols with richly inlaid stocks, goblets, and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier inspected everything, and the Caliph at last bought for himself and Vizier a pair of pistols, and for the Vizier's wife a comb. As the peddler was about to close his box again the Caliph caught sight of a little drawer, and asked whether that also contained some wares. The peddler pulled out the drawer, and exhibited a snuff-box containing a black powder and a piece of paper with peculiar writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. "These things were given to me one day by a merchant who found them in the streets of Mecca," said the peddler. "I know not what they are; but you may have them for a small sum, for they are of no use to me."

The Caliph, who was very fond of having old manuscripts in his library, though unable to read them, bought both paper and box and dismissed the peddler. He thought however he would

like to know what the writing meant, and asked the Vizier if he knew of no one who could decipher it.

"Most gracious lord and master," answered the latter, "near the Great Mosque lives a man called Selim the Learned; he knows all languages. Send for him: perhaps he can explain these mysterious signs."

The learned Selim soon arrived. "Selim," said the Caliph to him, "Selim, it is said thou art very learned. Just look at this writing, whether thou canst read it: if thou canst read, thou gettest a new robe of honor from me; if thou canst not, thou gettest twelve boxes on the ears and twenty-five lashes on the soles of the feet, for having been called Selim the Learned without cause."

Selim bowed and said, "Thy will be done, O master!" For a long time he looked at the writing; then suddenly he exclaimed, "That is Latin, O master, or let me be hung!"

"Say what it means," demanded the Caliph, "if it is Latin."

Selim began to translate:—"Man who findest this, praise Allah for his goodness. He who takes a pinch of this powder in this box and therewith says 'Mutabor,' can change himself into any animal, and also understand the language of animals. If he afterwards wish to resume his human form, let him bow thrice to the East and say the same word. But beware when thou art changed that thou laughest not, or the magic word departeth from thy memory forever and thou remainest a beast."

When Selim the Learned had read this, the Caliph was pleased beyond measure. He made the learned man swear not to reveal the secret to any one, presented him with a splendid robe, and dismissed him. Then turning to his Grand Vizier he said, "This I call getting a bargain, Mansor! How glad I am at being able to become an animal! Come thou to me to-morrow morning. We will then go together into the fields, take a pinch out of the box, and then listen to what is said in the air and the water, in wood and field."

Next morning, scarcely had the Caliph Chasid breakfasted and dressed himself when the Grand Vizier appeared as ordered, to accompany him on his walk. The Caliph put the box with the magic powder in his girdle, and after having ordered his suite to remain behind, he and the Grand Vizier set out alone on the journey. They first passed through the large gardens of the Caliph, but looked in vain for any living thing on which to try.

the experiment. The Vizier at last proposed to pursue their journey to a pond where he had often seen many animals, especially storks, whose grave manners and clappings had always excited his attention.

The Caliph approved of the Vizier's proposal, and went with him towards the pond. Having arrived there, they saw a stork soberly pacing up and down, looking for frogs, and chattering something now and then to itself. At the same moment they saw far up in the sky another stork hovering in this direction.

"I wager my beard, most gracious master," said the Grand Vizier, "this long-legged pair are now having a pleasant talk. How would it be if we turned into storks?"

"Wisely spoken," replied the Caliph. "But first let us consider once more how we may become men again. It is easy enough! If we bow thrice to the east and say 'Mutabor,' I shall be Caliph and thou Vizier again. But for heaven's sake, no laughing, or we are lost."

While the Caliph spoke thus, he saw the other stork hovering over their heads, and slowly alighting on the ground. Quickly he snatched the box from his girdle, took a hearty pinch, gave the box to the Grand Vizier, who did the like, and both exclaimed "Mutabor!"

Then their legs shriveled and became thin and red, the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his Vizier changed into ugly storks' feet, their arms grew into wings, their necks shot up from their shoulders and reached a yard in length, their beards vanished, and soft feathers covered their bodies.

"You have a pretty beak, Grand Vizier," said the Caliph after a long surprise. "By the beard of the Prophet, I have never seen such things in my life!" "Thanks humbly," replied the Vizier bowing; "but if I might dare to say it, I should avow that your Highness looks almost handsomer as a stork than a Caliph. But come, if it pleases you, let us listen to our comrades yonder and hear if we really speak storkish."

Meanwhile the other stork had reached the ground. It cleaned its feet with its beak, settled its feathers, and walked up to the first stork. The two new storks hastened to get near them, and to their surprise heard the following conversation:—

"Good-morning, Madam Longlegs! You are early on the meadows." — "Thank you, dear Clapperbeak! I have been to get a little breakfast. Would you like to have a quarter of a

lizard, or a little leg of a frog?" — "Much obliged; but I have no appetite this morning. Besides, I have come upon quite a different errand on the meadow. I am to dance before my father's guests to-day, and I want to practice a little quietly."

Thereupon the young stork began to caper about the field in peculiar movements. The Caliph and Mansor watched her, very much surprised. But when she stood on one leg in a picturesque attitude, and fluttered her wings to increase the effect, neither of them could resist any longer; laughter without stopping burst from their beaks, from which they only recovered a long time afterwards. The Caliph was the first to recover self-possession. "That was a joke," he exclaimed, "which cannot be bought for gold. What a pity the stupid animals should have been scared by our laughter; else they would also have sung, to be sure!"

But now it occurred to the Grand Vizier that laughing during the enchantment was forbidden. He therefore communicated his fears to the Caliph. "By Mecca and Medina, that would be a bad joke if I were to remain a stork! Do bethink thee of the stupid word: I cannot recall it."

"Three times we must bow to the east and say 'Mu — Mu — Mu —'"

They turned towards the east, and kept on bowing continually till their beaks nearly touched the ground. But alas! the magic word had escaped them; and often as the Caliph bowed, and however eagerly his Vizier added "Mu — Mu —," yet every recollection of it had gone, and the poor Chasid and his Vizier were and remained storks.

Sadly wandered the enchanted ones through the fields, not knowing what they should do in their misery. They could not discard their stork plumage, nor could they return into the town and make themselves known; for who would have believed a stork that he was the Caliph? And even if one had believed it, would the inhabitants of Bagdad accept a stork for a Caliph?

Thus they wandered about for several days, living miserably on the fruits of the field, which however they could not swallow very well on account of their long beaks. As for lizards and frogs, their stomachs would not relish such food; besides, they were afraid of spoiling their appetite with such tidbits. Their only pleasure in their sad situation was that they could fly, and thus they flew often to the high roofs of Bagdad to see what was going on in the town.

During the first days they remarked great uneasiness and grief in the streets. But on the fourth day of their enchantment, while sitting on the roof of the Caliph's palace, they saw down below in the street a splendid array. The drums and fifes played; a man dressed in a gold-embroidered scarlet mantle rode a richly caparisoned horse, surrounded by a gaudy train of servants. Half Bagdad rushed about him, and everybody shouted, "Hail, Mizra! the ruler of Bagdad!"

Then the two storks upon the roof of the palace looked at each other, and the Caliph Chasid said:—"Do you guess now why I am enchanted, Grand Vizier? This Mizra is the son of my mortal enemy the mighty magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore revenge on me. But still I do not despair. Come with me, thou faithful companion of my misery: we will betake ourselves to the grave of the Prophet; perhaps at that sacred shrine the magic may be dispelled."

They arose from the roof of the palace and flew towards Medina.

They did not succeed very well in their flying, for the two storks had as yet very little practice. "O master!" sighed the Grand Vizier after a couple of hours' flight; "with your leave, I can hold out no longer: you fly too swiftly for me! Besides, it is dark already, and we should do well to seek shelter for the night."

Chasid listened to the request of his servant; and seeing beneath them in the valley some ruins which promised a lodging, they flew towards it. The place where they had settled for the night seemed formerly to have been a castle. Splendid pillars rose from among the ruins; several chambers which were still tolerably preserved testified to the bygone splendor of the building. Chasid and his companion strolled through the passages in search of some dry nook, when suddenly the stork Mansor stopped. "Lord and master," he whispered below his breath, "were it not foolish for a Grand Vizier, and still more so for a stork, to fear ghosts? I feel very uneasy, for close by some one sighed and groaned quite distinctly."

The Caliph now also stopped, and heard quite plainly a low sob, which seemed rather to come from a man than an animal. Full of anxiety, he wanted to go towards the spot whence proceeded the sound of sorrow; but the Vizier seized him by the wing with his beak, and begged him entreatingly not to rush upon new and unknown perils. But all was of no avail. The

Caliph, who bore a brave heart beneath his stork plumage, tore himself away with the loss of some feathers, and ran toward a gloomy passage. Soon he came to a door which was ajar, and behind which he heard distinct sighs and moans. He pushed open the door with his beak, but stopped on the threshold in astonishment. In the ruined chamber, which was only dimly lighted by a little iron-barred window, he saw a great night-owl sitting on the ground. Heavy tears rolled out of its large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice it uttered its moans from its hooked beak. But when it saw the Caliph and his Vizier, who had also come up in the mean time, it gave a loud cry of joy. Elegantly it wiped the tears from its eye with its brown-flecked wings, and to the great amazement of both it cried in good human Arabic, "Welcome, ye storks: you are a good omen to me of my deliverance, for through storks I am to be lucky, as it was once foretold me."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed with his long neck, set his thin legs in a graceful position, and said: "Night-owl! from thy words I believe that I see a fellow sufferer. But alas! thy hope of deliverance through us is in vain. Thou wilt recognize our helplessness in hearing our tale."

The night-owl begged him to relate it, and the Caliph commenced to relate what we already know.

When the Caliph had related his story to the owl, she thanked him and said:—

"Now also listen to my tale, and learn how I am no less unlucky than thyself. My father is the King of the Indies; I his unhappy only daughter am called Lusa. That magician Käschnur who has enchanted you has also brought misfortune upon me. One day he came to my father and asked me in marriage for his son Mizra. But my father, who is a fiery man, had him thrown down-stairs. The wretch knew how to approach me again under another shape, and one day, while I was taking some refreshments in my garden, he administered to me, disguised as a slave, a draught which changed me into this hideous shape. Fainting from fear, he brought me hither and shouted with a terrible voice into my ear: 'Here shalt thou remain,—detestable, abhorred even by beasts, to thy end, or till some one, himself in this horrid form, voluntarily asks thee to be his wife. And thus I revenge myself on thee and on thy haughty father.' Since then

many months have passed. Lonely and sad I live as a recluse within these ruins, shunned by the world, a scarecrow even to beasts; beautiful nature is hidden from me, for I am blind by daylight, and only when the moon pours her wan light over these ruins does the obscuring veil drop from my eyes."

When the owl had finished she again wiped her eyes with her wings, for the story of her woes had moved her to tears.

The Caliph was plunged into deep thought by the story of the princess. "If I am not mistaken," said he, "there is between our misfortunes a secret connection; but where can I find the key to this riddle?"

The owl answered him:—

"O master! such is also my belief; for once in my infancy a wise woman foretold of me that a stork should bring me a great fortune, and I know one way by which perhaps we may free ourselves."

The Caliph was very much surprised, and asked what way she meant.

"The enchanter who has made us both unhappy," said she, "comes once every month to these ruins. Not far from here is a hall where he holds orgies with numerous companions. Often have I spied them there. They then relate to one another their vile deeds. Perhaps he may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten."

"O dearest princess!" exclaimed the Caliph; "say, when comes he, and where is the hall?"

The owl was silent a moment, and then said, "You must not take it ill, but only on one condition can I fulfill your wish."

"Speak out, speak out," cried Chasid. "Command all, everything of me."

"It is this: that I may also become free, which can only be if one of you offer me his hand."

The storks seemed somewhat taken aback at this proposition, and the Caliph beckoned to his servant to go out with him a little.

"Grand Vizier," said the Caliph outside, "this is a sorry bargain, but you might take her."

"Indeed!" answered the Grand Vizier: "that my wife when I come home may scratch out my eyes? Besides, I am an old man; while you are still young and single, and could better give your hand to a young and fair princess."

"That is just it," sighed the Caliph, whilst sadly drooping his wings. "Who then has told thee that she is young and fair? That is buying a pig in a poke."

They counseled one with the other for a long time. At last, however, when the Caliph saw that his Vizier would rather remain a stork than wed the owl, he resolved to fulfill the condition himself. The owl was immensely pleased. She confessed to them that they could not have come at a more favorable time, for the enchanterers were very likely to assemble that night.

She quitted the chamber with the storks, to lead them to the hall. They went for a long time through a gloomy passage; at length, through a half-fallen wall, gleamed a bright light towards them. Having arrived there, the owl advised them to remain perfectly quiet. They could, through the gap near which they stood, overlook a great hall. It was supported all round by pillars, and splendidly decked. Many brilliant-colored lamps replaced the light of day. In the centre of the hall was a round table, covered with many and choicest meats. Round this table was a couch, on which sat eight men. In one of these men the stork recognized the peddler who had sold them the magic powder. His neighbor asked him to relate his latest deeds. Amongst others he also related the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"What sort of word hast thou given them?" asked another enchanter.

"A very difficult Latin one; namely, 'Mutabor.'"

When the storks heard this at their hole in the wall, they were nearly beside themselves with joy. They ran on their long legs so quickly to the threshold of the ruins that the owl could hardly follow them. There the Caliph addressed the owl with emotion: "Deliverer of my life and of the life of my friend, accept me for thy spouse in eternal gratitude for that which thou hast done for us." He then turned to the east. Thrice the storks bowed their long necks to the sun, which just then was rising behind the mountains. "Mutabor!" they exclaimed; and straightway they were changed, and in the great joy of their new-sent life, master and servant fell into each other's arms laughing and crying.

But who can describe their astonishment on turning round? A lovely lady, grandly dressed, stood before them. Smiling, she gave her hand to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognize your night-owl?" she said. It was she. The Caliph was so

charmed with her beauty and grace that he exclaimed, "My greatest fortune was that of having been a stork."

The three now traveled together towards Bagdad. The Caliph found in his clothes not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse. He therefore bought in the nearest village what was needful for their journey, and so they soon came to the gates of Bagdad. But there the arrival of the Caliph caused much surprise. People had believed him dead, and they therefore were highly pleased to have again their beloved ruler.


All the more, however, burned their hatred towards the impostor Mizra. They entered the palace, and took prisoner the old enchanter and his son. The Caliph sent the old man to the same chamber in the ruins that the princess had lived in as an owl, and had him hanged there. But to the son, who knew nothing of his father's art, the Caliph gave the choice whether he would die or snuff. And when he chose the latter, the Grand Vizier handed him the box. A good strong pinch and the magic word of the Caliph changed him into a stork. The Caliph had him shut up in an iron cage and placed in his garden.

Long and happy lived the Caliph Chasid with his wife the princess. His most pleasant hours were always those when the Grand Vizier visited him during the afternoon. They then very frequently spoke of their stork adventures, and when the Caliph was very jovial, he amused himself with imitating the Grand Vizier when he was a stork: he strutted up and down the chamber with stiff legs, clapped, fluttered his arms as though they were wings, and showed how vainly the latter had turned to the east, crying all the while, "Mu—Mu—." This entertainment was at all times a great pleasure to Madam Caliph and her children; but when the Caliph kept on clapping a little too long, and nodded, and cried "Mu—Mu," then the Vizier threatened him, smiling, that he would communicate to Madam Caliph what had been discussed outside the door of the night-owl princess.

GERHART HAUPTMANN

(1862-)

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

ESPITE his very wide reputation, an understanding of Hauptmann's full significance as a modern dramatist is making its way but slowly. And it is quite natural that playwrights of far less power and far less ultimate importance should make a more direct and immediate appeal. For we are all accessible to ideas and to methods that are time-honored, and follow but haltingly the masters who are also leaders. Among these, however, Hauptmann must be reckoned by virtue of the impulse, the trend, and the form of his works.

He was born in the Silesian village of Obersalzbrunn in 1862. His father was an inn-keeper in modest circumstances, his grandfather had been a waiter and earlier a weaver.) Through his mother's family he is connected with the pietistic country-folk of his native province. Thus, and the point is of importance, (Hauptmann springs directly from the common people whom he understands and whom he has so constantly portrayed.) His scholastic career was brief and irregular, his attempts at the plastic arts with which he began were half-hearted. After some travel in the south of Europe where his vision was more alive to the miseries of social man than to the memorable things of nature or of art he settled in Berlin. His life there for some years was tentative and vague. He read Zola, Tolstoy, Dostoévsky, seeking some form in which to express the dominant impulse of his nature: his compassion for the life of the disinherited of the social order. That form, the drama of consistent naturalism, came to him in the later eighties, and he immediately became fully and magnificently articulate. He has since often written in forms and moods that are apparently nearer the traditional. But only apparently, for his plays in verse, no less than his most sternly realistic plays in prose, proceed from a radically new method of envisioning life in dramatic form.

Any understanding of Hauptmann must begin with an understanding of this method. He has been called undramatic, ignoble, dull. He is none of these things. He has simply, from his own observation and under the influence of the indisputable facts of individual and social psychology, broken with the secular tradition that the drama ought to represent the struggle of opposing wills, and that, on the assumption of an inherent freedom of choice, an evil or mistaken or inadequate volition must be brought to punishment. Both his know-

ledge and his compassionate insight have taught him, on the contrary, that the tragedy of human fate lies, in the majority of cases, in the throttling of the will, in the inability of any pure volition to get itself translated into action, in the intolerable weight upon the individual will of evil inheritance, of tribal inhibitions, of social pressure and social injustice. Thus Hauptmann becomes the tragic proclaimer not of the evil will but of the frustrated will, not of man sinning deliberately, but of man aspiring vainly. As fervently as Nietzsche, though in a very different spirit, Hauptmann would first of all wish men to be such men as *can* will. That they cannot is their tragedy, which is, then, a tragedy caused not by «tragic guilt» but by «tragic fatality.»

A moment's reflection will show that this new way of grasping the eternal human problem which is the stuff of the drama involves a new dramatic technique. For the traditional technique of the drama was based upon the requirement that there must be a tensening conflict, that will must come to grapple with will, or duty and inclination within the same will. In the drama of Hauptmann one must at once substitute for the term conflict the other and, in reality, far more pregnant term crisis. His plays are all crises toward the culmination of which went not only, not indeed primarily, the volitions of men, but all those strange and obscure and complex forces which do, as a matter of fact, rule our lives. The centre of the tremendous problem of life is shifted. Not what men do is all-important, but the things that make them what they are. Thus the tragedy of (The Weavers) lies in the fact that social injustice has made these men incapable of liberating themselves; and in (Michael Kramer) that that great soul's gifted son cannot conquer the weakness and the division of his own nature; and in (The Sunken Bell) that Heinrich has not the power and hardihood to harmonize the ideal and the real in his own life. His tragedy is not that he does not: it is that he cannot. Thus in the drama of Hauptmann there is never any attempt to tie a dramatic knot which is to be cut or unraveled by a sudden moral or volitional *volte-face*. These plays are made to grow with the unobtrusive but pitiless progression of life itself: all artifice, all undue heightening, all pointing of the conflict is austere avoided. There is action, of course, for men express themselves through action as well as through speech. But Hauptmann would hold it to be a literally vulgar error that the action must be «interesting» or, in the traditional, pseudo-idealistic sense, noble. For all action, the humbler as truly as the more resounding, illustrates the far deeper and far more vital problem of being.

The twenty-four plays which Hauptmann has written between 1889 and 1914 may quite obviously be divided into two major groups: the naturalistic and the neo-romantic. Or, more exactly, those in which he has faithfully and closely illustrated the life of contemporary society and those in which he has sought to interpret legendary or historical

material which is the ancient and common possession of the Western mind. Among the first group the indisputable masterpieces are: (The Weavers) (1892), (The Beaver Coat) (1893), (Drayman Henschel) (1898), (Michael Kramer) (1900), and (Rose Bernd) (1903); among the second group (Schluck and Jau) (1899), (Henry of Auë) (1902), (Charlemagne's Hostage) (1908), and (The Bow of Odysseus) (1914). Apart from both groups stands (The Sunken Bell) (1896), the most intimate, the most famous, and perhaps the most deeply poetical of his works, into which he poured the aspirations and perplexities of his own soul both as a man and as an artist.

Each of these two groups of plays possesses its high and characteristic merit. That of the first is the creation of character; that of the second is the interpretation of character. The naturalistic method of dramaturgy in the first group, the sensitively exact rendition of human speech, the vision of man unclouded and undistorted by any anterior moral prejudice enabled Hauptmann to create characters of extraordinary vividness and truth. The projection of these characters is complete: they are not, as is so often the case, exaggerated aspects of a single creative mind, but independent, free, original, human. To say that these characters are Shakespearian in their vitality is, in a sense, to do them less than justice. For Shakespeare has given even to his very clowns a portion of his own divine energy of speech and of his passion and humor. Hauptmann has let his men and women speak wholly for themselves. The great outburst of Luise in (The Weavers,) the terrible eloquence of Rose Bernd's repentance — these are no golden tirades which the poet lends souls essentially dumb. They are the authentic speech of these humble but impassioned women wrung from them at the great crises of their lives. You hear the very words, the vibrant quiver of the very voices. It is not literature: it is life — it is Wordsworth's theory of the nature of the art of letters completely realized in another age and land and tongue. Thus might Henry Fielding have written and thus have made men speak had he lived in a more sensitive, more complex, and more tragic age.

In the second group of Hauptmann's plays the interpretation of character passes insensibly into the interpretation or, at least, the definite facing of certain universal problems. Thus in (Schluck and Jau) he writes a new and exquisite version of the old subject of life a dream; in (And Pippa Dances) (1906) he deals with ideal beauty so passionately pursued by many men in many ways; in (Henry of Auë) and in (Charlemagne's Hostage) he addresses himself to the basic problem of evil in its two aspects of natural and moral evil. The princely leper in the first of the two plays despairs of the world and of God in blind and bitter rebellion. His healing comes to him when he is reunited in love and trust to the universe. Hauptmann's treatment of the problem of moral evil is embodied in the girl Gersuind in the

second of the two plays with less breadth and power but with far more subtlety. The old Emperor Karl through passion and anger and renunciation comes to see that the judgment of man must fall silent before the sin which is also beauty and whose strange question can be answered only in the courts of God.

«She stands to-day before her heavenly Judge!
 What will he say, oh, what oppose unto
 The proud and searching silence of her lips? . . .
 Was she a flake of the infernal fire?
 Then think, my lords, of seas of equal fire!
 No wonder then that with a singèd heart
 The happy spirits to destruction crowd!»

Noble and notable as these dramas are, there is no doubt, on the other hand, that Hauptmann now and for some time to come will make his deepest appeal through those plays in which, with an unexampled veracity and objectivity, he has treated the (two crucial concerns of his own age — social justice and the relation of the sexes.) And the peculiar virtue of Hauptmann's dealing with these matters lies in the fact that he is never polemic, like Shaw, and that he never, like Hervieu and Galsworthy, builds his action in an acutely expository, almost in a didactic form. He gives us the concrete facts: he knows that the concrete is the eternally significant and he lets that suffice.

But Hauptmann's overshadowing position among the dramatists of his time is due, after all, to the fact that he possesses both types of imaginative power: the one either constructs an ideal world upon the basis of the real or interprets the real by the great symbols of poetry and legend. The other type of imaginative power achieves a vision of the totality of life and character from such meagre hints as even the widest and most penetrating observation can afford. By his possession of the idealistic imagination Hauptmann is akin to the Shelley of *«The Cenci»* to Kleist and Grillparzer and Hebbel. By his possession of the realistic imagination he stands almost alone among dramatists and must seek his equals among the masters of the objective in another medium. For his men and women have a breathing fullness of life which Ibsen's people never attain and which we shall find only in Fielding and Flaubert at their best.

THE WEAVERS' REVOLT

From (The Weavers.) Translated by Mary Morison in Professor Lewisohn's edition of Hauptmann. Copyright by B. W. Huebsch. Reprinted by permission.

SURGEON SCHMIDT [*a jerky little ball of a man, with a red, knowing face, comes into the entry-room*] — Good-morning, all! These are fine goings on! Take care! take care! [*Threatening with his finger.*] You're a sly lot — that's what you are. [*At Hilse's door without coming in.*] Morning, father Hilse. [*To a woman in the outer room.*] And how are the pains, mother? Better, eh? Well, well. And how's all with you, father Hilse? [*Enters.*] Why the deuce! what's the matter with mother?

Luise — It's the eye veins, sir — they've dried up, so as she can't see at all now.

Surgeon Schmidt — That's from the dust and weaving by candle-light. Will you tell me what it means that all Peterswaldau's on the way here? I set off on my rounds this morning as usual, thinking no harm; but it wasn't long till I had my eyes opened. Strange doings these! What in the devil's name has taken possession of them, Hilse? They're like a pack of raging wolves. Riot — why, it's revolution! they're getting refractory — plundering and laying waste right and left . . . Mielchen! where's Mielchen? [*Mielchen, her face red with crying, is pushed in by her mother.*] Here, Mielchen, put your hand into my coat pocket. [*Mielchen does so.*] The ginger-bread nuts are for you. Not all at once, though, you baggage! And a song first! The fox jumped up on a . . . come, now . . . The fox jumped up . . . on a moonlight. . . . Mind, I've heard what you did. You called the sparrows on the churchyard hedge a nasty name, and they're gone and told the pastor. Did any one ever hear the like? Fifteen hundred of them agog — men, women, and children. [*Distant bells are heard.*] That's at Reichenbach — alarm-bells! Fifteen hundred people! Uncomfortably like the world coming to an end!

Old Hilse — An' is it true that they're on their way to Bielau?

Surgeon Schmidt — That's just what I'm telling you. I've driven through the middle of the whole crowd. What I'd have liked to do would have been to get down and give each of them a pill there and then. They were following on each other's heels like misery itself, and their singing was more than enough to turn a man's stomach. I was nearly sick, and Frederick was shaking on the box like an old woman. We had to take a stiff glass at the first opportunity. I wouldn't be a manufacturer, not though I could drive my carriage and

pair. [*Distant singing.*] Listen to that! It's for all the world as if they were beating at some broken old boiler. We'll have them here in five minutes, friends. Good-bye! Don't you be foolish. The troops will be upon them in no time. Keep your wits about you. The Peterswaldau people have lost theirs. [*Bells ring close at hand.*] Good gracious! There are our bells ringing too! Everyone's going mad. [*He goes upstairs.*]

Gottlieb [*comes back. In the entry-room, out of breath*] — I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em! [*To a woman.*] They're here, auntie, they're here! [*At the door.*] They're here, father, they're here! They've got bean-poles, an' ox-goads, an' axes. They're standing outside the upper Dittrich's kickin' up an awful row, I think he's payin' 'em money. O Lord! whatever's goin' to happen? What a crowd! Oh, you never saw such a crowd! Dash it all — if once they make a rush, our manufacturers'll be hard put to it.

Old Hilse — What have you been runnin' like that for? You'll go racin' till you bring on your old trouble, and then we'll have you on your back again, strugglin' for breath.

Gottlieb [*almost joyously excited*] — I had to run, or they would ha' caught me an' kept me. They was all roarin' to me to join 'em. Father Baumert was there too, and says he to me: You come an' get your sixpence with the rest — you're a poor starvin' weaver too. An' I was to tell you, father, from him, that you was to come an' help to pay out the manufacturers for their grindin' of us down. [*Passionately.*] Other times is comin', he says. There's goin' to be a change of days for us weavers. An' we're all to come an' help to bring it about. We're to have our half-pound o' meat on Sundays, and now and again on a holiday sausage with our cabbage. Yes, things is to be quite different, by what he tells me.

Old Hilse [*with repressed indignation*] — An' that man calls hisself your godfather! and he bids you take part in such works o' wickedness? Have nothing to do with them, Gottlieb. They've let themselves be tempted by Satan, an' it's his works they're doin'.

Luise [*no longer able to restrain her passionate excitement, vehemently*] — Yes, Gottlieb, get into the chimney corner, an' take a spoon in your hand, an' a dish o' skim milk on your knee, an' put on a petticoat an' say your prayers, and then father'll be pleased with you. And he sets up to be a man! [*Laughter from people in the entry-room.*]

Old Hilse [*quivering with suppressed rage*] — An' you set up to be a good wife, eh? You calls yourself a mother, an' let your evil tongue

run away with you like that? You think yourself fit to teach your girl, you that would egg on your husband to crime an' wickedness?

Luise [*has lost all control of herself*] — You an' your piety an' religion — did they serve to keep the life in my poor children? In rags an' dirt they lay, all the four — it didn't as much as keep 'em dry. Yes! I sets up to be a mother, that's what I do — an' if you'd like to know it, that's why I'd send all the manufacturers to hell — because I'm a mother! — Not one of the four could I keep in life! It was cryin' more than breathin' with me from the time each poor little thing came into the world till death took pity on it. The devil a bit you cared! You sat there prayin' and singin', and let me run about till my feet bled, tryin' to get one little drop o' skim milk. How many hundred nights has I lain an' racked my head to think what I could do to cheat the churchyard of my little one? What harm has a baby like that done that it must come to such a miserable end — eh? An' over there at Dittrich's they're bathed in wine an' washed in milk. No! you may talk as you like, but if they begins here, ten horses won't hold me back. An' what's more — if there's a rush on Dittrich's, you'll see me in the forefront of it — an' pity the man as tries to prevent me — I've stood it long enough, so now you know it.

Old Hilse — You're a lost soul — there's no help for you.

Luise [*frenzied*] — It's you that there's no help for! Tatter-breeched scarecrows — that's what you are — an' not men at all. Whey-faced gutter-scrapers that take to your heels at the sound of a child's rattle. Fellows that says «Thank you» to the man as gives you a hidin'. They've not left that much blood in you as that you can turn red in the face. You should have the whip taken to you, an' a little pluck flogged into your rotten bones.

[*She goes out quickly. Embarrassed pause.*]

Mother Hilse — What's the matter with Liesl, father?

Old Hilse — Nothin', mother! What should be the matter with her?

Mother Hilse — Father, is it only me that's thinkin' it, or is the bells ringin'?

Old Hilse — It'll be a funeral, mother.

Mother Hilse — An' I've got to sit waitin' here yet. Why must I be so long a-dyin', father?

[*Pause.*]

Old Hilse [*leaves his work, holds himself up straight; solemnly*] — Gottlieb! — you heard all your wife said to us. Look here, Gott-

lieb! [*He bares his breast.*] Here they cut out a bullet as big as a thimble. The King knows where I lost my arm. It wasn't the mice as ate it. [*He walks up and down.*] Before that wife of yours was ever thought of, I had spilled my blood by the quart for King an' country. So let her call what names she likes — an' welcome! It does me no harm — Frightened? Me frightened? What would I be frightened of, will you tell me that? Of the few soldiers, maybe, that'll be comin' after the rioters? Good gracious me! That would be a lot to be frightened at! No, no, lad; I may be a bit stiff in the back, but there's some strength left in the old bones; I've got the stuff in me yet to make a stand against a few rubbishin' bay'nets. — An' if it came to the worst! Willin', willin' would I be to say good-bye to this weary world. Death'd be welcome — welcomer to me to-day than to-morrow. For what is it we leave behind? That old bundle of aches an' pains we call our body, the care an' the oppression we call by the name o' life. We may be glad to get away from it, — But there's something to come after, Gottlieb! — an' if we've done ourselves out o' that too — why, then it's all over with us!

Gottlieb — Who knows what's to come after? Nobody's seen it.

Old Hilse — Gottlieb! don't you be throwin' doubts on the one comfort us poor people have. Why has I sat here an' worked my treadle like a slave this forty year an' more? — sat still an' looked on at him over yonder livin' in pride an' wastefulness — why? Because I have a better hope, something as supports me in all my troubles. [*Points out at the window.*] You have your good things in this world — I'll have mine in the next. That's been my thought. An' I'm that certain of it — I'd let myself be torn to pieces. Have we not His promise? There's a Day of Judgment comin'; but it's not us as are the judges — no: Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

[*A cry of «Weavers, come out!» is heard outside the window.*]

Old Hilse — Do what you will for me. [*He seats himself at his loom.*] I stay here.

Gottlieb [*after a short struggle*] — I'm going to work too — come what may.

[*Goes out.*]

[*The Weavers' Song is heard, sung by hundreds of voices quite close at hand; it sounds like a dull, monotonous wail.*]

THE DEATH AND AWAKENING OF HANNELE

From 'Hannele'

[Little Hannele Mattern, the starved and ill-used stepdaughter of a brutal workman, has been so cruelly treated by her father that the child has tried to drown herself. Rescued by the young village schoolmaster, her only friend among the villagers (a kind of allegorical type of Christ), she is brought to the squalid almshouse of the place to die. The child lies in a darkened room, watched by a Sister of Mercy. Terrible visions of her past suffering occur, and the early part of the drama largely represents what is passing in her tired and confused brain. Presently an angel enters the death chamber and soothes the child, giving her a "flower from heaven,"—a flower which none save herself can see,—and other kind spirits cheer her. After they have gone the little sufferer is left in happy surprise and expectancy.]

Everything is as it was before the appearance of the Angels. The Sister of Mercy is seated beside the bed in which Hannele is lying. She relights the candle, and Hannele opens her eyes. Her inward vision seems still to be present to her. Her features still wear an expression of heavenly rapture. As soon as she recognizes the Sister she begins to speak with joyful eagerness.

HANNELE—Sister! angels!—Sister Martha! angels! Do you know who have been here?

Sister—H'm! are you awake again already?

Hannele—Just guess! do! [*Unable to contain herself.*] Angels! angels! real angels! angels from heaven, Sister Martha! Angels, you know, with long wings.

Sister—Well then, if you've had such beautiful dreams—

Hannele—There now! She says I dreamt it! But look at what I've got here; just look at it! [*She makes a motion, as though she held a flower in her hand and were showing it to the Sister.*]

Sister—What is it?

Hannele—Just look at it!

Sister—H'm!

Hannele—Here it is; look at it!

Sister—Aha!

Hannele—Just smell it.

Sister [*pretending to smell a flower*]—H'm—lovely!

Hannele—Not so close to it! You'll break the stalk.

Sister—Oh, I'm very sorry. What sort of flower is it?

Hannele—Why, don't you know? The key-of-heaven.

Sister—Is it really?

Hannele—Why, surely you're— Do bring the light—quick, quick!

Sister [*holding up the candle*—Ah yes, now I see it.

Hannele—Isn't it lovely?

Sister—But you're talking a great deal too much. We must keep quiet now, or the doctor will scold us. And here he has sent you your medicine. We must take it, as he bids us.

Hannele—O Sister, you're far too much troubled about me! You don't know what has happened. Do you? do you?—do tell me, if you know. Who gave me this? Well—the little golden key? Who? say! What is the little golden key meant to open? Well?

Sister—You'll tell me all about it to-morrow morning. Then, after a good night's rest, you'll be strong and well.

Hannele—But I am well. [*She sits up and puts her feet to the ground.*] You see, Sister, I'm quite, quite well!

Sister—Why, Hannele! No, you mustn't do that, you really mustn't.

Hannele [*rising and pushing the Sister away, makes a few steps forward.*]—You must let me. You must—let me. I must—go. [*She starts in terror and gazes fixedly at a certain point.*] O heavenly Savior!

A black-robed and black-winged Angel becomes visible. He is great, strong, and beautiful, and bears a long serpentine sword, the hilt of which is draped in black gauze. Grave and silent, he sits beside the stove and gazes at Hannele calmly and immovably. A white dream-like light fills the room.

Hannele—Who are you? [*No answer.*] Are you an angel? [*No answer.*] Is it to me you come? [*No answer.*] I am Hannele Mattern. Is it to me you come? [*No answer.*]

[*Sister Martha has stood by, with folded hands, devoutly and humbly. Now she moves slowly out of the room.*]

Hannele—Has God taken the gift of speech from your tongue? [*No answer.*] Are you a friend to me? Do you come as an enemy? [*No answer.*] Have you a sword in the folds of your garment? [*No answer.*] B-r-r-r! I am cold. Piercing frost spreads from your wings; cold breathes around you. [*No answer.*] Who are you? [*No answer.* *A sudden horror overcomes her. She turns with a scream as though some one stood behind her.*] Mother! little mother!

A Figure in the dress of the Sister of Mercy, but younger and more beautiful, with long white pinions, comes in.

Hannele [*shrinking close up to the Figure and seizing her hand*]
—Mother! little mother! there is some one here.

Sister — Where?

Hannele — There, there!

Sister — Why are you trembling so?

Hannele — I'm frightened!

Sister — Fear nothing; I am with you.

Hannele — My teeth are chattering with terror. I can't help it. He makes me shudder!

Sister — Do not be frightened; he is your friend.

Hannele — Who is he, mother?

Sister — Do you not know him?

Hannele — Who is he?

Sister — Death.

Hannele — Death! [*She looks for a while at the black Angel in awe-stricken silence.*] Must it be, then?

Sister — It is the entrance, Hannele.

Hannele — Must every one pass through the entrance?

Sister — Every one.

Hannele — Will you grasp me hard, Death? — He is silent. He makes no answer, mother, to anything I say.

Sister — The words of God are loud within you.

Hannele — I have often longed for you from the depths of my heart; but now I am afraid.

Sister — Make you ready.

Hannele — To die?

Sister — Yes.

Hannele [*after a pause, timidly*] — Must I lie in the coffin in these rags and tatters?

Sister — God will clothe you.

She produces a small silver bell and rings it. Immediately there appears, moving noiselessly—as do all the succeeding apparitions—a little humpbacked Village Tailor, carrying over his arm a bridal gown, veil, and wreath, and in his hands a pair of glass slippers. He has a comical, halting gait. He bows in silence to the Angel, then to the Sister, and last and lowest to Hannele.

The Tailor [*with a profusion of bows*] — Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern [*he clears his throat*], his Serene Highness

your most gracious Father has condescended to order your bridal dress of me.

Sister [*takes the gown from the Tailor and begins to dress Hannele*—Come, I will put it on for you.

Hannele [*in joyful excitement*]—Oh, how it rustles!

Sister—White silk, Hannele.

Hannele [*looking down in rapture at the gown*]—Won't people be astonished to see me so beautifully dressed in my coffin?

Tailor—Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern [*clears his throat*], the whole village is talking of nothing but [*clears his throat*] what good fortune death is bringing you, Mistress Hanna [*clears his throat*]. His Serene Highness [*clears his throat*] your most gracious Father [*clears his throat*] has been to the Overseer.

Sister [*placing the wreath on Hannele's head*]—Now bend thy head, thou bride of Heaven.

Hannele [*quivering with childish joy*]—Do you know, Sister Martha, I'm looking forward so to death. [*All of a sudden she looks dubiously at the Sister.*] It is you, isn't it?

Sister—Yes.

Hannele—You are really Sister Martha? Oh, no! you are my mother!

Sister—Yes.

Hannele—Are you both?

Sister—The children of heaven are as one in God.

Tailor—If I might be permitted, Princess Hannele! [*Kneeling before her with the slippers.*] These are the tiniest little slippers in the land. They have all too large feet—Hedwig, and Agnes, and Lisa, and Martha, and Minna, and Anna, and Kate, and Greta. [*He has put the slippers on her feet.*] They fit, they fit! The bride is found; Mistress Hannele has the smallest feet. When you have any further orders—Your servant, your servant! [*Goes off, bowing profusely.*]

Hannele—I can scarcely bear to wait, little mother.

Sister—Now you need not take any more medicine.

Hannele—No.

Sister—Now you'll soon be as fresh and sound as a mountain trout, Hannele! Come now, and lay you down on your death-bed.

[*She takes Hannele's hand and leads her gently to the bed, on which Hannele lies down.*]

Hannele—At last I shall know what it is to die.

Sister—Yes, you will, Hannele.

Hannele [*lying on her back with her hands as if they were holding a flower*—I have a pledge.

Sister—Press it close to your breast.

Hannele [*with a renewal of dread, looking shrinkingly towards the Angel*—Must it be, then?

Sister—It must.

[*From the far distance are heard the strains of a funeral march.*]

Hannele [*listening*—Now they're playing for the burial—Meister Seyfried and the musicians. [*The Angel rises.*] Now he stands up. [*The storm without has increased. The Angel moves slowly and solemnly towards Hannele.*] Now he is coming to me. O Sister! mother! I can't see you! Where are you? [*To the Angel, imploringly.*] Quick, quick, thou dumb black spirit! [*As though groaning under an insupportable weight.*] It is crushing me—crushing me—like a—like a stone. [*The Angel slowly raises his great sword.*] He's going to—going to—destroy me utterly. [*In an agony of terror.*] Help! help, Sister!

Sister [*interposing with dignity between the Angel and Hannele, and laying both her hands in an attitude of protection upon Hannele's heart, speaking loftily, solemnly, and with authority*—He dare not! I lay my consecrated hands upon thy heart!

The Black Angel disappears. Silence. The Sister folds her hands and looks down upon Hannele with a gentle smile: then she becomes absorbed in thought, and moves her lips in silent prayer. The strains of the funeral march have in the mean time continued without interruption. A sound as of many lightly pattering feet is heard. Presently the figure of the schoolmaster Gottwald appears in the middle doorway. The funeral march ceases. Gottwald is dressed in black as though for a funeral, and carries in his hand a bunch of beautiful lilies of the valley. He has reverently taken off his hat, and while still on the threshold turns to those who follow him, with a gesture commanding silence. Behind him appear his School-Children—boys and girls in their best clothes. In obedience to his gesture they stop their whispering and remain quite silent. They do not venture to cross the threshold. With solemn mien Gottwald now approaches the Sister, who is still praying.

Gottwald [*in a low voice*—Good-day, Sister Martha!

Sister—Mr. Gottwald, God's greeting to you!

Gottwald [*looking at Hannele, shakes his head sadly and pityingly*—Poor little thing!

Sister—Why are you so sad, Mr. Gottwald?

Gottwald—Because she is dead.

Sister—We will not grieve for that; she has found peace, and for her sake I am glad.

Gottwald [*sighing*]*—*Yes, it is well with her. Now she is free from all trouble and sorrow.

Sister [*sunk in contemplation*]*—*How beautiful she looks as she lies there.

Gottwald—Yes, beautiful. Now that you are dead, you bloom forth in all your loveliness!

Sister—God has made her so beautiful because she had faith in him.

Gottwald—Yes, she had faith and she was good. [*He heaves a deep sigh, opens his hymn-book and looks sadly into it.*]

Sister [*also looking into the hymn-book*]*—*We must not mourn. We must be still and patient.

Gottwald—Ah, my heart is heavy.

Sister—Because she is set free?

Gottwald—Because my two flowers are withered.

Sister—What flowers?

Gottwald—Two violets here in my book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

Sister—In God's heaven they will bloom again far more sweetly!

Gottwald—O God! how much longer will our pilgrimage last through this vale of darkness and of tears? [*With a sudden change, briskly and busily, producing sheets of music.*] What do you think? I thought we might begin, here in the house, by singing the hymn 'Jesus, oh, I trust in thee.'

Sister—Yes, that is a beautiful hymn; and Hannele Mattern's heart was full of faith.

Gottwald—And then out in the church-yard we will sing 'Set me free.' [*He turns, goes to the school-children, and says:*] Number 62, 'Set me free.' [*He intones softly, beating time:*]

"Set me free, oh, set me free,
That I may Jesus see."

[*The children have joined in softly.*] Children, are you all warmly dressed? It will be very cold out in the church-yard. Come in for a moment. Look at poor little Hannele once more. [*The children crowd in and range themselves solemnly round the bed.*] Just see how beautiful Death has made the poor little girl!

She was huddled in rags; now she wears silken raiment. She ran about barefoot; now she has glass slippers on her feet. Soon she will dwell in a golden palace and eat roast meat every day. Here she lived on cold potatoes, and often she had not enough of them. Here you always called her the beggar princess; now she will soon be a princess in very deed. So if any of you have anything that you want to beg her pardon for, do it now, or she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

A Little Boy [stepping forward]—Dear Princess Hannele, don't be angry with me, and don't tell the dear God that I always called you the beggar princess.

All the Children [in a confused murmur]—We are all so very, very sorry!

Gottwald—So! Now poor Hannele has already forgiven you. Now go into the other room and wait for me there.

Sister—Come, I'll take you into the back room, and there I'll tell you what you must do if you want to become beautiful angels, as beautiful as Hannele will soon be. [*She leads the way; the children follow her; the door is closed.*]

Gottwald [now alone with Hannele. He lays the flowers at her feet, with emotion]—Hannele dear, here I've brought you another bunch of beautiful lilies of the valley. [*Kneeling by her bed with trembling voice.*] Don't quite, quite forget me in your glory! [*He sobs, with his face buried in the folds of her dress.*] It breaks my heart to part from you.

[*Voices are heard; Gottwald rises and covers Hannele with a sheet. Two old women, dressed for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and gilt-edged hymn-books in their hands, enter softly.*]

First Woman [looking around]—I suppose we're the first.

Second Woman—No, the schoolmaster is here already. Good-day, Mr. Gottwald.

Gottwald—Good-day.

First Woman—Ah, this'll be a sore trouble to you, Mr. Gottwald! She was such a good pupil to you; always industrious, always busy.

Second Woman—Is it true what people are saying? Surely it can't be true: they say she took her own life.

A Third Woman [who has entered]—That would be a sin against the Holy Spirit.

Second Woman—A sin against the Holy Ghost.

Third Woman—And the pastor says such a sin can never be forgiven.

Gottwald—Have you forgotten what the Savior said?—"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

A Fourth Woman [who has entered]—O good people, good people, what weather! It's enough to freeze the feet off you! I only hope the pastor won't be too long about it. The snow is lying a yard deep in the church-yard.

A Fifth Woman [entering]—The pastor is not going to bury her, good people! He's going to refuse her consecrated ground.

Pleschke [also appearing]—Have you heard? have you heard? A grand gentleman has been to see the pastor—has been to see the pastor—and has told him—yes, told him that Hannla Mat-tern is a blessed saint.

Hanke [entering hastily]—Do you know what they are bringing? a crystal coffin!

Several Voices—A crystal coffin!—A crystal coffin!

Hanke—O Lord! It must have cost a pretty penny!

Several Voices—A crystal coffin!—A crystal coffin!

Seidel [who has appeared]—We're going to see fine things, that we are! An angel has passed right through the village, as tall as a poplar-tree, if you'll believe me. And two others are sitting by the smithy pond; but they're small, like little children. The girl was more than a beggar-girl.

Several Voices—The girl was more than a beggar-girl.—They're bringing a crystal coffin.—An angel has passed through the village.

Four white-robed Youths carry in a crystal coffin, which they set down near Hannele's bed. The mourners whisper to each other, full of curiosity and astonishment.

Gottwald [raising the sheet a little from Hannele's face]—Look at the dead child too.

First Woman [peering curiously under the sheet]—Why, her hair is like gold.

Gottwald [drawing the cloth right away from Hannele, who is illumined with a pale light]—And she has silken garments and glass slippers. *[All shrink back as though dazzled, with exclamations of the utmost surprise.]*

Several Voices—Ah, how beautiful she is!—Who can it be?—Who can it be?—Little Hannla Mattern?—Hannla Mattern?—No, I don't believe it!

Pleschke—The girl—the girl—is a—a saint.

[*The four youths with tender care lay Hannele in the crystal coffin.*]

Hanke—They say she isn't to be buried at all.

First Woman—Her coffin is to be set up in the church.

Second Woman—I believe the girl isn't really dead. She looks as alive as ever she can be.

Pleschke—Just give me—just give me—a down feather. We'll try—we'll try—holding a down feather to her mouth,—yes, and we'll see—and we'll see if she's still—if she's still breathing,—we will. [*They give him a down feather and he holds it to Hannele's mouth.*] It doesn't stir. The girl is dead! She hasn't a breath of life in her!

Third Woman—I'll give her my bunch of rosemary. [*She lays it in the coffin.*]

Fourth Woman—She can take my bit of lavender with her too.

Fifth Woman—But where is Mattern?

First Woman—Yes, where is Mattern?

Second Woman—Oh, he! he's sitting over there in the ale-house.

First Woman—Most like he doesn't know a word of what has happened.

Second Woman—He cares for nothing so long as he has his dram. He knows nothing about it.

Pleschke—Haven't you—haven't you told him then—told him—that there's death—in his house?

Third Woman—He might know that without any telling.

Fourth Woman—I don't say anything, Heaven forbid! But every one knows who has killed the girl.

Seidel—You're right there! The whole village, as you might say, knows that. There's a lump on her as big as my fist.

Fifth Woman—No grass grows where that fellow sets his feet.

Seidel—I was there when they changed her wet clothes, and I saw it as plain as I see you. She has a lump on her as big as my fist—and that's what has killed her.

First Woman—It's Mattern must answer for her, and no one else.

All [speaking all at once and vehemently, but in a whisper]—
No one else, no one else.

*Second woman—*He's a murderer, he is.

*All [full of fury, but in a low tone]—*A murderer, a murderer!

[The harsh voice of the tipsy Mattern is heard:]

"A con—science from all trou—ble free,
What so—after pil—low can there be?"

[He appears in the doorway and shouts:]

Hannele! Hannele! You brat! where are you hiding? *[He staggers in, leaning against the door-jamb.]* I'll count up to five, and I'll wait not a moment longer. One, two— Three and one are— I tell you, my girl, you'd better not make me wild. If I have to search for you and find you, you hussy, I'll pound you to a jelly, I will! *[Starts as he notices the others who are present, and who remain as still as death.]* What do you want here? *[No answer.]* How do you come here? Was it the Devil sent you, eh? Just clear out of this, now! Well, are you going to stop all night? *[He laughs to himself.]* Wait a minute— I know what it is. It's nothing but that. I have a little too much in my noddle— That's what brings 'em. *[He sings:]*

"A con—science from all trou—ouble free,
What so—after pil—low can there be?"

[Starts in fear.] Are you still there? *[In a sudden outburst of fury, looking around for something to attack them with.]* I'll take the first thing that comes handy—

A Man has entered, wearing a threadbare brown cloak. He is about thirty, has long black hair, and a pale face with the features of the schoolmaster Gottwald. He has a slouch hat in his left hand and sandals on his feet. He appears weary and travel-stained. He touches Mattern lightly on the arm, interrupting his speech. Mattern turns sharply round. The stranger looks him straight in the face, gravely and quietly, and says humbly:

*Stranger—*Mattern, God's greeting to you!

*Mattern—*How have you come here? What do you want?

*Stranger [in a tone of humble entreaty]—*I have walked till my feet are bleeding; give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me; give me wine to drink, and to refresh me.

I have not broken bread since I set forth in the morning; I am hungry.

Mattern—What's that to me? What brings you tramping round here? Go and work. I have to work too.

Stranger—I am a workman.

Mattern—You're a tramp, that's what you are. A workman need not go about begging.

Stranger—I am a workman without wages.

Mattern—You're a tramp, you are.

Stranger [*diffidently, submissively, but at the same time impressively*]*—*I am a physician. It may be that you have need of me.

Mattern—I'm all right; I don't need any doctor.

Stranger [*his voice trembling with inward emotion*]*—*Mattern, bethink you! You need give me no water, and yet I will heal you. You may give me no bread to eat, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole.

Mattern—You get out of this! Go about your business. I have sound bones in my body; I need no doctor: do you understand?

Stranger—Mattern, bethink you! I will wash your feet for you; I will give you wine to drink; you shall eat white bread; tread me under foot, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole and sound.

Mattern—Now, will you go or will you not? If you won't get out of this, I tell you I'll—

Stranger [*in a tone of earnest admonition*]*—*Mattern, do you know what you have in your house?

Mattern—All that belongs there; all that belongs there; all that belongs there: *you* don't belong there. Just get out, now!

Stranger [*simply*]*—*Your daughter is ill.

Mattern—Her illness doesn't need any doctor. It's nothing but laziness, her illness isn't. I can knock that out of her without your help.

Stranger [*solemnly*]*—*Mattern, I come as a messenger to you.

Mattern—As a messenger, eh? Who from?

Stranger—I come from the Father, and I go to the Father. What have you done with his child?

Mattern—How am I to know what's become of her? What have I to do with his children? He's never troubled about her, he hasn't.

Stranger [*firmly*]*—*You have death in your house.

Mattern [now notices *Hannele* lying there; goes in speechless astonishment up to the coffin, and looks into it; then murmurs:] Where have you got the beautiful clothes? Who has bought you the crystal coffin?

[The mourners whisper to each other vehemently but softly. The word "Murderer!" is heard again and again, uttered in a threatening tone.]

Mattern [softly, trembling]—I've never ill-used you; I've clothed you; I've fed you. [Turning insolently upon the *Stranger*.] What do you want with me? What have I to do with all this?

Stranger—*Mattern*, have you anything to say to me?

[The muttering among the mourners becomes ever more vehement and angry, and the word "Murderer!" "Murderer!" becomes more frequently audible.]

Stranger—Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? Have you never torn her from her bed by night? Has she never fallen as though dead under your blows?

Mattern [beside himself with rage]—Strike me dead if she has—here, on the spot! Heaven's lightning blast me if I've been to blame!

[A flash of pale-blue lightning, and distant thunder.]

All [speaking together]—There's a thunder-storm coming! Right in the middle of winter!—He's perjured himself!—The child-murderer has perjured himself!

Stranger [impressively but kindly]—Have you still nothing to say to me, *Mattern*?

Mattern [in pitiable terror]—Who loves his child chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl. I've kept her as my child. I've a right to punish her when she does wrong.

The Women [advancing threateningly towards him]—Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Mattern—She's lied to me and cheated me. She has robbed me day by day.

Stranger—Are you speaking the truth?

Mattern—God strike me—

[At this moment a cowslip, "the Key-of-Heaven," is seen in *Hannele's* folded hands, emitting a yellow-green radiance. *Mattern* stares at it as though out of his senses, trembling all over.]

Stranger—Mattern, you are lying!

All [in the greatest excitement]—A miracle! a miracle!

Pleschke—The girl—the girl—is a—a saint. He has—he has—sworn away—body—body and soul.

Mattern [shrieks]—I'll go and hang myself! [*Clasps his head between his hands and rushes off.*]

Stranger [goes up to Hannele's coffin, and turns so as to face the others, who all draw back reverently from the Figure which now stands in full majesty, addressing them]—Fear nothing. [*He bends down and takes hold of Hannele's hand. He speaks with the deepest tenderness.*] The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. [*With intensity and assured power.*] Johanna Mattern, arise!

[*A gold-green radiance fills the room. Hannele opens her eyes, and raises herself by aid of the Stranger's hand, but without daring to look in his face. She steps out of the coffin, and at once sinks to the ground at the feet of the Awakener. Terror seizes upon all the others, and they flee. The Stranger and Hannele remain alone. The brown mantle has slipped from his shoulders, and he stands in a golden-white robe.*]

Stranger [tenderly]—Hannele!

Hannele [in an ecstasy, her head bowed as low as possible]—He is there.

Stranger—Who am I?

Hannele—Thou!

Stranger—Name my name.

Hannele [whispers, trembling with awe]—Holy! holy!

Stranger—I know all thy sorrows and thy sufferings.

Hannele—Thou dear, dear—

Stranger—Arise.

Hannele—Thy robe is spotless. I am full of stains.

Stranger [laying his right hand on Hannele's head]—Thus I take away all baseness from thee. [*Raising her face toward him with gentle force, he touches her eyes.*] Behold, I bestow on thine eyes eternal light. Let them be filled with the light of countless suns; with the light of endless day, from morning-glow to evening-glow, from evening-glow to morning-glow. Let them be filled with the brightness of all that shines: blue sea, blue sky, and the green plains of eternity. [*He touches her ear.*] Behold, I give to thine ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. [*He touches her lips.*]

Behold, I set free thy stammering tongue, and lay upon it thy soul, and my soul, and the soul of God in the highest.

[Hannele, her whole body trembling, attempts to rise. As though weighed down by an infinite burden of rapture, she cannot do so. In a storm of sobs and tears, she buries her head on the Stranger's breast.]

Stranger—With these tears I wash from thy soul all the dust and anguish of the world. I will exalt thy feet above the stars of God.

To soft music, and stroking Hannele's hair with his hand, the Stranger speaks as follows. As he is speaking Angelic Forms appear in the doorway, great and small, youths and maidens; they pause diffidently, then venture in, swinging censers and decorating the chamber with hangings and wreaths.

The City of the Blessèd is marvelously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.

[Harps, at first played softly, gradually ring out loud and clear.]

The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so white, so white, are all bestrewn with
flowers,
And endless peals of wedding bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide,
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride.
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly air,
With fragrance all a-quiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestic forever they are winging,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free.
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast array, forever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea filled with the red, red wine,
Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all a-shine—
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,
Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus's blessèd blood.

THE ARTIST AND THE PRIEST

From (The Sunken Bell.)

HEINRICH — Who pays me for my work? Oh, Father! Father!
 Would you give joy to joy — add gold to gold? . . .
 If I so named it, and the name you love —
 Call my great work — a chime! . . . But 'tis a chime
 Such as no minster in the world has seen.
 Loud and majestic is its mighty voice.
 Even as the thunder of a storm it sounds,
 Rolling and crashing o'er the meads in Spring.
 Ay, in the tumult of its trumpet-tones,
 All the church-bells on earth it shall strike dumb.
 All shall be hushed, as through the sky it rings
 The glad new Gospel of the new-born light!

.
 Eternal Sun!¹ Thy children, and my children,
 Know thee for Father, and proclaim thy power.
 Thou, aided by the kind and gentle rain,
 Didst raise them from the dust and give them health!
 So now — their joy triumphant they shall send
 Singing along thy clear, bright path to Heaven!
 And now, at last, like the gray wilderness
 That thou hast warmed, and mantled with thy green,
 Me thou hast kindled into sacrifice!
 I offer thee myself, and all I am! . . .
 O Day of Light — when, from the marble halls
 Of my fair Temple, the first waking peal
 Shall shake the skies — when, from the sombre clouds
 That weighed upon us through the winter night,
 Rivers of jewels shall go rushing down
 Into a million hands outstretched to clutch!
 Then all who drooped, with sudden power inflamed,
 Shall bear their treasure homeward to their huts,
 There to unfurl, at last, the silken banners,
 Waiting — so long, so long — to be upraised,
 And, pilgrims of the Sun, draw near the Feast!

.
 O, Father, that great Day! . . . You know the tale
 Of the lost Prodigal? . . . It is the Sun

¹In the German the Sun is feminine. The original passage has consequently been modified.

That bids his poor, lost children to my Feast.
 With rustling banners, see the swelling host
 Draw nearer, and still nearer to my Temple.
 And now the wondrous chime again rings out,
 Filling the air with such sweet, passionate sound
 As makes each breast to sob with rapturous pain.
 It sings a song, long lost and long forgotten,
 A song of home — a childlike song of Love,
 Born in the waters of some fairy well —
 Known to all mortals, and yet heard of none!
 And as it rises, softly first, and low,
 The nightingale and dove seem singing, too;
 And all the ice in every human breast
 Is melted, and the hate, and pain, and woe,
 Stream out in tears.

Then shall we all draw nearer to the Cross,
 And, still in tears, rejoice, until at last
 The dead Redeemer, by the Sun set free,
 His prisoned limbs shall stir from their long sleep,
 And, radiant with the joy of endless youth,
 Come down, Himself a youth, into the May!

[Heinrich's enthusiasm has swelled as he has spoken the foregoing speech, till at last it has become ecstatic. He walks to and fro. Rautendelein, who has been silently watching him all this time, showing her love and adoration by the changing expression of her face, now approaches Heinrich, with tears in her eyes, kneels beside him, and kisses his hand. The Vicar has listened to Heinrich with growing pain and horror. Towards the end of Heinrich's speech he has contained himself with difficulty. After a brief pause he answers. At first he speaks with enforced calm. Gradually, however, his feeling carries him away.]

The Vicar — And now, dear Master, I have heard you out:
 Now every syllable those worthy men
 Had told me of your state, alas, is proved.
 Yea, even to the story of this chime of bells.
 I cannot tell you all the pain I feel! . . .
 A truce to empty words! If here I stand,
 'Tis not because I thirsted for your marvels.
 No! 'Tis to help you in your hour of need!

Heinrich — My need? . . . And so you think I am in need?
The Vicar — Man! Man! Bestir yourself. Awake! You dream!
 A dreadful dream, from which you'll surely wake
 To everlasting sorrow. Should I fail
 To rouse you with God's wise and holy words,
 You are lost, ay, lost forever, Master Heinrich!
Heinrich — I do not think so.

The Vicar — What saith the Good Book?¹
 «Those whom He would destroy, He first doth blind.»
Heinrich — If God so willed it — you'd resist in vain.
 Yet, should I own to blindness,
 Filled as I feel myself with pure, new life,
 Bedded upon a glorious morning cloud,
 Whence with new eyes I drink in all the heavens;
 Why, then, indeed, I should deserve God's curse,
 And endless Darkness.

The Vicar — Master Heinrich — friend,
 I am too humble to keep pace with you.
 A simple man am I — a child of Earth:
 The superhuman lies beyond my grasp.
 But one thing I do know, though you forget,
 That wrong is never right, nor evil, good.
Heinrich — And Adam did not know so much in Eden!
The Vicar — Fine phrases, sounding well, but meaningless.
 They will not serve to cloak your deadly sin.
 It grieves me sore — I would have spared you this.
 You have a wife, and children . . .

Heinrich — Well — what more?
The Vicar — You shun the church, take refuge in the mountains;
 This many a month you have not seen the home
 Where your poor wife sits sighing, while, each day,
 Your children drink their lonely mother's tears!

[A long pause.]

Heinrich [with emotion] —

Could I but wipe away those sorrowful tears,
 How gladly would I do it! . . . But I cannot.
 In my dark hours, I've dugged into my soul,
 Only to feel, I have no power to dry them.
 I who am now all love, in love renewed,
 Out of the overflowing wealth I own,
 May not fill up their cup! For, lo, my wine
 Would be to them but bitter gall and venom!
 Should he whose hand is as the eagle's claw

¹So it stands in the original.

Stroke a sick child's wet cheek? . . . Here none but God
Could help!

The Vicar —

For this there is no name but madness,
And wicked madness. Yes. I speak the truth.
Here stand I, Master, overcome with horror
At the relentless cruelty of your heart.
Now Satan, aping God, hath dealt a blow —
Yes, I must speak my mind — a blow so dread
That even he must marvel at his triumph.
That work, Almighty God, whereof he prates —
Do I not know 't? . . . 'Tis the most awful crime
Ever was hatched within a heathen brain!
Far rather would I see the dreadful plagues
Wherewith the Lord once scourged rebellious Egypt
Threaten our Christendom, than watch your Temple
Rise to the glory of Beelzebub.
Awake! Arise! Come back, my son, to Christ!
It is not yet too late. Cast out this witch!
Renounce this wanton hag — ay, cast her out!
This elf, this sorceress, this cursèd sprite!
Then in a trice, the evil spell shall fade
And vanish into air. You shall be saved!
What time I fevered lay, a prey to death,
She came, and raised me up, and made me well.
'Twere better you had died — than live like this!
Why, as to that, think even as you will.
But, as for me — I took life's burden up.
I live anew, and, till death comes, must thank
Her who did give me life.

Heinrich —

The Vicar —

Heinrich —

The Vicar —

Now — I have done!
Too deep, yea to the neck, you are sunk in sin!
Your Hell, decked out in beauty as high Heaven,
Shall hold you fast. I will not waste more words.
Yet mark this, Master: witches make good fuel,
Even as heretics, for funeral-pyres.
Vox populi, vox Dei! Your ill deeds,
Heathen, and secret once, are now laid bare.
Horror they wake, and soon there shall come hate.
So it may happen that the storm, long curbed,
All bounds shall overleap, and that the people
Whom you have outraged in their holiest faith,
Shall rise against you in their own defense,
And crush you ruthlessly!

[Pause.]

Heinrich [calmly] —

And now hear me . . .

I fear you not! . . . Should they who panting lie
Dash from my hand the cup of cooling wine
I bore to them: if they would rather thirst —
Why, then, it is their will — perhaps their fate —
And none may justly charge me with their act.
I am no longer thirsty. I have drunk.
If it is fitting that, of all men, you —
Who have closed your eyes against the truth — should
be

The man who now assails so hatefully
The blameless cup-bearer, and flings the mud
Of Darkness 'gainst his soul, where all is light:
Yet I am I! . . . What I would work, I know.
And if, ere now, full many a faulty bell
My stroke has shattered, once again will I
Swing my great hammer for a mightier blow,
Dealt at another bell the mob has made —
Fashioned of malice, gall, and all ill things,
Last but not least among them ignorance.

The Vicar —

Then, go your way! Farewell. My task is done.
The hemlock of your sin no man may hope
To rid your soul of. May God pity you!
But this remember! There's a word named rue!
And some day, some day, as your dreams you dream,
A sudden arrow, shot from out the blue,
Shall pierce your breast! And yet you shall not die,
Nor shall you live. In that dread day you'll curse
All you now cherish — God, the world, your work,
Your wretched self you'll curse. Then . . . think of
me!

Heinrich —

Had I a fancy to paint phantoms, Vicar,
I'd be more skillful in the art than you.
The things you rave of never shall come true,
And I am guarded well against your arrow.
No more it frets me, nor my heart can shake,
Than that old bell, which in the water rolled —
Where it lies buried now, and hushed — forever!

The Vicar —

That bell shall toll again! Then think of me!

THE PRINCELY LEPER

From (Henry of Auë.)

HARTMANN — My lord and friend! My dear and gracious lord!
 Let me beseech thee to make clear thy thoughts.
 I beg of thee! If that some unknown grief
 Gnaws at thy heart in such mysterious wise,
 Then put an end to this secretiveness,
 That I with thee, my friend and master, may
 Take up my arms against this hidden foe.
 What cruel blow was dealt thee?

Henry [with a calming gesture, uttering the words with difficulty] —

Naught, my friend.

No blow was dealt me. Tell me: Was not Gehazi
 A servant of Elisha?

Hartmann —

My dear lord . . .

Henry —

Dost thou know why I ask this of thee, Hartmann?

Hartmann —

Nay, lord, I am unlearned in Holy Writ.

Henry —

By Candlemas thou'lt know it well enough.

[A silence.]

Have patience with me, O my valiant friend!
 'Tis a confessor's trade. Let it suffice thee
 To know that I on pilgrimage am bound.
 Swiftly like unto him who Mecca seeks,
 But ask not to what stead.

Hartmann —

Lord Henry, not

As friend should speak to friend, thy words to me.
 But 'tis my duty still to search and ask,
 Nor to desist while any way is left
 Of questioning, to rest not till I learn
 What gnaws in secret at thy health and heart.
 What blow was it, what mischief dire that thrust
 Thee sudden from thy chosen path? Thou stood'st
 Magnificently in the triumphant light
 Of joyance. Oh, thy foot did scarcely press
 The earth on which thou trodest, and it seemed
 As though an angel held his shield o'er thee
 In joust and battle, in all trials and deeds.
 Far faring in God's honor didst thou come
 Homeward, thyself with honor richly deckt.
 Fame heralded thy coming. But instead
 Of gathering the glad harvest of thy deeds,

Thy golden ears rot in the abandoned field.
 Was not the emperor's hand stretched out in grace
 Above thee? Did not his full heart pour forth
 Its gratitude? Did not his favor grant
 Thee noblest meed — a daughter of the house
 Of Hohenstaufen? Speak, oh, speak at last!
 Why didst thou flee, in the high name of God,
 Into this solitude, spurning thy fate,
 And leaving that which nevermore returns.

Henry [turns and looks at him with great and sorrowful eyes. When he begins to speak his voice is husky and he is forced to begin anew.] —

Life is a brittle vessel, O my friend,
 The Koran saith, and look ye, it is true.
 And I have learned the truth. I would not live
 In a blown egg's void shell. Wouldst thou exalt
 The glory and the grandeur that are man,
 Or call him even in God's image made?
 Scratch him but with a tailor's shears — he bleeds!
 Prick him but gently with a cobbler's awl
 Where the pulse beats, or here, or there, or here,
 And swiftly, irresistibly, will gush
 Even like a liberated fountain, forth
 His pride, his joy, his noble soul and sense,
 Divine illusion, all his love and hate
 And wealth and glory and guerdon of his deeds —
 All, all, in brief, that he, blind error's slave,
 Did deem his very own! Be emperor, sultan, pope,
 A naked body huddled in a shroud
 Art thou — to-day, to-morrow, cold therein and still!
 Thus speaks the darkest mood.

Hartmann —

Henry —

Once it was light!

Ah, dancing, well-nigh I unlearned to walk;
 Echoing songs of praise my lips forgot
 Almost the use of speech, and all my life
 Turned heavenward in unfaltering faith — one joy,
 One prayer, one brimming reverence to God!
 But faring home, home, in the idle dream
 Of divine nearness, my soul jubilant
 With song seraphic — with the exalted deed
 Behind me, with the consecrated sword —
 Afar, already, lay upon my track,
 Whining, the foul hounds of my fate, their maws
 Snapping the empty air in greed of blood.

Find me the huntsman who did set them on,
That I exact my vengeance!

[He has arisen and walks about. Ottegebe brings in the parchments and waits in silence.]

Henry —

Hear my words!

Hartmann —

Henchman of priests I am not and not priest,
Thou knowest it. But into my soul thy words
So strange, so dreadful, strike like living fire.
Whatever fate has met thee, whatsoever
The Eternal Judge has unto thee decreed —
Bow in humility! Take up thy cross!

Henry —

I am the emperor's vassal and with him
Once from the Cardinal of Ostia
Took the crusader's cross. It stayed with me.
Once it was only stitched upon my coat,
Since it has grown deep into flesh and blood,
And only death, some day — what wouldst thou
more? —

Will cleave me and my cross asunder! Friend,
Spare me thy lamentations; they are lost
Upon me at this tide.

[To Ottegebe.]

Go, little spouse!

I thank thee but I do not need thee more.
If thou wouldst knit me gloves of snowy wool,
Haste thee! Easily may they come too late.
Go! What I must reveal unto this knight,
Is meet for his ears only, not for thine.

[Exit Ottegebe.]

'Tis well. This parchment from my table brought
Contains whatever Henry, Count of Auë,
May still desire in your world . . . Be still,
My friend, break not into my speech. Be wary
To give good heed to these last words of mine;
For thou shalt be my messenger and place
This script into my Uncle Bernard's hands.
'Tis my last will — be silent, O my friend!
Hasty and rash is man, the Koran saith. —
What has befallen me . . . what I have suffered . . .
Seek not to know. Think that new wisdom came
In vision to me; ask not what it was,

Nor how mine eyes waxed clear. Oh, take no thought!

Thy pious spirit cannot fare so far
 Into life's waste, that thou canst fathom it.
 Let be! Who loves me will no farther ask.
 What knowledge will avail is here set down.
 Leave me what mine is, and let that suffice!
 But I will set forth on my wandering,
 Freely, O friend, on the appointed way,
 And without faltering, straight! — For that I should
 Like other cripples, line the public streets,
 Or writhe, another Lazarus, in the mire,
 Flaunt high my shame and glory in my sores,
 And croak for dogs to lick them for mine ease,
 Is not recorded in the Book of Fate.
 And were it so, by God, I'd blot it out! —
 Farewell! And when a year hath passed away,
 Then is my sorrow dead by just that space,
 And o'er my lamentable grave the rain
 In many, many mild balsamic showers
 Has rustled gently down. — Farewell! Farewell!

[After a brief unearthly pause, he breaks out.]

But now I bid thee gather thy clean garb
 About thee, friend and flee! I tell thee, flee!
 Shake from thy feet the poisoned dust and flee!
 And if a man would seize thee by the coat,
 Leave the rent raiment in his hand and flee
 And flee and flee!

Hartmann [in utter consternation] —

What words are those, dear lord?

Henry —

I tell thee, flee! Look not behind but flee!
 Touch not my hand, but flee! Touch not my hand!
 For I have been so blessèd by high heaven,
 That I must spew destruction round about!
 Oh, I am such a hero that brave men
 Flee my unweaponed hand; my very touch
 Breeds evil more detestable than death.
 The maiden whom my lightest glance has brushed
 Dies of the utter loathliness thereof!

[Ottegebe has entered. Pale as a waxen image, she follows Henry's wild outburst with quivering lips and fixed eyes.]

Hartmann —*Henry* —

Come to thy senses, lord! Thou ravest — mad!
 Grasp a tree's heavy branch or thy sword's hilt,
 Whatever is at hand, and strike me down!
 Deliver thyself and me of me at once!
 What is't ye do when a mad, slaving cur
 Invades your courtyard in the light of the day?
 Why do ye linger? Haste ye! Oh, be brave!

[*Gottfried and Brigitta rush in.*]

Henry —

All of ye, all of ye, come and behold:
 Henry of Auë, who thrice upon each day
 Bathed his white limbs, who blew each speck of dust
 From sleeve and collar — this proud prince and lord
 And man and fop is with Job's boils and soreness
 Now blessed from his sole unto his crown!
 Still living he became a carrion mass,
 Hurl'd on the loathly refuse-heap of earth,
 Where he may gather him a broken shard
 To scratch his scabs withal!

[*In Ottegebe's face there has gradually appeared, rising from her inmost soul, a strange, joyous, rapt ecstasy. As Henry breaks down, there is wrung from her soul a cry of the blessedness of liberation. She throws herself at Henry's feet and covers his hands with kisses.*]

Ottegebe —

O dearest lord!

Lord, my dear lord! Think of the Lamb of God!
 I know . . . I will . . . and I can bear thy sins!
 Oh, I have vowed it! Thou shalt be redeemed!

FATHER AND SON

From (Michael Kramer.)

KRAMER remains standing, groans heavily, grasps his forehead, and then begins to walk up and down in the foreground. It is evident that it takes all his will power to become master of his profound emotion and to suppress a moan of spiritual pain. After several struggles he controls himself. He opens the hangings and speaks through them — Arnold, I simply wanted to talk to you. [Arnold comes slowly forward. He has a gay-colored tie on and betrays other attempts at foppishness.] Why are you so tricked out?

Arnold — How?

Kramer — I mean your red tie, for instance.

Arnold — Why?

Kramer — I'm not used to seeing such things on you. You had better let them be, Arnold. — Have you made your designs?

Arnold — What designs, father? I don't know of any.

Kramer — H-m. To be capable of forgetting such things! You have forgotten. Well, if it's not too much trouble, perhaps you wouldn't mind trying to think a little.

Arnold — Oh, yes; you mean those for the cabinet-maker?

Kramer — Yes, those for the cabinet-maker, for all I care. It's not to the purpose what they were for. So I suppose you haven't made much progress with them? Say: No, quite simply, please. Don't think of excuses. But how do you pass your time?

Arnold [*feigning astonishment*] — I work, father.

Kramer — What do you work at?

Arnold — I draw, I paint — the usual thing.

Kramer — I thought you were wasting your days. I am glad to know that I've been deceived. Furthermore, I won't keep watch on you any longer. I'm not your gaoler. — And I want to take the opportunity of telling you that, if you have anything on your heart, I am, after all — if you don't mind my saying it — your father. Do you understand? Remember that, please.

Arnold — But I haven't anything on my heart, father.

Kramer — I didn't say you had. I made no such assertion. I said: *If* you have! In that case I might be of some little help to you. I know the world somewhat more thoroughly than you do. I was trying to take a precaution; do you understand? — You were away from home again last night. You are ruining yourself. You are making yourself ill. Take care of your health. A sound body means

a sound spirit; a sound life means sound art. Where were you so long yesterday? Never mind; it doesn't concern me after all. I don't want to know what you don't care to tell me. Tell me voluntarily or be silent.

Arnold — I was out of town with Alfred Fränkel.

Kramer — Is that so? Where? In Pirscham, or where?

Arnold — No; over by Scheitnig and thereabouts.

Kramer — And you were both there all night?

Arnold — No, later we were at Fränkel's house.

Kramer — Until four o'clock in the morning?

Arnold — Yes, almost until four. Then we took a stroll through the streets.

Kramer — You and Fränkel? You two alone? Then you're very great friends indeed. And what do you do together when you sit there while other people are in their beds?

Arnold — We smoke and talk about art.

Kramer — Is that so? . . . Arnold, you're a lost soul!

Arnold — Why?

Kramer — You're a lost soul! You're depraved to the very core.

Arnold — You've said that more than once.

Kramer — Yes, yes; I have been forced to say it to you. I have been forced to say it a hundred times and, what is worse, I have felt it. Arnold. Prove to me that I am lying; prove to me that I am doing you wrong! I'll kiss your feet in gratitude.

Arnold — It doesn't much matter what I say, I believe . . .

Kramer — What? That you *are* rotten?

[Arnold, *very pale, shrugs his shoulders.*]

Kramer — And what's to be the end of it all, if that's true?

Arnold [*in a cold and hostile voice*] — I don't know that myself, father.

Kramer — But I know! You're going straight to your ruin!

[*He walks about violently, stops at the window, holding his hands behind him and tapping his foot nervously to the floor.*]

[*Arnold, his face ashy pale and distorted, grasps his hat and moves toward the door. As he presses the knob of the door, Kramer turns around.*]

Kramer — Have you nothing else to say to me?

[*Arnold releases the knob. He has hardened himself and peers watchfully at his father.*]

Kramer — Arnold, does nothing stir in you at all this? Do you not feel how we are all in torment for your sake? Say something! Defend yourself? Speak to me as man to man! Or as friend to friend! I am willing! Do I wrong you? Teach me to deal more justly, then; but speak! You can speak out like the rest of us. Why do you always slink away from me? You know how I despise cowardice! Say: My father is a tyrant. My father torments me and worries me; my father is at me like a fiend! Say that, but say it out openly. Tell me how I can do better by you! I will try to improve, I give you my word of honor. Or do you think that I am in the right in all I say?

Arnold [*strangely unmoved and indifferent*] — Maybe it's true that you're right.

Kramer — Very well, if that is your opinion. Won't you, then, try to do better? Arnold, here I give you my hand. There; take it; I want to help you. Let me be your comrade; let me be your friend at the eleventh hour. But don't deceive yourself! The eleventh hour has come; it has come now! Pull yourself together; rise above yourself! You need only to will it and it can be done. Take the first step toward good; the second and the third will cost no effort. Will you? Won't you try to be better, Arnold?

Arnold [*with feigned surprise*] — Yes, but how? In what respect?

Kramer — In all respects . . .

Arnold [*bitterly and significantly*] — I don't object. Why should I? I'm not very comfortable in my own skin.

Kramer — I gladly believe that you're not comfortable. You haven't the blessing of labor. It is that blessing, Arnold, that you must strive for. You have alluded to your person! [*He takes down the death mask of Beethoven.*] Look, look at this mask! Child of God, dig for the treasures of your soul! Do you believe *he* was handsome? Is it your ambition to be a fop? Or do you believe that God withdraws himself from you because you are near sighted and not straight? You can have so much beauty within you that the fops round about you must seem beggars in comparison. — Arnold, here is my hand. Do you hear? Confide in me this one time. Don't hide yourself from me; be open with me — for your own sake, Arnold! What do I care after all, where you were last night. But tell me, do you hear, tell me for your sake! Perhaps you will learn to see me as I truly am. Well, then: Where were you last night?

Arnold [*after a pause, deathly pale, with visible struggles*] — Why . . . I've told you already, father.

Kramer — I have forgotten what you said. So: Where were you? I don't ask you in order to punish you. I ask you for the sake of truth itself! Prove yourself truthful! That is all!

Arnold [*with bold front, defiantly*] — Why, I was with Alfred Fränkel.

Kramer — Is that so?

Arnold [*wavering again*] — Why, where should I have been?

Kramer — You are not my son! You can't be my son! Go! Go! My gorge rises at you! My gorge . . . !

[*Arnold slinks out at once.*]

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JULIAN HAWTHORNE

(1846--)



R. HAWTHORNE is to be added to the group of men who enter into active literary life with the handicap of being the sons of authors of such high distinction that only a brave struggle insures individuality. The only son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, he was born in Boston in 1846, the same year that gave to the American reading public 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' His early boyhood was passed in Liverpool during his father's consulate, but on the return of the family to America after 1860, Julian became a pupil in the famous school of Frank Sanborn in Concord. He entered Harvard in 1863, where he was, on the whole, more distinguished for athletics than for application to study. He took a course in civil engineering both at Harvard and in Dresden, and even practiced that congenial outdoor occupation and practical hydrographics for some years, until literature as a profession engrossed him.

His first successful story was 'Bressant' (1872), the forerunner of a long list of novels, of which may be particularized three: 'Garth' (1875), 'Sebastian Strome,' and 'Archibald Malmaison' (1884). Mr. Hawthorne made his home in London for about

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

seven years, actively engaged in literary work in connection with the English and the American press. He returned to the United States in 1882, but presently went across the ocean again with an idea of remaining in England indefinitely; and of late years his homes have been London, Long Island, and the island of Jamaica,—in which last convenient West-Indian retreat he resided for several seasons prior to 1896. His novel 'A Fool of Nature,' which won him in 1896 a prize of \$10,000 in a literary competition arranged by the New York Herald (the contest enlisting eleven hundred other competitors), was written in that West-Indian hermitage.

Mr. Hawthorne's best work suggests more than one element that distinguishes his father's stories. There is the psychologic accent, the touch of mystery, the avoidance of the stock properties of romance.

He is an expert literary craftsman. One cannot but feel that with a firmer grip on his own fancy, and with an early discipline in style and in methods of treatment, his fictions would be of a finer individuality. But they hold the interest, and they show an aim at reaching beyond the scope of the ordinary novel of human character. 'Garth' and 'Archibald Malmaison' have been cited as perhaps his two most successful novels. Into 'Garth' is woven the history of a New England home and family line, with a kind of curse upon them inherited from the shadowy past of Indian days; and the career of a curiously fascinating young hero, a survival or reincarnation of "primeval man," who declares that he feels "as though the earth were my body and I saw through it and lived through it, just as I do my human body; . . . and then I was as strong as the whole world and as happy as heaven." In 'Archibald Malmaison' we have a brief, gloomy drama, turning on a central character whose mental personality every few years inevitably and shockingly "reverts." At seven years the little boy goes back to his boyhood of two or three, forgetting everything that has been in his mind and life since that term; in his early teens he lapses to nearly his development at mere babyhood, with the intervening time a blank. At last, a man grown, this weird fatality, combined with his knowledge of a hidden room (known only to himself) in his home, and a mad love affair, bring about a terrible misadventure, closing the story.

THE EAST WING: ARCHIBALD IS A CHANGELING

From 'Archibald Malmaison.' Copyright 1884, by Funk & Wagnalls

THE room itself was long, narrow, and comparatively low; the latticed windows were sunk several feet into the massive walls; lengths of brownish-green and yellow tapestry, none the fresher for its two centuries and more of existence, still protested against the modern heresy of wall-paper; and in a panel frame over the fireplace was seen the portrait, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of the Jacobite baronet. It was a half-length, in officer's uniform: one hand holding the hilt of a sword against the breast, while the forefinger of the other hand pointed diagonally downward, as much as to say, "I vanished in that direction!"

The fireplace, it should be noted, was built on the side of the room opposite to the windows; that is to say, in one of the partition walls. And what was on the other side of this partition? Not the large chamber opening into the corridor—that lay at right angles

to the east chamber, along the southern front of the wing. Not the corridor either, though it ran for some distance parallel to the east chamber, and had a door on the east side. But this door led into a great dark closet, as big as an ordinary room, and used as a receptacle for rubbish. Was it the dark closet, then, that adjoined the east chamber on the other side of the partition? No, once more. Had a window been opened through the closet wall, it would have looked, not into Archibald's room, but into a narrow blind court or well, entirely inclosed between four stone walls, and of no apparent use save as a somewhat clumsy architectural expedient. There was no present way of getting into this well, or even of looking into it, unless one had been at the pains to mount on the roof of the house and peer down. As a matter of fact, its existence was only made known by the reports of an occasional workman engaged in renewing the tiles, or mending a decayed chimney. An accurate survey of the building would of course have revealed it at once; but nothing of the kind had been thought of within the memory of man. Such a survey would also have revealed what no one in the least suspected, but which was nevertheless a fact of startling significance; namely, that the blind court was at least fifteen feet shorter and twenty-five feet narrower *than it ought to have been!*

Archibald was as far from suspecting it as anybody; indeed, he most likely never troubled his head about builders' plans in his life. But he thought a great deal of his great-grandfather's portrait; and since it was so placed as to be in view of the most comfortable chair before the fire, he spent many hours of every week gazing at it. What was Sir Charles pointing at with that left forefinger? And what meant that peculiarly intent and slightly frowning glance which the painted eyes forever bent upon his own? Archibald probably had a few of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances along with the other valuable books on his shelves, and he may have cherished a notion that a treasure or an important secret of some sort was concealed in the vicinity. Following down the direction of the pointing finger, he found that it intersected the floor at a spot about five feet to the right of the side of the fireplace. The floor of the chamber was of solid oak planking, blackened by age; and it appeared to be no less solid at this point than at any other. Nevertheless, he thought it would be good fun, and at all events would do no

harm, to cut a hole there and see what was underneath. Accordingly he quietly procured a saw and a hammer and chisel, and one day, when the family were away from home, he locked himself into his room and went to work. The job was not an easy one, the tough oak wood being almost enough to turn the edge of his chisel, and there being no purchase at all for the saw. After a quarter of an hour's chipping and hammering with very little result, he paused to rest. The board at which he had been working, and which met the wall at right angles, was very short, not more than eighteen inches long, indeed; being inserted merely to fill up the gap caused by a deficiency in length of the plank of which it was the continuation. Between the two adjoining ends was a crack of some width, and into that crack did Archibald idly stick his chisel. It seemed to him that the crack widened, so that he was able to press the blade of the chisel down to its thickest part. He now worked it eagerly backward and forward, and to his delight, the crack rapidly widened still further; in fact, the short board was sliding back underneath the wainscot. A small oblong cavity was thus revealed, into which the young discoverer glowered with beating heart and vast anticipations.

What he found could scarcely be said to do those anticipations justice; it was neither a casket of precious stones, nor a document establishing the family right of ownership of the whole county of Sussex. It was nothing more than a tarnished rod of silver, about nine inches in length, and twisted into an irregular sort of corkscrew shape. One end terminated in a broad flat button; the other in a blunted point. There was nothing else in the hole—nothing to show what the rod was meant for, or why it was so ingeniously hidden there. And yet, reflected Archibald, could it have been so hidden, and its place of concealment so mysteriously indicated, without any ulterior purpose whatever? It was incredible! Why, the whole portrait was evidently painted with no other object than that of indicating the rod's whereabouts. Either, then, there was or had been something else in the cavity in addition to the rod, or the rod was intended to be used in some way still unexplained. So much was beyond question.

Thus cogitated Archibald; that is to say, thus he might have cogitated, for there is no direct evidence of what passed through his mind. And in the first place, he made an exhaustive

examination of the cavity, and convinced himself not only that there was nothing else except dust to be got out of it, but also that it opened into no other cavity which might prove more fruitful. His next step was to study the silver rod, in the hope that scrutiny or inspiration might suggest to him what it was good for. His pains were rewarded by finding on the flat head the nearly obliterated figures 3 and 5, inscribed one above the other in the manner of a vulgar fraction,—thus, $\frac{3}{5}$; and by the conviction that the spiral conformation of the rod was not the result of accident, as he had at first supposed, but had been communicated to it intentionally, for some purpose unknown. These conclusions naturally stimulated his curiosity more than ever, but nothing came of it. The boy was a clever boy, but he was not a detective trained in this species of research, and the problem was beyond his ingenuity. He made every application of the figures 3 and 5 that imagination could suggest; he took them in feet, in inches, in yards; he added them together, and he subtracted one from the other: all in vain. The only thing he did not do was to take any one else into his confidence; he said not a word about the affair even to Kate, being resolved that if there were a mystery it should be revealed, at least in the first instance, to no one else besides himself. At length, after several days spent in fruitless experiments and loss of temper, he returned the rod to its hiding-place, with the determination to give himself a rest for a while and see what time and accident would do for him. This plan, though undoubtedly prudent, seemed likely to effect no more than the others; and over a year passed away without the rod's being again disturbed. By degrees his thoughts ceased to dwell so persistently upon the unsolved puzzle, and other interests took possession of his mind. The tragedy of his aunt's death, his love for Kate, his studies, his prospects—a hundred things gave him occupation, until the silver rod was half forgotten.

In the latter part of 1813, however, he accidentally made a rather remarkable discovery.

He had for the first time been out hunting with his father and the neighboring country gentlemen in the autumn of this year, and it appears that on two occasions he had the brush awarded to him. At his request the heads of the two foxes were mounted for him, and he proposed to put them up on either side his fireplace.

The wall, above and for a few inches to the right and left of the mantelpiece, was bare of tapestry; the first-named place being occupied by the portrait, while the sides were four feet up the oaken wainscot which surrounded the whole room behind the tapestry, and from thence to the ceiling, plaster. The mantelpiece and fireplace were of a dark slaty stone and of brick, respectively.

Archibald fixed upon what he considered the most effective positions for his heads—just above the level of the wainscot, and near enough to the mantelpiece not to be interfered with by the tapestry. He nailed up one of them on the left-hand side, the nails penetrating with just sufficient resistance in the firm plaster; and then, measuring carefully to the corresponding point on the right-hand side, he proceeded to affix the other head there. But the nail on this occasion could not be made to go in; and on his attempting to force it with a heavier stroke of the hammer, it bent beneath the blow and the hammer came sharply into contact with the white surface of the wall, producing a clinking sound as from an impact on metal.

A brief investigation now revealed the fact that a circular disk of iron, about three inches in diameter, and painted white to match the plaster, was here let into the wall. What could be the object of it? With a fresh nail the boy began to scratch off the paint from the surface of the disk, in order to determine whether it were actually iron, or some other metal; in so doing a small movable lid like the screen of a keyhole was pushed aside, disclosing a little round aperture underneath. Archibald pushed the nail into it, thereby informing himself that the hole went straight into the wall, for a distance greater than the length of the nail; but how much greater, and what was at the end of it, he could only conjecture.

We must imagine him now standing upon a chair with the nail in his hand, casting about in his mind for some means of probing this mysterious and unexpected hole to the bottom. At this juncture he happens to glance upward, and meets the intent regard of his pictured ancestor, who seems to have been silently watching him all this time, and only to be prevented by unavoidable circumstances from speaking out and telling him what to do next. And there is that constant forefinger pointing—at what? At the cavity in the floor, of course, but not at that alone; for if you observe, this same new-found hole in the wall is a third point

in the straight line between the end of the forefinger and the hiding-place of the silver rod; furthermore, the hole is, as nearly as can be estimated without actual measurement, three feet distant from the forefinger and five feet from the rod: the problem of three above and five below has solved itself in the twinkling of an eye, and it only remains to act accordingly!

Archibald sprang to the floor in no small excitement; but the first thing that he did was to see that both his doors were securely fastened. Then he advanced upon the mystery with heightened color and beating heart, his imagination reveling in the wildest forecasts of what might be in store; and anon turning him cold with sickening apprehension lest it should prove to be nothing after all! But no: something there must be, some buried secret, now to live once more for him, and for him only; the secret whereof dim legends had come down through the obscurity of two hundred years; the secret too of old Sir Charles in the frame yonder, the man of magic repute. What could it be? Some talisman, some volume of the Black Art, perhaps, which would enable him to vanish at will into thin air, and to travel with the speed of a wish from place to place; to become a veritable enchanter, endowed with all supernatural powers. With hands slightly tremulous from eagerness he pushed back the bit of plank and drew forth the silver rod; then mounted on the chair and applied it to the hole, which it fitted accurately. Before pushing it home he paused a moment.

In all the stories he had read, the possessors of magic secrets had acquired the same only in exchange for something supposed to be equally valuable; namely, their own souls. It was not to be expected that Archibald would be able to modify the terms of the bargain in his own case: was he then prepared to pay the price? Every human being, probably, is called upon to give a more or less direct answer to this question at some epoch of their lives; and were it not for curiosity and skepticism, and an unwillingness to profit by the experience of others, very likely that answer might be more often favorable to virtue than it actually is. Archibald did not hesitate long. Whether he decided to disbelieve in any danger; whether he resolved to brave it whatever it might be; or whether, having got thus far, he had not sufficient control over his inclinations to resist going further,—at all events he drew in his breath, set his boyish lips, and drove the silver rod into the aperture with right good will.

It turned slowly as it entered, the curve of its spiral evidently following the corresponding windings of the hole. Inward it twisted like a snake, until only some two inches still projected. As the searcher after forbidden mysteries continued to press, something seemed to give way within; and at the same instant an odd shuffling sound caused him to glance sharply over his left shoulder.

What was the matter with the mantelpiece? The whole of the right jamb seemed to have started forward nearly a foot, while the left jamb had retired by a corresponding distance into the wall; the hearth, with the fire burning upon it, remained meanwhile undisturbed. At first Archibald imagined that the mantelpiece was going to fall, perhaps bringing down the whole partition with it; but when he had got over the first shock of surprise sufficiently to make an examination, he found that the entire structure of massive gray stone was swung upon a concealed pivot, round which it turned independently of the brickwork of the fireplace. The silver rod had released the spring by which the mechanism was held in check, and an unsuspected doorway was thus revealed, opening into the very substance of the apparently solid wall. On getting down from his chair, he had no difficulty in pulling forward the jamb far enough to satisfy himself that there was a cavity of unknown extent behind. And from out of this cavity breathed a strange dry air, like the sigh of a mummy. As for the darkness in there, it was almost substantial, as of the central chamber in the great Pyramid.

Archibald may well have had some misgivings, for he was only a boy, and this happened more than sixty years ago, when ghosts and goblins had not come to be considered such indefensible humbugs as they are now. Nevertheless, he was of a singularly intrepid temperament, and besides, he had passed the turning-point in this adventure a few minutes ago. Nothing, therefore, would have turned him back now. Come what might of it, he would see this business to an end.

It was however impossible to see anything without a light; it would be necessary to fetch one of the rush candles from the table in the corridor. It was a matter of half a minute for the boy to go and return; then he edged himself through the opening, and was standing in a kind of vaulted tunnel directly behind the fireplace, the warmth of which he could feel when he laid his hand on the bricks on that side. The tunnel, which

extended along the interior of the wall toward the left, was about six feet in height by two and a half in width. Archibald could walk in it quite easily.

But in the first place he scrutinized the mechanism of the revolving mantelpiece. It was an extremely ingenious and yet simple device, and so accurately fitted in all its parts that after so many years, they still worked together almost as smoothly as when new. After Archibald had poured a little of his gun-oil into the joints of the hinges, and along the grooves, he found that the heavy stone structure would open and close as noiselessly and easily as his own jaws. It could be opened from the inside by using the silver rod in a hole corresponding to that on the outside: and having practiced this opening and shutting until he was satisfied that he was thoroughly master of the process, he put the rod in his pocket, pulled the jamb gently together behind him, and candle in hand set forth along the tunnel.

After walking ten paces, he came face-up against a wall lying at right angles to the direction in which he had been moving. Peering cautiously round the corner, he saw at the end of a shallow embrasure a ponderous door of dark wood braced with iron, standing partly open with a key in the keyhole, as if some one had just come out, and in his haste had forgotten to shut and lock the door behind him. Archibald now slowly opened it to its full extent; it creaked as it moved, and the draught of air made his candle flicker, and caused strange shadows to dance for a moment in the unexplored void beyond. In another breath Archibald had crossed the threshold and arrived at the goal of his pilgrimage.

At first he could see very little; but there could be no doubt that he was in a room which seemed to be of large extent, and for the existence of which he could by no means account. The reader, who has been better informed, will already have assigned it its true place in that unexplained region mentioned some pages back, between the blind court and the east chamber. Groping his way cautiously about, Archibald presently discerned a burnished sconce affixed to the wall, in which having placed his candle, the light was reflected over the room, so that the objects it contained stood dimly forth. It was a room of fair extent and considerable height, and was apparently furnished in a style of quaint and sombre magnificence, such as no other apartment in Malmaison could show. The arched ceiling was supported by

vast oaken beams; the floor was inlaid with polished marbles. The walls, instead of being hung with tapestry, were painted in distemper with life-size figure subjects, representing, as far as the boy could make out, some weird incantation scene. At one end of the room stood a heavy cabinet, the shelves of which were piled with gold and silver plate, richly chased, and evidently of great value. Here in fact seemed to have been deposited many of the precious heirlooms of the family, which had disappeared during the Jacobite rebellions, and were supposed to have been lost. The cabinet was made of ebony inlaid with ivory, as was also a broad round table in the centre of the room. In a niche opposite the cabinet gleamed a complete suit of sixteenth-century armor; and so dry was the atmosphere of the apartment that scarce a spot of rust appeared upon the polished surface, which however, like every other object in the room, was overlaid with fine dust. A bed, with embroidered coverlet and heavy silken curtains, stood in a deep recess to the left of the cabinet. Upon the table lay a number of papers and parchments, some tied up in bundles, others lying about in disorder. One was spread open, with a pen thrown down upon it, and an antique ink-horn standing near; and upon a stand beside the bed was a gold-enameled snuff-box, with its lid up, and containing, doubtless, the dusty remnant of some George II. rappee.

At all these things Archibald gazed in thoughtful silence. This room had been left, at a moment's warning, generations ago; since then this strange dry air had been breathed by no human nostrils, these various objects had remained untouched and motionless; nothing but time had dwelt in the chamber: and yet what a change, subtle but mighty, had been wrought! Mere stillness, mere absence of life, was an appalling thing, the boy thought. And why had this secret been suffered to pass into oblivion? and why had fate selected him to discover it? and now, what use would he make of it? "At all events," said the boy to himself, "it has become my secret, and shall remain mine; and no fear but the occasion will come when I shall know what use to make of it." He felt that meanwhile it would give him power, security, wealth also, if he should ever have occasion for it; and with a curious sentiment of pride he saw himself thus mystically designated as the true heir of Malmaison,—the only one of his age and generation who had been permitted to stand on an equality with those historic and legendary ancestors to whom the

secret of this chamber had given the name and fame of wizards. Henceforth Archibald was as much a wizard as they.

Or—might there after all be a power in necromancy that he yet dreamed not of? Was it possible that even now those old enchanters held their meetings here, and would question his right to force his way among them?

As this thought passed through the boy's mind, he was moving slowly forward, his eyes glancing now here, now there, when all at once the roots of his hair were stirred with an emotion which, if not fear, was certainly far removed from tranquillity. From the darkest corner of the room he had seen a human figure silently and stealthily creeping toward him. Now, as he fixed his eyes upon it, it stopped, and seemed to return his stare. His senses did not deceive him: there it stood, distinctly outlined, though its features were indistinguishable by reason of the shadow that fell upon them. But what living thing—living with mortal life at least—could exist in a room that had been closed for sixty years?

Now certainly this Archibald, who had not yet completed his fourteenth year, possessed a valiant soul. That all his flesh yearned for instant flight does not admit of a doubt; and had he fled, this record would never have been written. Fly however he would not, but would step forward rather, and be resolved what manner of goblin confronted him. Forward therefore he stepped; and behold! the goblin was but the reflection of himself in a tall mirror, which the obscurity and his own agitation had prevented him from discerning. The revulsion of feeling thus occasioned was so strong that for a moment all strength forsook the boy's knees; he stumbled and fell, and his forehead struck the corner of the ebony cabinet. He was on his feet again in a moment, but his forehead was bleeding, and he felt strangely giddy. The candle too was getting near its end; it was time to bring this first visit to a close. He took the candle from the sconce, passed out through the door, traversed the tunnel, and thrust the silver key into the keyhole. The stone door yielded before him; he dropped what was left of the candle, and slipped through the opening into broad daylight.

The first object his dazzled eyes rested upon was the figure of Miss Kate Battledown. In returning from his visit to the corridor he must have forgotten to lock the room door after him. She was standing with her back toward him, looking out

of the window, and was apparently making signs to some one outside.

Noiselessly Archibald pushed the mantelpiece back into place; thanks to the oiling he had given the hinges, no sound betrayed the movement. The next moment Kate turned round, and seeing him, started and cried "Oh!"

"Good-morning, Mistress Kate," said Archibald.

"Archibald!"

"Well?"

"You were not here a moment ago!"

"Well?"

"Then how did you get here?"

Archibald made a gesture toward the door leading to the covered stairway.

"No—no!" said Kate; "it is locked, and the key is on this side." She had been coming toward him, but now stopped and regarded him with terror in her looks.

"What is the matter, Kate?"

"You are all over blood, Archibald! What has happened? Are you . . . oh, what are you?" She was ready to believe him a ghost.

"What am I?" repeated the boy sluggishly. That odd giddiness was increasing, and he scarcely knew whether he were asleep or awake. Who was he, indeed? What had happened? Who was that young woman in front of him? What . . .

"Archibald! Archie! Speak to me! Why do you look so strangely?"

"Me not know oo!" said Archie, and began to cry.

Mistress Kate turned pale, and began to back toward the door.

"Me want my kittie!" blubbered Archie.

Kate stopped. "You want me?"

"Me want my 'ittle kittie—my 'ittle b'indled kittie! Dey put my kittie in de hole in de darden! Me want her to p'ay wiz!" And with this, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, poor Archie toddled forward with the uncertain step and outstretched arms of a little child. But Kate had already gained the door, and was running screaming across the next room, and so down the long corridor.

Poor Archie toddled after, his baby heart filled with mourning for the brindled cat that had been buried in the back garden seven years before.—Seven years? or was it only yesterday?



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804-1864)

BY HENRY JAMES

IT IS perhaps an advantage in writing of Nathaniel Hawthorne's work, that his life offers little opportunity to the biographer. The record of it makes so few exactions that in a critical account of him—even as brief as this—the work may easily take most of the place. He was one of those happy men of letters in whose course the great milestones are simply those of his ideas that found successful form. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, on July 4th, 1804, of established local Puritan—and in a conspicuous degree, sturdy seafaring—stock, he was educated at his birthplace and at Bowdoin College, Maine, where H. W. Longfellow was one of his fellow-students. Another was Franklin Pierce, who was to be elected President of the United States in 1852, and with whom Hawthorne formed relations that became an influence in his life. On leaving college in 1825 he returned to Salem to live, and in 1828 published in Boston a short romance called 'Fanshawe,' of which the scene, in spite of its being a "love story," is laid, but for a change of name, at Bowdoin, with professors and undergraduates for its male characters. The experiment was inevitably faint, but the author's beautiful touch had begun to feel its way. In 1837, after a dozen years spent in special solitude, as he later testified, at Salem, he collected as the first series of 'Twice-Told Tales' various more or less unremunerated contributions to the magazines and annuals of the day. In 1845 appeared the second series, and in 1851 the two volumes were, with a preface peculiarly graceful and touching, reissued together; he is in general never more graceful than when prefatory. In 1851 and 1854 respectively came to light 'The Snow Image' and 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' which form, with the previous double sheaf, his three main gatherings-in of the shorter fiction. I neglect, for brevity and as addressed to children, 'Grandfather's Chair' and 'The Wonder Book' (1851), as well as 'Tanglewood Tales' (1852). Of the other groups, some preceded, some followed, the appearance in 1850 of his second novel, 'The Scarlet Letter.'

These things—the experiments in the shorter fiction—had sounded, with their rare felicity, from the very first the note that was to be Hawthorne's distinguished mark,—that feeling for the latent romance

of New England, which in summary form is the most final name to be given, I think, to his inspiration. This element, which is what at its best his genius most expresses, was far from obvious,—it had to be looked for; and Hawthorne found it, as he wandered and mused, in the secret play of the Puritan faith: the secret, I say particularly, because the direct and ostensible, face to face with common tasks and small conditions (as I may call them without prejudice to their general grimness), arrived at forms of which the tender imagination could make little. It could make a great deal, on the other hand, of the spiritual contortions, the darkened outlook, of the ingrained sense of sin, of evil, and of responsibility. There had been other complications in the history of the community surrounding him,—savages from behind, soldiers from before, a cruel climate from every quarter and a pecuniary remittance from none. But the great complication was the pressing moral anxiety, the restless individual conscience. These things were developed at the cost of so many others, that there were almost no others left to help them to make a picture for the artist. The artist's imagination had to deck out the subject, to work it up, as we nowadays say; and Hawthorne's was,—on intensely chastened lines, indeed,—equal to the task. In that manner it came into exercise from the first, through the necessity of taking for granted, on the part of the society about him, a life of the spirit more complex than anything that met the mere eye of sense. It was a question of looking behind and beneath for the suggestive idea, the artistic motive; the effect of all of which was an invaluable training for the faculty that evokes and enhances. This ingenuity grew alert and irrepressible as it manœuvred for the back view and turned up the under side of common aspects,—the laws secretly broken, the impulses secretly felt, the hidden passions, the double lives, the dark corners, the closed rooms, the skeletons in the cupboard and at the feast. It made, in short, and cherished, for fancy's sake, a mystery and a glamour where there were otherwise none very ready to its hand; so that it ended by living in a world of things symbolic and allegoric, a presentation of objects casting, in every case, far behind them a shadow more curious and more amusing than the apparent figure. Any figure therefore easily became with him an emblem, any story a parable, any appearance a cover: things with which his concern is—gently, indulgently, skillfully, with the lightest hand in the world—to pivot them round and show the odd little stamp or sign that gives them their value for the collector.

The specimens he collected, as we may call them, are divisible into groups, but with the mark in common that they are all early products of the dry New England air. Some are myths and mysteries of old Massachusetts,—charming ghostly passages of colonial,

history. Such are 'The Grey Champion,' 'The Maypole of Merry Mount,' the four beautiful 'Legends of the Province House.' Others, like 'Roger Malvin's Burial,' 'Rappaccini's Daughter,' 'Young Goodman Brown,' are "moralities" without the moral, as it were; small cold apologues, frosty and exquisite, occasionally gathered from beyond the sea. Then there are the chapters of the fanciful all for fancy's sake, of the pure whimsical, and of observation merely amused and beguiled; pages, many of them, of friendly humorous reflections on what, in Salem or in Boston, a dreamer might meet in his walks. What Hawthorne encountered he instinctively embroidered, working it over with a fine, slow needle, and with flowers pale, rosy, or dusky, as the case might suggest. We have a handful of these in 'The Great Carbuncle' and 'The Great Stone Face,' 'The Seven Vagabonds,' 'The Threefold Destiny,' 'The Village Uncle,' 'The Toll Gatherer's Day,' 'A Rill from the Town Pump,' and 'Chippings with a Chisel.' The inequalities in his work are not, to my sense, great; and in specifying, we take and leave with hesitation.

'The Scarlet Letter,' in 1850, brought him immediate distinction, and has probably kept its place not only as the most original of his novels, but as the most distinguished piece of prose fiction that was to spring from American soil. He had received in 1839 an appointment to a small place in the Boston custom-house, where his labors were sordid and sterile, and he had given it up in permissible weariness. He had spent in 1841 near Roxbury, Massachusetts, a few months in the co-operative community of Brook Farm, a short-lived socialistic experiment. He had married in the following year and gone to live at the old Manse at Concord, where he remained till 1846, when, with a fresh fiscal engagement, he returned to his native town. It was in the intervals of his occupation at the Salem custom-house that 'The Scarlet Letter' was written. The book has achieved the fortune of the small supreme group of novels: it has hung an ineffaceable image in the portrait gallery, the reserved inner cabinet, of literature. Hester Prynne is not one of those characters of fiction whom we use as a term of comparison for a character of fact: she is almost more than that,—she decorates the museum in a way that seems to forbid us such a freedom. Hawthorne availed himself, for her history, of the most striking anecdote the early Puritan chronicle could give him,—give him in the manner set forth by the long, lazy Prologue or Introduction, an exquisite commemoration of the happy dullness of his term of service at the custom-house, where it is his fancy to pretend to have discovered in a box of old papers the faded relic and the musty documents which suggested to him his title and his theme.

It is the story as old as the custom of marriage,—the story of the husband, the wife, and the lover; but bathed in a misty, moon-shiny light, and completely neglecting the usual sources of emotion. The wife, with the charming child of her guilt, has stood under the stern inquisitorial law in the public pillory of the adulteress; while the lover, a saintly young minister, undetected and unbetrayed, has in an anguish of pusillanimity suffered her to pay the whole fine. The husband, an ancient scholar, a man of abstruse and profane learning, finds his revenge years after the wrong, in making himself insidiously the intimate of the young minister, and feeding secretly on the remorse, the inward torments, which he does everything to quicken but pretends to have no ground for suspecting. The march of the drama lies almost wholly in the malignant pressure exercised in this manner by Chillingworth upon Dimmesdale; an influence that at last reaches its climax in the extraordinary penance of the subject, who in the darkness, in the sleeping town, mounts, himself, upon the scaffold on which, years before, the partner of his guilt has undergone irrevocable anguish. In this situation he calls to him Hester Prynne and her child, who, belated in the course of the merciful ministrations to which Hester has now given herself up, pass, among the shadows, within sight of him; and they in response to his appeal ascend for a second time to the place of atonement, and stand there with him under cover of night. The scene is not complete, of course, till Chillingworth arrives to enjoy the spectacle and his triumph. It has inevitably gained great praise, and no page of Hawthorne's shows more intensity of imagination; yet the main achievement of the book is not what is principally its subject,—the picture of the relation of the two men. They are too faintly—the husband in particular—though so fancifully figured. 'The Scarlet Letter' lives, in spite of too many cold *conceits*,—Hawthorne's general danger,—by something noble and truthful in the image of the branded mother and the beautiful child. Strangely enough, this pair are almost wholly outside the action; yet they preserve and vivify the work.

'The House of the Seven Gables,' written during a residence of two years at Lenox, Massachusetts, was published in 1851. If there are probably no four books of any author among which, for a favorite, readers hesitate longer than between Hawthorne's four longest stories, there are at any rate many for whom this remains distinctly his largest and fullest production. Suffused as it is with a pleasant autumnal haze, it yet brushes more closely than its companions the surface of American life, comes a trifle nearer to being a novel of manners. The manners it shows us indeed are all interfused with the author's special tone, seen in a slanting afternoon light; but

detail and illustration are sufficiently copious; and I am tempted for my own part to pronounce the book, taking subject and treatment together, and in spite of the position as a more concentrated classic enjoyed by 'The Scarlet Letter,' the closest approach we are likely to have to the great work of fiction, so often called for, that is to do us nationally most honor and most good. The subject reduced to its essence, indeed, accounts not quite altogether for all that there is in the picture. What there is besides is an extraordinary charm of expression, of sensibility, of humor, of touch. (The question is that of the mortal shrinkage of a family once uplifted, the last spasm of their starved gentility and flicker of their slow extinction. In the haunted world of Hawthorne's imagination the old Pyncheon house, under its elm in the Salem by-street, is the place where the ghosts are most at home. (Ghostly even are its actual tenants, the ancient virgin Hepzibah, with her turban, her scowl, her creaking joints, and her map of the great territory to the eastward belonging to her family,—reduced, in these dignities, to selling profitless pennyworths over a counter; and the bewildered bachelor Clifford, released, like some blinking and noble *détenué* of the old Bastille, from twenty years of wrongful imprisonment. We meet at every turn, with Hawthorne, his favorite fancy of communicated sorrows and inevitable atonements. Life is an experience in which we expiate the sins of others in the intervals of expiating our own. The heaviest visitation of the blighted Pyncheons is the responsibility they have incurred through the misdeeds of a hard-hearted witch-burning ancestor. This ancestor has an effective return to life in the person of the one actually robust and successful representative of the race,—a bland, hard, showy, shallow "ornament of the bench," a massive hypocrite and sensualist, who at last, though indeed too late, pays the penalty and removes the curse. The idea of the story is at once perhaps a trifle thin and a trifle obvious,—the idea that races and individuals may die of mere dignity and heredity, and that they need for refreshment and cleansing to be, from without, breathed upon like dull mirrors. But the art of the thing is exquisite, its charm irresistible, its distinction complete. 'The House of the Seven Gables,' I may add, contains in the rich portrait of Judge Pyncheon a character more solidly suggested than—with the possible exception of the Zenobia of 'The Blithedale Romance'—any other figure in the author's list.

Weary of Lenox, Hawthorne spent several months of 1852 at West Newton near Boston, where 'The Blithedale Romance' was brought forth. He made the most, for the food of fancy, of what came under his hand,—happy in an appetite that could often find a feast in meagre materials. The third of his novels is an echo, delightfully poetized, of his residence at Brook Farm. "Transcendentalism" was

in those days in New England much in the air; and the most comprehensive account of the partakers of this quaint experiment appears to have been held to be that they were Transcendentalists. More simply stated, they were young, candid radicals, reformers, philanthropists. The fact that it sprang—all irresponsibly indeed—from the observation of a known episode, gives 'The Blithedale Romance' also a certain value as a picture of manners; the place portrayed, however, opens quickly enough into the pleasantest and idlest dream-world. Hawthorne, we gather, dreamed there more than he worked; he has traced his attitude delightfully in that of the fitful and ironical Coverdale, as to whom we wonder why he chose to rub shoulders quite so much. We think of him as drowsing on a hillside with his hat pulled over his eyes, and the neighboring hum of reform turning in his ears, to a refrain as vague as an old song. One thing is certain: that if he failed his companions as a laborer in the field, it was only that he might associate them with another sort of success.

We feel, however, that he lets them off easily, when we think of some of the queer figures and queer nostrums then abroad in the land, and which his mild satire—incurring none the less some mild reproach—fails to grind in its mill. ¶ The idea that he most tangibly presents is that of the unconscious way in which the search for the common good may cover a hundred interested impulses and personal motives; the suggestion that such a company could only be bound together more by its delusions, its mutual suspicions and frictions, than by any successful surrender of self. The book contains two images of large and admirable intention: that of Hollingsworth the heavy-handed radical, selfish and sincere, with no sense for jokes, for forms, or for shades; and that of Zenobia the woman of "sympathies," the passionate patroness of "causes," who plays as it were with revolution, and only encounters embarrassment. ¶ Zenobia is the most graceful of all portraits of the strong-minded of her sex; borrowing something of her grace, moreover, from the fate that was not to allow her to grow old and shrill, and not least touching from the air we attribute to her of looking, with her fine imagination, for adventures that were hardly, under the circumstances, to be met. We fill out the figure, perhaps, and even lend to the vision something more than Hawthorne intended. Zenobia was, like Coverdale himself, a subject of dreams that were not to find form at Roxbury; but Coverdale had other resources, while she had none but her final failure. Hawthorne indicates no more interesting aspect of the matter than her baffled effort to make a hero of Hollingsworth, who proves, to her misfortune, so much too inelastic for the part. All this, as we read it to-day, has a soft, shy glamour, a touch of the poetry of

far-off things. Nothing of the author's is a happier expression of what I have called his sense of the romance of New England.

In 1853 Franklin Pierce, then President, appointed him consul at Liverpool, which was the beginning of a residence of some seven years in England and in Italy, the period to which we owe 'The Marble Faun' and 'Our Old Home.' The material for the latter of these was the first to be gathered; but the appearance of 'The Marble Faun,' begun in Rome in 1858 and finished during a second stay in England, preceded that of its companion. This is his only long drama on a foreign stage. Drawn from his own air, however, are much of its inspiration and its character. Hawthorne took with him to Italy, as he had done to England, more of the old Puritan consciousness than he left behind. The book has been consecrated as a kind of manual of Roman sights and impressions, brought together indeed in the light of a sympathy always detached and often withheld; and its value is not diminished by its constant reference to an order of things of which, at present, the yearning pilgrim—before a board for the most part swept bare—can only pick up the crumbs.

The mystical, the mythical, are in 'The Marble Faun' more than ever at hide-and-seek with the real. The author's fancy for freakish correspondences has its way, with Donatello's points of resemblance to the delightful statue in the Capitol. What he offers us is the history of a character blissfully immature, awakening to manhood through the accidental, the almost unconscious, commission of a crime. For the happy youth before his act—the first complete act of his life—there have been no unanswered questions; but after it he finds himself confronted with all the weary questions of the world. This act consists of his ridding of an obscure tormentor—the obscurity is rather a mistake—a woman whom he loves, and who is older, cleverer, and more acquainted with life than himself. The humanizing, the moralizing of the faun, is again an ingenious conceit; but it has had for result to have made the subject of the process—and the case is unique in Hawthorne's work—one of those creations of the story-teller who give us a name for a type. There is a kind of young man whom we have now only to call a Donatello, to feel that we sufficiently classify him. It is a part of the scheme of the story to extend to still another nature than his the same sad initiation. A young woman from across the Atlantic, a gentle copyist in Roman galleries of still gentler Guidos and Guercinos, happens to have caught a glimpse, at the critical moment, of the dismal secret that unites Donatello and Miriam. This, for her, is the tree of bitter knowledge, the taste of which sickens and saddens her. The burden is more than she can bear, and one of the most charming passages in the book describes how at last, at a summer's end, in sultry solitude, she

stops at St. Peter's before a confessional, and Protestant and Puritan as she is, yields to the necessity of kneeling there and ridding herself of her obsession. Hawthorne's young women are exquisite; Hilda is a happy sister to the Phoebe of 'The House of the Seven Gables' and the Priscilla of 'The Blithedale Romance.'

The drama in 'The Marble Faun' none the less, I think, is of an effect less complete than that of the almost larger element that I can only call the landscape and the spirit. Nothing is more striking than the awkward grace with which the author utters, without consenting to it,—for he is full of half-amiable, half-angry protest and prejudice,—the message, the mystery of the medium in which his actors move. Miriam and her muffled bandit have faded away, and we have our doubts and even our fears about Kenyon and his American statuary; but the breath of old Rome, the sense of old Italy, still meet us as we turn the page, and the book will long, on the great sentimental journey, continue to peep out of most pockets.

He returned to America in 1860, settled once more at Concord, and died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in the arms of Franklin Pierce, in 1864. At home, with the aid of many memories and of the copious diaries ultimately published by his wife and children, he brought forth, one by one, the chapters eventually collected under the title of 'Our Old Home.' The American 'Note Books,' the English, and the French and Italian, were given to the world after his death,—in 1868, 1870, and 1871 respectively; and if I add to these the small "campaign" 'Life of Franklin Pierce' (1852), two posthumous fragments, 'Septimius Felton' and 'The Dolliver Romance,' and those scraps and shreds of which his table drawers were still more exhaustively emptied, his literary catalogue—none of the longest—becomes complete.

The important item in this remainder is the close, ripe cluster, the series presented by himself, of his impressions of England. These admirable papers, with much of the same fascination, have something of the same uncomforted note with which he had surrendered himself to the charm of Italy: the mixture of sensibility and reluctance, of response and dissent, the strife between his sense of beauty and his sense of banishment. He came to the Old World late in life—though after dabbling for years, indeed, in the fancied phenomena of time, and with inevitable reserves, mistrusts, and antagonisms. The striking thing to my sense, however, is not what he missed but what he so ingeniously and vividly made out. If he had been, imaginatively, rather old in his youth, he was youthful in his age; and when all is said, we owe him, as a contribution to the immemorial process of lively repartee between the mother land and the daughter, the only pages of the business that can be said to belong to pure

literature. He was capable of writing 'The Marble Faun,' and yet of declaring, in a letter from Rome, that he bitterly detested the place and should rejoice to bid it farewell for ever. Just so he was capable of drawing from English aspects a delight that they had yielded not even to Washington Irving, and yet of insisting, with a perversity that both smiled and frowned, that they rubbed him mainly all the wrong way. At home he had fingered the musty, but abroad he seemed to pine for freshness. In truth, for many persons his great, his most touching sign will have been his aloofness wherever he is. He is outside of everything, and an alien everywhere. He is an æsthetic solitary. His beautiful, light imagination is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky window. It was a faculty that gave him much more a terrible sense of human abysses than a desire rashly to sound them and rise to the surface with his report. On the surface—the surface of the soul and the edge of the tragedy—he preferred to remain. He lingered, to weave his web, in the thin exterior air. This is a partial expression of his characteristic habit of dipping, of diving just for sport, into the moral world without being in the least a moralist. He had none of the heat nor of the dogmatism of that character; none of the impertinence, as we feel he would almost have held it, of any intermeddling. He never intermeddled; he was divertedly and discreetly contemplative, pausing oftenest wherever, amid prosaic aspects, there seemed most of an appeal to a sense for subtleties. But of all cynics he was the brightest and kindest, and the subtleties he spun are mere silken threads for stringing polished beads. His collection of moral mysteries is the cabinet of a dilettante.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Henry James". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke at the bottom that extends to the right.

[All the following selections from Hawthorne's works are made from the authorized editions, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and are reprinted by their permission.]

SALEM AND THE HAWTHORNES

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

THIS old town of Salem—my native place, though I have dwelt much away from it, both in boyhood and maturer years—possesses or did possess a hold on my affections, the force of which I have never realized during my seasons of actual

residence here. Indeed, so far as its physical aspect is concerned, with its flat, unvaried surface, covered chiefly with wooden houses, few or none of which pretend to architectural beauty; its irregularity, which is neither picturesque nor quaint, but only tame; its long and lazy street, lounging wearisomely through the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end and a view of the almshouse at the other,—such being the features of my native town, it would be quite as reasonable to form a sentimental attachment to a disarranged checker-board. And yet, though invariably happiest elsewhere, there is within me a feeling for old Salem, which in lack of a better phrase I must be content to call affection. The sentiment is probably assignable to the deep and aged roots which my family has struck into the soil. It is now nearly two centuries and a quarter since the original Briton, the earliest emigrant of my name, made his appearance in the wild and forest-bordered settlement which has since become a city. And here his descendants have been born and died, and have mingled their earthly substance with the soil, until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to the mortal frame wherewith for a little while I walk the streets. In part, therefore, the attachment which I speak of is the mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust. Few of my countrymen can know what it is; nor, as frequent transplantation is perhaps better for the stock, need they consider it desirable to know.

But the sentiment has likewise its moral quality. The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me, and induces a sort of home feeling with the past, which I scarcely claim in reference to the present phase of the town. I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned progenitor,—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trode the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace,—a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard and my face hardly known. He was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil. He was likewise a bitter persecutor; as witness the Quakers, who have remembered him in their histories, and relate an incident of his hard severity towards a woman of their sect which will last longer, it is to be

feared, than any record of his better deeds, although these were many. His son too inherited the persecuting spirit, and made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of the witches that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him. So deep a stain indeed that his old dry bones, in the Charter Street burial-ground, must still retain it, if they have not crumbled utterly to dust! I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties, or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race for many a long year back would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed.

Doubtless, however, either of these stern and black-browed Puritans would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins, that after so long a lapse of years the old trunk of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne as its topmost bough an idler like myself. No aim that I have ever cherished would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine—if my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success—would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. "What is he?" murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to the other. "A writer of story-books! What kind of a business in life, what mode of glorifying God or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation, may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" Such are the compliments bandied between my great-grandsires and myself, across the gulf of time! And yet, let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine.

Planted deep in the town's earliest infancy and childhood by these two earnest and energetic men, the race has ever since subsisted here; always too in respectability: never, so far as I have known, disgraced by a single unworthy member; but seldom or never, on the other hand, after the first two generations, performing any memorable deed, or so much as putting forward a claim to public notice. Gradually they have sunk almost out of sight; as old houses, here and there about the streets, get covered half-way to the eaves by the accumulation of new soil. From father

to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale, which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy also in due time passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world wanderings, to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with the natal earth. This long connection of a family with one spot, as its place of birth and burial, creates a kindred between the human being and the locality, quite independent of any charm in the scenery or moral circumstances that surround him. It is not love, but instinct. The new inhabitant—who came himself from a foreign land, or whose father or grandfather came—has little claim to be called a Salemite; he has no conception of the oyster-like tenacity with which an old settler, over whom his third century is creeping, clings to the spot where his successive generations have been imbedded. It is no matter that the place is joyless for him; that he is weary of the old wooden houses, the mud and dust, the dead level of site and sentiment, the chill east wind, and the chilliest of social atmospheres;—all these, and whatever faults besides he may see or imagine, are nothing to the purpose. The spell survives, and just as powerfully as if the natal spot were an earthly Paradise.

So has it been in my case. I felt it almost as a destiny to make Salem my home; so that the mold of features and cast of character which had all along been familiar here,—ever, as one representative of the race lay down in his grave, another assuming as it were his sentry march along the main street,—might still in my little day be seen and recognized in the old town. Nevertheless, this very sentiment is an evidence that the connection, which has become an unhealthy one, should at last be severed. Human nature will not flourish, any more than a potato, if it be planted and replanted for too long a series of generations in the same worn-out soil. My children have had other birth-places, and so far as their fortunes may be within my control, shall strike their roots into unaccustomed earth.

THE MINISTER'S VIGIL

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

SHORTLY afterwards, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break, and find him there. The neighborhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then, the morning light still waxing stronger, old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth with his King James's ruff fastened askew; and Mistress Hibbins with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night ride; and good Father Wilson too, after spending half the night at a death-bed, and liking ill to be disturbed thus early out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither likewise would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolized their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms; which now, by-the-by, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantily have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great

peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute—he recognized the tones of little Pearl.

“Pearl! little Pearl!” cried he after a moment’s pause; then, suppressing his voice,—“Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?”

“Yes, it is Hester Prynne!” she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the sidewalk, along which she had been passing. “It is I, and my little Pearl.”

“Whence come you, Hester?” asked the minister. “What sent you hither?”

“I have been watching at a death-bed,” answered Hester Prynne; “at Governor Winthrop’s death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.”

“Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,” said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. “Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!”

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child’s other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

“Minister!” whispered little Pearl.

“What wouldst thou say, child?” asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

“Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noon-tide?” inquired Pearl.

“Nay, not so, my little Pearl,” answered the minister; for with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him, and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which—with a strange joy, nevertheless—he now found himself. “Not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow.”

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast.

"A moment longer, my child!" said he.

"But wilt thou promise," asked Pearl, "to take my hand and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide?"

"Not then, Pearl," said the minister, "but another time."

"And what other time?" persisted the child.

"At the great Judgment Day," whispered the minister,—and strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. "Then and there, before the judgment seat, thy mother, and thou, and I must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!"

Pearl laughed again.

But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night watcher may so often observe burning out to waste in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of midday, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden plots, black with freshly turned earth; the wheel track, little worn, and even in the market-place margined with green on either side,—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between those two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor; as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.

THE CHILD AT THE BROOK-SIDE

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

"**T**HOU wilt love her dearly," repeated Hester Prynne, as she and the minister sat watching little Pearl. "Dost thou not think her beautiful? And see with what natural skill she has made those simple flowers adorn her! Had she gathered pearls and diamonds and rubies in the wood, they could not have become her better. She is a splendid child! But I know whose brow she has!"

"Dost thou know, Hester," said Arthur Dimmesdale with an unquiet smile, "that this dear child, tripping about always at thy side, hath caused me many an alarm? Methought—O Hester, what a thought is that, and how terrible to dread it!—that my own features were partly repeated in her face, and so strikingly that the world might see them! But she is mostly thine!"

"No, no! not mostly!" answered the mother with a tender smile. "A little longer, and thou needest not to be afraid to trace whose child she is. But how strangely beautiful she looks, with those wild flowers in her hair! It is as if one of the fairies whom we left in our dear old England had decked her out to meet us."

It was with a feeling which neither of them had ever before experienced that they sat and watched Pearl's slow advance. In her was visible the tie that united them. She had been offered to the world, these seven years past, as the living hieroglyphic in which was revealed the secret they so darkly sought to hide,—all written in this symbol, all plainly manifest, had there been a prophet or magician skilled to read the character of flame! And Pearl was the oneness of their being. Be the foregone evil what it might, how could they doubt that their earthly lives and future destinies were conjoined, when they beheld at once the material union and the spiritual idea in whom they met and were to dwell immortally together? Thoughts like these—and perhaps other thoughts, which they did not acknowledge or define—threw an awe about the child as she came onward.

"Let her see nothing strange—no passion nor eagerness—in thy way of accosting her," whispered Hester. "Our Pearl is a fitful and fantastic little elf sometimes. Especially she is seldom tolerant of emotion, when she does not fully comprehend the

why and wherefore. But the child hath strong affections. She loves me, and will love thee!"

"Thou canst not think," said the minister, glancing aside at Hester Prynne, "how my heart dreads this interview, and yearns for it! But in truth, as I already told thee, children are not readily won to be familiar with me. They will not climb my knee, nor prattle in my ear, nor answer to my smile; but stand apart and eye me strangely. Even little babes, when I take them in my arms, weep bitterly. Yet Pearl, twice in her little lifetime, hath been kind to me. The first time,—thou knowest it well! The last was when thou led'st her with thee to the house of yonder stern old governor."

"And thou didst plead so bravely in her behalf and mine!" answered the mother. "I remember it; and so shall little Pearl. Fear nothing! She may be strange and shy at first, but will soon learn to love thee."

By this time Pearl had reached the margin of the brook, and stood on the farther side, gazing silently at Hester and the clergyman, who still sat together on the mossy tree trunk waiting to receive her. Just where she had paused the brook chanced to form a pool, so smooth and quiet that it reflected a perfect image of her little figure, with all the brilliant picturesqueness of her beauty, in its adornment of flowers and wreathed foliage, but more refined and spiritualized than the reality. This image, so nearly identical with the living Pearl, seemed to communicate somewhat of its own shadowy and intangible quality to the child herself. It was strange, the way in which Pearl stood looking so steadfastly at them through the dim medium of the forest gloom; herself meanwhile all glorified with a ray of sunshine that was attracted thitherward as by a certain sympathy. In the brook beneath stood another child,—another and the same,—with likewise its ray of golden light. Hester felt herself in some indistinct and tantalizing manner estranged from Pearl; as if the child, in her lonely ramble through the forest, had strayed out of the sphere in which she and her mother dwelt together, and was now vainly seeking to return to it.

There was both truth and error in the impression: the child and mother were estranged, but through Hester's fault, not Pearl's. Since the latter rambled from her side, another inmate had been admitted within the circle of the mother's feelings, and so modified the aspect of them all that Pearl, the returning

wanderer, could not find her wonted place, and hardly knew where she was.

"I have a strange fancy," observed the sensitive minister, "that this brook is the boundary between two worlds, and that thou canst never meet thy Pearl again. Or is she an elfish spirit, who, as the legends of our childhood taught us, is forbidden to cross a running stream? Pray hasten her; for this delay has already imparted a tremor to my nerves."

"Come, dearest child!" said Hester encouragingly, and stretching out both her arms. "How slow thou art! When hast thou been so sluggish before now? Here is a friend of mine, who must be thy friend also. Thou wilt have twice as much love, henceforward, as thy mother alone could give thee! Leap across the brook, and come to us. Thou canst leap like a young deer!"

Pearl, without responding in any manner to these honey-sweet expressions, remained on the other side of the brook. Now she fixed her bright wild eyes on her mother, now on the minister, and now included them both in the same glance, as if to detect and explain to herself the relation which they bore to one another. For some unaccountable reason, as Arthur Dimmesdale felt the child's eyes upon himself, his hand—with that gesture so habitual as to have become involuntary—stole over his heart. At length, assuming a singular air of authority, Pearl stretched out her hand, with the small forefinger extended and pointing evidently towards her mother's breast. And beneath, in the mirror of the brook, there was the flower-girdled and sunny image of little Pearl, pointing her small forefinger too.

"Thou strange child, why dost thou not come to me?" exclaimed Hester.

Pearl still pointed with her forefinger; and a frown gathered on her brow, the more impressive from the childish, the almost baby-like, aspect of the features that conveyed it. As her mother still kept beckoning to her, and arraying her face in a holiday suit of unaccustomed smiles, the child stamped her foot with a yet more imperious look and gesture. In the brook, again, was the fantastic beauty of the image, with its reflected frown, its pointed finger, and imperious gesture, giving emphasis to the aspect of little Pearl.

"Hasten, Pearl, or I shall be angry with thee!" cried Hester Prynne, who, however inured to such behavior on the elf-child's part at other seasons, was naturally anxious for a more seemly

deportment now. "Leap across the brook, naughty child, and run hither; else I must come to thee!"

But Pearl, not a whit startled at her mother's threats any more than mollified by her entreaties, now suddenly burst into a fit of passion, gesticulating violently and throwing her small figure into the most extravagant contortions. She accompanied this wild outbreak with piercing shrieks, which the woods reverberated on all sides; so that, alone as she was in her childish and unreasonable wrath, it seemed as if a hidden multitude were lending her their sympathy and encouragement. Seen in the brook once more was the shadowy wraith of Pearl's image, crowned and girdled with flowers, but stamping its foot, wildly gesticulating, and in the midst of all, still pointing its small forefinger at Hester's bosom!

"I see what ails the child," whispered Hester to the clergyman, and turning pale in spite of a strong effort to conceal her trouble and annoyance. "Children will not abide any, the slightest, change in the accustomed aspect of things that are daily before their eyes. Pearl misses something which she has always seen me wear!"

"I pray you," answered the minister, "if thou hast any means of pacifying the child, do it forthwith! Save it were the cankered wrath of an old witch like Mistress Hibbins," added he, attempting to smile, "I know nothing that I would not sooner encounter than this passion in a child. In Pearl's young beauty, as in the wrinkled witch, it has a preternatural effect. Pacify her, if thou lovest me!"

Hester turned again towards Pearl, with a crimson blush upon her cheek, a conscious glance aside at the clergyman, and then a heavy sigh; while even before she had time to speak the blush yielded to a deadly pallor.

"Pearl," said she sadly, "look down at thy feet! There!—before thee!—on the hither side of the brook!"

The child turned her eyes to the point indicated; and there lay the scarlet letter, so close upon the margin of the stream that the gold embroidery was reflected in it.

"Bring it hither!" said Hester.

"Come thou and take it up!" answered Pearl.

"Was ever such a child!" observed Hester, aside to the minister. "Oh, I have much to tell thee about her! But in very truth, she is right as regards this hateful token. I must bear its

torture yet a little longer,—only a few days longer,—until we shall have left this region and look back hither as to a land which we have dreamed of. The forest cannot hide it! The mid-ocean shall take it from my hand, and swallow it up forever!”

With these words she advanced to the margin of the brook, took up the scarlet letter and fastened it again into her bosom. Hopefully but a moment ago as Hester had spoken of drowning it in the deep sea, there was a sense of inevitable doom upon her as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate. She had flung it into infinite space! she had drawn an hour's free breath!—and here again was the scarlet misery, glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom. Hester next gathered up the heavy tresses of her hair, and confined them beneath her cap. As if there was a withering spell in the sad letter, her beauty, the warmth and richness of her womanhood, departed like fading sunshine; and a gray shadow seemed to fall across her.

When the dreary change was wrought, she extended her hand to Pearl.

“Dost thou know thy mother now, child?” asked she reproachfully, but with a subdued tone. “Wilt thou come across the brook and own thy mother, now that she has her shame upon her,—now that she is sad?”

“Yes; now I will!” answered the child, bounding across the brook and clasping Hester in her arms. “Now thou art my mother indeed! and I am thy little Pearl!”

In a mood of tenderness that was not usual with her, she drew down her mother's head, and kissed her brow and both her cheeks. But then—by a kind of necessity that always impelled this child to alloy whatever comfort she might chance to give with a throb of anguish—Pearl put up her mouth and kissed the scarlet letter too!

“That was not kind!” said Hester. “When thou hast shown me a little love, thou mockest me!”

“Why doth the minister sit yonder?” asked Pearl.

“He waits to welcome thee,” replied her mother. “Come thou, and entreat his blessing! He loves thee, my little Pearl, and loves thy mother too. Wilt thou not love him? Come! he longs to greet thee!”

"Doth he love us?" said Pearl, looking up with acute intelligence into her mother's face. "Will he go back with us, hand in hand, we three together into the town?"

"Not now, my dear child," answered Hester. "But in days to come, he will walk hand in hand with us. We will have a home and fireside of our own; and thou shalt sit upon his knee; and he will teach thee many things, and love thee dearly. Thou wilt love him; wilt thou not?"

"And will he always keep his hand over his heart?" inquired Pearl.

"Foolish child, what a question is that!" exclaimed her mother. "Come and ask his blessing!"

But whether influenced by the jealousy that seems instinctive with every petted child towards a dangerous rival, or from whatever caprice of her freakish nature, Pearl would show no favor to the clergyman. It was only by an exertion of force that her mother brought her up to him, hanging back, and manifesting her reluctance by odd grimaces; of which, ever since her babyhood, she had possessed a singular variety, and could transform her mobile physiognomy into a series of different aspects, with a new mischief in them, each and all. The minister—painfully embarrassed, but hoping that a kiss might prove a talisman to admit him into the child's kindlier regards—bent forward and impressed one on her brow. Hereupon Pearl broke away from her mother, and running to the brook, stooped over it and bathed her forehead, until the unwelcome kiss was quite washed off and diffused through a long lapse of the gliding water. She then remained apart, silently watching Hester and the clergyman; while they talked together, and made such arrangements as were suggested by their new position and the purposes soon to be fulfilled.

And now this fateful interview had come to a close. The dell was to be left a solitude among its dark old trees, which with their multitudinous tongues would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the mystery with which its little heart was already overburdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore.

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

THE eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what should follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a murmur and half-hushed tumult; as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. In a moment more, the crowd began to gush forth from the doors of the church. Now that there was an end, they needed other breath, more fit to support the gross and earthly life into which they relapsed, than that atmosphere which the preacher had converted into words of flame, and had burdened with the rich fragrance of his thought.

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and the market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applauses of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high, and so holy a spirit, as he that spake this day; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvelous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to its purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained; only with this difference, that whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a certain deep sad undertone of pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise

than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes, their minister whom they so loved—and who so loved them all that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh—had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the preacher had produced: it was as if an angel in his passage to the skies had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant,—at once a shadow and a splendor,—and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—as to most men in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them—an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood at this moment on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of the music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession was to be marshaled thence to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently on either side, as the governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned, advanced into the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This—though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the childlike loyalty which the age awarded to its rulers—was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself and in the same breath

caught it from his neighbor. Within the church it had hardly been kept down; beneath the sky it pealed upward to the zenith. There were human beings enough, and enough of highly wrought and symphonious feeling, to produce that more impressive sound than the organ tones of the blast, or the thunder, or the roar of the sea: even that mighty swell of many voices, blended into one great voice by the universal impulse which makes likewise one vast heart out of the many. Never from the soil of New England had gone up such a shout! Never on New England soil had stood the man so honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshiping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy—or say rather the inspiration—which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from heaven, was withdrawn now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly,—yet tottered, and did not fall!

One of his clerical brethren,—it was the venerable John Wilson,—observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously but decidedly repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant, with its mother's arms in view outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold where long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne

had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! and there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister there made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward, onward to the festival!—but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession and advanced to give assistance, judging from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd meanwhile looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was in their view only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the birdlike motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne—slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will—likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd,—or perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region,—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you. Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! methinks thou art too late," answered the minister, encountering his eye fearfully but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was. With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace at this last moment to do what—for my own heavy sin and miserable agony—I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might; with all his own might, and the fiend's! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity who stood more immediately around the clergyman were so taken by surprise and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw, —unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other,—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled therefore to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret, no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me, save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which he hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the

dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life matter—which if full of sin was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal justice.

“People of New England!” cried he, with a voice that rose over them high, solemn, and majestic,—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe,—“ye that have loved me! ye that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last! at last! I stand upon the spot where seven years since I should have stood; here with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment from groveling down upon my face. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!”

It seemed at this point as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness, and still more the faintness of heart, that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

“It was on him!” he continued, with a kind of fierceness, so determined was he to speak out the whole. “God’s eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit mournful because so pure in a sinful world! and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now at the death hour he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester’s scarlet letter. He tells you that with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast; and that even this his own red stigma is no

more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that questioned God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who in the crisis of acutest pain had won a victory. Then down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou too hast deeply sinned."

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly,—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child,—“dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder in the forest! But now thou wilt?”

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief in which the wild infant bore a part had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Toward her mother too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes. Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke! the sin here so awfully revealed! Let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that when

we forgot our God, when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul, it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and he is merciful! He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions: by giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! by sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red heat! by bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever. Praised be his name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange deep voice of awe and wonder which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

HEPZIBAH PYNCHION

From 'The House of the Seven Gables'

ALL this time, however, we are loitering faint-heartedly on the threshold of our story. In very truth, we have an invincible reluctance to disclose what Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon was about to do.

It has already been observed that in the basement story of the gable fronting on the street, an unworthy ancestor nearly a century ago had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade and fell asleep under his coffin-lid, not only the shop door but the inner arrangements had been suffered to remain unchanged; while the dust or ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It treasured itself up too in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth neither more nor less than the hereditary pride which had here been put to shame. Such had been the state and condition of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood, when she and her brother used to play at hide-and-seek in its forsaken precincts. So it had remained until within a few days past.

But now, though the shop window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change had taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobweb, which it had

cost a long ancestral succession of spiders their life's labor to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand. The brown scales too had evidently undergone rigid discipline, in an unavailing effort to rub off the rust, which, alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel,—yea, two or three barrels and half-ditto,—one containing flour, another apples, and a third, perhaps, Indian meal. There was likewise a square box of pine-wood, full of soap in bars; also another of the same size in which were tallow candles, ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split peas, and a few other commodities of low price and such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise. It might have been taken for a ghostly or phantasmagoric reflection of the old shopkeeper Pyncheon's shabbily provided shelves, save that some of the articles were of a description and outward form which could hardly have been known in his day. For instance, there was a glass pickle jar, filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock; not indeed splinters of the veritable stone foundation of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy, neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow, moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance in gingerbread. A party of leaden dragoons were galloping along one of the shelves, in equipments and uniform of modern cut; and there were some sugar figures, with no strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch, but less unsatisfactorily representing our own fashions than those of a hundred years ago. Another phenomenon, still more strikingly modern, was a package of lucifer matches, which in old times would have been thought actually to borrow their instantaneous flame from the nether fires of Tophet.

In short, to bring the matter at once to a point, it was incontrovertibly evident that somebody had taken the shop and fixtures of the long-retired and forgotten Mr. Pyncheon, and was about to renew the enterprise of that departed worthy, with a different set of customers. Who could this bold adventurer be? and of all places in the world, why had he chosen the House of the Seven Gables as the scene of his commercial speculations?

We return to the elderly maiden. She at length withdrew her eyes from the dark countenance of the colonel's portrait, heaved a sigh,—indeed, her breast was a very cave of Æolus that morning,—and stepped across the room on tiptoe, as is the customary gait of elderly women. Passing through an intervening passage, she opened a door that communicated with the shop, just now so elaborately described. Owing to the projection of the upper story—and still more to the thick shadow of the Pyncheon elm, which stood almost directly in front of the gable—the twilight here was still as much akin to night as morning. Another heavy sigh from Miss Hepzibah! After a moment's pause on the threshold, peering towards the window with her near-sighted scowl as if frowning down some bitter enemy, she suddenly projected herself into the shop. The haste, and as it were the galvanic impulse, of the movement were really quite startling.

Nervously—in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say—she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings and other little wares, on the shelves and at the shop window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, ladylike old figure, there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a queer anomaly that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand; a miracle that the toy did not vanish in her grasp; a miserably absurd idea that she should go on perplexing her stiff and sombre intellect with the question how to tempt little boys into her premises. Yet such is undoubtedly her object. Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor, with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk; it has ceased to be an elephant, and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There again she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hepzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position! As her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy, from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her. For here—and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader, it is our own fault, not that of the theme—here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur

in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility. A lady who had fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences, and whose religion it was that a lady's hand soils itself irremediably by doing aught for bread,—this born lady, after sixty years of narrowing means, is fain to step down from her pedestal of imaginary rank. Poverty, treading closely at her heels for a lifetime, has come up with her at last. She must earn her own food, or starve! And we have stolen upon Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, too irreverently, at the instant of time when the patrician lady is to be transformed into the plebeian woman.

In this republican country, amid the fluctuating waves of our social life, somebody is always at the drowning-point. The tragedy is enacted with as continual a repetition as that of a popular drama on a holiday; and nevertheless is felt as deeply, perhaps, as when a hereditary noble sinks below his order. More deeply; since with us, rank is the grosser substance of wealth and a splendid establishment, and has no spiritual existence after the death of these, but dies hopelessly along with them. And therefore, since we have been unfortunate enough to introduce our heroine at so inauspicious a juncture, we would entreat for a mood of due solemnity in the spectators of her fate. Let us behold in poor Hepzibah the immemorial lady,—two hundred years old on this side of the water, and thrice as many on the other,—with her antique portraits, pedigrees, coats of arms, records and traditions, and her claim as joint heiress to that princely territory at the eastward, no longer a wilderness but a populous fertility; born too in Pyncheon Street, under the Pyncheon elm, and in the Pyncheon house, where she has spent all her days,—reduced now in that very house to be the huckstress of a cent-shop!

This business of setting up a petty shop is almost the only resource of women in circumstances at all similar to those of our unfortunate recluse. With her near-sightedness and those tremulous fingers of hers, at once inflexible and delicate, she could not be a seamstress; although her sampler of fifty years gone by exhibited some of the most recondite specimens of ornamental needlework. A school for little children had been often in her thoughts; and at one time she had begun a review of her early studies in the New England Primer, with a view to prepare herself for the office of instructress. But the love of children had

never been quickened in Hepzibah's heart, and was now torpid if not extinct; she watched the little people of the neighborhood from her chamber window, and doubted whether she could tolerate a more intimate acquaintance with them. Besides, in our day the very A B C has become a science, greatly too abstruse to be any longer taught by pointing a pin from letter to letter. A modern child could teach old Hepzibah more than old Hepzibah could teach the child. So, with many a cold, deep heart-quake at the idea of at last coming into sordid contact with the world, from which she had so long kept aloof, while every added day of seclusion had rolled another stone against the cavern door of her hermitage, the poor thing bethought herself of the ancient shop window, the rusty scales, and dusty till. She might have held back a little longer; but another circumstance, not yet hinted at, had somewhat hastened her decision. Her humble preparations therefore were duly made, and the enterprise was now to be commenced. Nor was she entitled to complain of any remarkable singularity in her fate; for in the town of her nativity we might point to several little shops of a similar description: some of them in houses as ancient as that of the seven gables; and one or two, it may be, where a decayed gentlewoman stands behind the counter, as grim an image of family pride as Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon herself.

It was overpoweringly ridiculous,—we must honestly confess it,—the deportment of the maiden lady while setting her shop in order for the public eye. She stole on tiptoe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm-tree with intent to take her life. Stretching out her long, lank arm, she put a paper of pearl buttons, a jew's-harp, or whatever the small article might be, in its destined place, and straightway vanished back into the dusk as if the world need never hope for another glimpse of her. It might have been fancied indeed that she expected to minister to the wants of the community unseen, like a disembodied divinity or enchantress, holding forth her bargains to the reverential and awe-stricken purchaser in an invisible hand. But Hepzibah had no such flattering dream. She was well aware that she must ultimately come forward and stand revealed in her proper individuality; but like other sensitive persons, she could not bear to be observed in the gradual process, and chose rather to flash forth on the world's astonished gaze at once.

The inevitable moment was not much longer to be delayed. The sunshine might now be seen stealing down the front of the opposite house, from the windows of which came a reflected gleam, struggling through the boughs of the elm-tree and enlightening the interior of the shop more distinctly than heretofore. The town appeared to be waking up. A baker's cart had already rattled through the street, chasing away the latest vestige of night's sanctity with the jingle-jangle of its dissonant bells. A milkman was distributing the contents of his cans from door to door, and the harsh peal of a fisherman's conch-shell was heard far off, around the corner. None of these tokens escaped Hepzibah's notice. The moment had arrived. To delay longer would be only to lengthen out her misery. Nothing remained except to take down the bar from the shop door, leaving the entrance free—more than free; welcome, as if all were household friends, to every passer-by whose eyes might be attracted by the commodities of the window. This last act Hepzibah now performed, letting the bar fall with what smote upon her excited nerves as a most astounding clatter. Then, as if the only barrier betwixt herself and the world had been thrown down, and a flood of evil consequences would come tumbling through the gap, she fled into the inner parlor, threw herself into the ancestral elbow-chair, and wept.

Our miserable old Hepzibah! It is a heavy annoyance to a writer who endeavors to represent nature, its various attitudes and circumstances, in a reasonably correct outline and true coloring, that so much of the mean and ludicrous should be hopelessly mixed up with the purest pathos which life anywhere supplies to him. What tragic dignity, for example, can be wrought into a scene like this? How can we elevate our history of retribution for the sin of long ago, when, as one of our most prominent figures, we are compelled to introduce—not a young and lovely woman, nor even the stately remains of beauty, storm-shattered by affliction, but a gaunt, sallow, rusty-jointed maiden, in a long-waisted silk gown, and with the strange horror of a turban on her head? Her visage is not even ugly. It is redeemed from insignificance only by the contraction of her eyebrows into a near-sighted scowl. And finally, her great life trial seems to be that after sixty years of idleness, she finds it convenient to earn comfortable bread by setting up a shop in a small way. Nevertheless, if we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind,

we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer as well as an immitigable frown, on the iron countenance of Fate. What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.

THE OLD MANSE

From 'Mosses from an Old Manse'

BETWEEN two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. It was now a twelve-month since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway toward the village burying-ground. The wheel track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly, it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers look too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman—a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England, in which through many generations a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better if not the greater number that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the tops of the lofty trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts; as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality, a layman's unprofessional and therefore unprejudiced views of religion, histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed) bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought,—these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. . . .

The study had three windows set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked or rather peeped between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on

the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; he awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house. . . .

A youth in the service of the clergyman happened to be chopping wood that April morning at the back door of the manse; and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge, he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. It is rather strange, by the way, that this lad should have been so diligently at work when the whole population of town and country were startled out of their customary business by the advance of the British troops. Be that as it might, the tradition says that the lad had now left his task and hurried to the battle-field with the axe still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated; the Americans were in pursuit; and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground—one was a corpse; but as the young New-Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully on his hands and knees and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy—it must have been a nervous impulse without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressionable nature rather than a hardened one—the boy uplifted his axe and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. I could wish that the grave might be opened; for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton soldiers has the mark of an axe on his skull.

The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes as an intellectual and moral exercise I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight. . . .

When summer was dead and buried, the Old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever—in my time at least—it had been thronged with company; but at no rare intervals we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world, and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us. In one respect our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim traveled on

his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumbrous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs. They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to my abode, nor to my own qualities as a host. I held it as a proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gate-posts at the entrance of our avenue, and that the so powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us. Others could give them pleasures and amusement or instruction—these could be picked up anywhere; but it was for me to give them rest—rest in a life of trouble! What better could be done for those weary and world-worn spirits? for him whose career of perpetual action was impeded and harassed by the rarest of his powers and the richest of his acquirements? for another, who had thrown his ardent heart from earliest youth into the strife of politics, and now, perchance, began to suspect that one lifetime is too brief for the accomplishment of any lofty aim? for her on whose feminine nature had been imposed the heavy gift of intellectual power such as a strong man might have staggered under, and with it the necessity to act upon the world?—in a word, not to multiply instances, what better could be done for anybody who came within our magic circle than to throw the spell of a tranquil spirit over him? And when it had wrought its full effect, then we dismissed him with but misty reminiscences, as if he had been dreaming of us. . . .

These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering

gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of a moral world beheld its intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before,—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos; but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon fire of truth is kindled.

For myself, there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good nevertheless to meet him in the wood paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a Shining One; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alike as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness,—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus to become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common-sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers. . . .

Glancing back over what I have written, it seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairyland there is no measurement of time; and in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean, three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud shadows across the depths of a still valley. Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing the green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away, and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint,—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room,—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel gifts that had fallen like dew upon us,—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and—an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce, while I am writing from the Old Manse, into a custom-house. As a story-teller I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this.

THE FAUN'S TRANSFORMATION

From 'The Marble Faun'

THE door of the court-yard swung slowly, and closed itself of its own accord. Miriam and Donatello were now alone there. She clasped her hands and looked wildly at the young man, whose form seemed to have dilated, and whose eyes blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly inspired him. It had kindled him into a man; it had developed within him an

intelligence which was no native characteristic of the Donatello whom we have heretofore known. But that simple and joyous creature was gone forever.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again from his eyes.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!"

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so? had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny—she was not sure whether it might be so or no—that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she beheld her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror? or ecstasy? or both in one? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below had come an unutterable horror.

"And my eyes bade you do it!" repeated she.

They both leaned over the parapet, and gazed downward as earnestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. On the pavement below was a dark mass lying in a heap, with little or nothing human in its appearance, except that the hands were stretched out, as if they might have clutched for a moment at the small square stones. But there was no motion in them now. Miriam watched the heap of mortality while she could count a hundred, which she took pains to do. No stir; not a finger moved!

"You have killed him, Donatello! he is quite dead!" said she. "Stone dead! Would I were so too!"

"Did you not mean that he should die?" sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. "There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will,—say that he died without your whole consent,—and in another breath you shall see me lying beside him."

"Oh, never!" cried Miriam. "My one, own friend! Never, never, never!"

She turned to him,—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman,—she turned to her fellow criminal, the youth, so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture.

"Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!" said she: "my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!"

They threw one other glance at the heap of death below, to assure themselves that it was there; so like a dream was the whole thing. Then they turned from that fatal precipice, and came out of the court-yard, arm in arm, heart in heart. Instinctively, they were heedful not to sever themselves so much as a pace or two from one another, for fear of the terror and deadly chill that would thenceforth wait for them in solitude. Their deed—the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant—had wreathed itself, as she said, like a serpent in inextricable links about both their souls, and drew them into one, by its terrible contractile power. It was closer than a marriage bond. So intimate in those first moments was the union, that it seemed as if their new sympathy annihilated all other ties, and that they were released from the chain of humanity; a new sphere, a special law, had been created for them alone. The world could not come near them: they were safe!

When they reached the flight of steps leading downward from the Capitol, there was a far-off noise of singing and laughter. Swift indeed had been the rush of the crisis that was come and gone! This was still the merriment of the party that had so recently been their companions; they recognized the voices which, a little while ago, had accorded and sung in cadence with their own. But they were familiar voices no more; they sounded strangely, and as it were, out of the depths of space; so remote was all that pertained to the past life of these guilty ones, in the moral seclusion that had suddenly extended itself around them. But how close and ever closer did the breadth of the immeasurable waste that lay between them and all brotherhood or sisterhood, now press them one within the other!

"O friend!" cried Miriam, so putting her soul into the word that it took a heavy richness of meaning, and seemed never to have been spoken before,— "O friend, are you conscious, as I am, of this companionship that knits our heart-strings together?"

"I feel it, Miriam," said Donatello. "We draw one breath; we live one life!"

"Only yesterday," continued Miriam,— "nay, only a short half-hour ago,—I shivered in an icy solitude. No friendship, no sisterhood, could come near enough to keep the warmth within my heart. In an instant all is changed! There can be no more loneliness!"

"None, Miriam!" said Donatello.

"None, my beautiful one!" responded Miriam, gazing in his face, which had taken a higher, almost an heroic aspect from the strength of passion. "None, my innocent one! Surely it is no crime that we have committed. One wretched and worthless life has been sacrificed to cement two other lives for evermore."

"For evermore, Miriam!" said Donatello; "cemented with his blood!"

The young man started at the word which he had himself spoken; it may be that it brought home to the simplicity of his imagination what he had not before dreamed of,—the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt. Cemented with blood, which would corrupt and grow more noisome for ever and for ever, but bind them none the less strictly for that!

"Forget it! Cast it all behind you!" said Miriam, detecting by her sympathy the pang that was in his heart. "The deed has done its office, and has no existence any more."

They flung the past behind them, as she counseled, or else distilled from it a fiery intoxication which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through those first moments of their doom. For guilt has its moment of rapture too. The foremost result of a broken law is ever an ecstatic sense of freedom. And thus there exhaled upward (out of their dark sympathy, at the base of which lay a human corpse) a bliss, or an insanity, which the unhappy pair imagined to be well worth the sleepy innocence that was forever lost to them.

As their spirits rose to the solemn madness of the occasion they went onward,—not stealthily, not fearfully, but with a stately gait and aspect. Passion lent them (as it does to meaner

shapes) its brief nobility of carriage. They trode through the streets of Rome as if they too were among the majestic and guilty shadows, that from ages long gone by have haunted the blood-stained city. And at Miriam's suggestion they turned aside, for the sake of treading loftily past the old site of Pompey's forum.

"For there was a great deed done here!" she said;—"a deed of blood, like ours! Who knows but we may meet the high and ever sad fraternity of Cæsar's murderers, and exchange a salutation?"

"Are they our brethren now?" asked Donatello.

"Yes; all of them," said Miriam; "and many another, whom the world little dreams of, has been made our brother or our sister by what we have done within this hour!"

And at the thought she shivered. Where then was the seclusion, the remoteness, the strange, lonesome Paradise, into which she and her one companion had been transported by their crime? Was there indeed no such refuge, but only a crowded thoroughfare and jostling throng of criminals? And was it true that whatever hand had a blood-stain on it, or had poured out poison, or strangled a babe at its birth, or clutched a grandsire's throat, he sleeping, and robbed him of his few last breaths, had now the right to offer itself in fellowship with their two hands? Too certainly that right existed. It is a terrible thought, that an individual wrong-doing melts into the great mass of human crime, and makes us, who dreamed only of our own little separate sin,—makes us guilty of the whole. And thus Miriam and her lover were not an insulated pair, but members of an innumerable confraternity of guilty ones, all shuddering at each other.

JOHN HAY

(1838-1905)

BORN in 1838 at Salem, Indiana, of Scotch ancestry, John Hay passed his early years as does the average intelligent Western boy. When only twenty he was graduated from Brown University, where his work in English composition was thought to indicate literary ability. Studying law at Springfield, Illinois, he began practice there in 1861; but soon after accompanied President Lincoln to Washington as his assistant secretary, and acting as adjutant and aide also, grew into close intimacy with the statesman whose biographer he became. Like most ardent young men of his time, he entered the army, attaining the brevet rank of colonel and assistant adjutant-general. His large opportunities for meeting men, his gift for making friends, and his tactful good sense, especially qualified him for his later diplomatic career.

Soon after the war Colonel Hay went as Secretary of Legation to Paris, where his careful study of French political conditions appears in several of his poems; among them 'Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde,' 'The Sphinx of the Tuileries,' and 'A Triumph of Order.' Sent afterwards to

JOHN HAY

Vienna, he was presently transferred to Madrid as chargé d'affaires. 'Castilian Days' reflects in delightful colors the pleasure he found in the history, the romance, and the beauty of Spain; a pleasure which shows an odd background of American practicality, and a democratic conviction that kings and nobles are as fallible as other men. He greatly admired Castelar, whose acquaintance he made, and translated for American readers his treatise upon 'The Republican Movement in Europe.'

Returning to New York in 1871, Hay joined the staff of the New York Tribune. 'Pike County Ballads,' his second publication, issued in 1871, celebrated in Western dialect the heroism of drinking pilots, swearing engineers, and godless settlers, and caught the fancy of the public by means of its vivid local color and dramatic quality. Some years later these verses were republished in the same volume

with his miscellaneous poems, his 'Wanderlieder,' and his translations.

His most important work is the comprehensive history of the life and times of Abraham Lincoln, written in collaboration with John George Nicolay, the great President's private secretary. Appearing first in the Century Magazine, this was published in ten large volumes, which offer a careful historical survey of the whole period of the Civil War, and of the conditions which made it inevitable. Thoroughly understanding the character and motives of Lincoln, and himself a spectator and an actor in the great drama he describes, Colonel Hay's pages are vividly written, and often touched with personal emotion.

During the administration of Hayes he became first assistant Secretary of State. McKinley appointed him U. S. ambassador at London and on the retirement of Judge Day he became Secretary of State, which position he retained under Roosevelt's administration until his death, July 1, 1905. It is difficult to enumerate briefly Hay's manifold diplomatic successes which made him the idol of his own country and the most conspicuous American in the eyes of all the civilized world. After the Spanish War he handled with remarkable diplomacy the intricate problems which arose in connection with the Philippines, and whether it was with Great Britain over the Alaskan boundary, Samoan negotiations, the question of Chinese trade or the reciprocity treaties for the British West Indies, Secretary Hay's manipulation was always supremely tactful, skillful, and far-sighted. Under his administration of the State department American interests in all the world were maintained with a strong hand, while his peaceful and conciliatory spirit strengthened the friendship which existed between the United States and all other nations.

LINCOLN'S DEATH AND FAME

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IN FACT, it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized, as he

lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him; but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightingly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place, which the government disliked but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. "Tell her," said Eugène Pelletan, "the heart of France is in that little box." The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead republican, it struck at the Empire: "Lincoln—the Honest Man; abolished Slavery, re-established the Union; Saved the Republic, without veiling the Statue of Liberty."

Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, "Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy." Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them—his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; yet he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a Spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts, was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that

GEORGIAN AND ARMENIAN WRITING

The specimen on the left shows the practice of the scribes in combining and interweaving several letters, forming monograms rather than words. The addition of superfluous ornaments makes the deciphering of manuscripts so written very difficult.

The other is a specimen of the Armenian cursive letter, which was the ordinary writing of a people who had a literature before the XIIth century. Both specimens are from manuscripts of XVIIth century.

the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent—father of his country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.”

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him even at the moment of his death as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange: the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen practical insight into affairs, of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President—*“Sævis tranquillus in undis.”* European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d’Aubigné says, “The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals.” Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: “This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself.” Emilio Castelar, in an oration against slavery in the Spanish Cortes, called him “humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history.”

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally; where the

envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few; where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him,—his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell in an immortal ode calls him "new birth of our new soil, the first American." General Sherman says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." General Grant, after having met the rulers of almost every civilized country on earth, said Lincoln impressed him as the greatest intellectual force with which he had ever come in contact.

He is spoken of with scarcely less of enthusiasm by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet calls him "the greatest man of Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period." An eminent Southern orator, referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says: "From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln."

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument: the great writers, and the men of great achievement,—the founders of States, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with *Æsop* and *Pilpay*, in his

lighter moods, and says: "The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common-sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion."

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert commended it as a model for the imitation of princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address of Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age, the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance—not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchaining conditions by the force of native genius and will: vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his most formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge

of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill that he obtained for the government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for re-election, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the electoral colleges.

His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office, he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After-times will wonder, not at the few and unimportant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says:—"I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions." General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln "the ablest strategist of the war."

To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and world-wide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined in such high degree in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he

could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him, by word or manner, of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble—a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of a La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meanness for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist, for others, upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the republic; and by a special good fortune, every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle-State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served, in life and in death, with such entire devotion.

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WHEN PHYLLIS LAUGHS

WHEN Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
 My heart asks if my dazzling eyes
 Or if my ears take more delight
 In luscious sound or beauty bright,
 When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies,
 In the soft curving lips I prize
 Promise of raptures infinite,
 When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
 I see beneath Idalian skies,
 Clad only in the golden light,
 Calm in perfection's peerless might,
 The laughter-loving Venus rise,
 When Phyllis laughs.

NIGHT IN VENICE

LOVE, in this summer night, do you recall
 Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
 Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
 We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
 A sense of some belated festival
 Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
 With passionate memories that the young moon
 Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.
 We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
 Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
 I felt—in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
 Those breezes warm with bygone lovers' sighs—
 All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
 All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

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A WOMAN'S LOVE

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:—
“Have mercy, mighty angel,—hear my story!

“I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

“I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

“Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain.”

Then said the pitying angel: “Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!”

But still she wailed: “I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!”

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, “I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!”

She wept, “Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin.”

The angel answered, “Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!”

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike:
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
 And another one here in Pike;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never funk'd, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last,—
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
 And so she come tearin' along, that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.


The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For the willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

(1830-1886)

 OF REVOLUTIONARY ancestry, and the only son of an officer in the United States naval service, Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1st, 1830. Few American poets have grown up with outward circumstances more kindly toward a literary career and its practical risks. A name of high local distinction, wealth, and associations with men of letters, were part of Hayne's environment from the beginning. The literary gatherings in the Hayne household, in which William Gilmore Simms, John C. Calhoun, and Hugh S. Legaré were prominent, drew all Charleston's intellectual life at the time to a common centre.

Hayne was a graduate in 1850 of the college of his native city. For a time he studied law. With the outbreak of the Civil War he took service, and was on the staff of General Pickens. Broken health induced him unwillingly to resign. With the bombardment of Charleston and the advance of the Federal army he suffered severe losses; his costly house, his library, and pretty much all his belongings being swept away by fire or pillage. A ruined man pecuniarily, he betook himself to the Pine Barrens of

PAUL H. HAYNE

Georgia. There he built himself a cottage at Copse Hill. There he gardened, wrote verses, kept up his correspondence with the outer world, corrected his proofs, and it is said "was perfectly happy" during more than fifteen years, until his death in 1886. He was much of an invalid by constitution; and with his frail vitality, his accomplishing so much is a striking example of the will to live and to do what we wish to do.

Mr. Hayne's early literary work was connected with the *Southern Literary Messenger*, to which so many of the South's poets were contributors at one time or another. Later he became editor of the *Charleston Literary Gazette*, and held a post on the *Charleston Evening News*. In 1872 appeared his 'Legends and Lyrics,' one collection of his poems; in 1873 his edition of the literary remains of his friend

Timrod, with a sympathetic biography; in 1875 he published 'The Mountain of the Lovers,'—like 'The Wife of Brittany,' one of his long poems,—and in later succession we have other titles; with his poems in a complete edition in 1882.

Mr. Hayne's verse largely reflects aspects of nature in the Southern United States. There is a strong influence of Wordsworth in much of his writing. In other descriptive poetry, and in that of a reflective or dramatic spirit, he won a measurable success, occasionally coming into obvious poetical touch with Robert Browning. His sonnets are a large element of his writing; a species of verse in which he delighted, his meditative humor finding it, over and over again, a vehicle at once suitable and congenial.

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ODE TO SLEEP

BEYOND the sunset and the amber sea
 To the lone depths of ether, cold and bare,
 Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
 Hallows the earth and awes the reverent air;
 Yon laughing rivulet quells its silvery tune;
 The pines, like priestly watchers tall and grim,
 Stand mute against the pensive twilight dim,
 Breathless to hail the advent of the moon;
 From the white beach the ocean falls away
 Coyly, and with a thrill; the sea-birds dart
 Ghostlike from out the distance, and depart
 With a gray fleetness, moaning the dead day;
 The wings of Silence, overfolding space,
 Droop with dusk grandeur from the heavenly steep,
 And through the stillness gleams thy starry face,—
 Serenest Angel, Sleep!

Come! woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
 Breathe on my eyelids; press thy odorous lips
 Close to mine own; enwreath me in thine arms,
 And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;
 No dreams! no dreams! keep back the motley throng,—
 For such are girded round with ghastly might,
 And sing low burdens of despondent song,
 Decked in the mockery of a lost delight;

I ask oblivion's balsam! the mute peace
Toned to still breathings, and the gentlest sighs;
Not music woven of rarest harmonies
Could yield me such elysium of release:
The tones of earth are weariness,—not only
'Mid the loud mart, and in the walks of trade,
But where the mountain Genius broodeth lonely,
In the cool pulsing of the sylvan shade;
Then bear me far into thy noiseless land;
Surround me with thy silence, deep on deep,
Until serene I stand
Close by a duskier country, and more grand
Mysterious solitude, than thine, O Sleep!

As he whose veins a feverous frenzy burns,
Whose life-blood withers in the fiery drouth,
Feebly and with a languid longing turns
To the spring breezes gathering from the south,
So, feebly and with languid longing, I
Turn to thy wished nepenthe, and implore
The golden dimness, the purpureal gloom
Which haunt thy poppied realm, and make the shore
Of thy dominion balmy with all bloom.
In the clear gulfs of thy serene profound,
Worn passions sink to quiet, sorrows pause,
Suddenly fainting to still-breathèd rest:
Thou own'st a magical atmosphere, which awes
The memories seething in the turbulent breast;
Which, muffling up the sharpness of all sound
Of mortal lamentation, solely bears
The silvery minor toning of our woe,
All mellowed to harmonious underflow,
Soft as the sad farewells of dying years,—
Lulling as sunset showers that veil the west,
And sweet as Love's last tears
When over-welling hearts do mutely weep:
O griefs! O wailings! your tempestuous madness,
Merged in a regal quietude of sadness,
Wins a strange glory by the streams of sleep!

Then woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids, press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; enfold me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;

And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
Till wan forgetfulness obscurely stealing
Creeps like an incantation on the soul,
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling,
And like abortive thunder, the dull roll
Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away,—
O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
To thy diviner sleep, O sacred Death!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west when cloudless day declines—
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar,
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

POVERTY


ONCE I beheld thee, a lithe mountain maid,
 Embrowned by wholesome toils in lusty air;
 Whose clear blood, nurtured by strong primitive cheer,
 Through Amazonian veins flowed unafraid.
 Broad-breasted, pearly-teethed, thy pure breath strayed,
 Sweet as deep-uddered kine's curled in the rare
 Bright spaces of thy lofty atmosphere,
 O'er some rude cottage in a fir-grown glade.
 Now, of each brave ideal virtue stripped,
 O Poverty! I behold thee as thou art,—
 A ruthless hag, the image of woeful dearth,
 Of brute despair, gnawing its own starved heart.
 Thou ravening wretch! fierce-eyed and monster-lipped,
 Why scourge forevermore God's beauteous earth?

THE HYACINTH

HERE in this wrecked storm-wasted garden close,
 The grave of infinite generations fled
 Of flowers that now lie lustreless and dead
 As the gray dust of Eden's earliest rose,
 What bloom is this, whose classical beauty glows
 Radiantly chaste, with the mild splendor shed
 Round a Greek virgin's poised and perfect head,
 By Phidias wrought 'twixt rapture and repose?
 Mark the sweet lines whose matchless ovals curl
 Above the fragile stem's half-shrinking grace,
 And say if this pure hyacinth doth not seem
 (Touched by enchantments of an antique dream)
 A flower no more, but the low drooping face
 Of some love-laden, fair Athenian girl?

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778-1830)

 THE life of William Hazlitt, apart from his matrimonial infelicit-
ties, is uneventful. He was born the 10th of April, 1778,
at Maidstone, England, where his father was a Unitarian
minister, not a Presbyterian, as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has it.
Of him Hazlitt gives an interesting though pathetic picture. A
learned and a kindly man, he spent sixty years of his life in petty
squabbles over disputed texts of Scripture and in pleading the cause
of civil and religious liberty. "What dreams of philosophy and
poetry," says his son, "were stifled in the
dreary tomes over which he sacrificed fancy
and imagination! For ease, half-play on
words, and a supine monkish pleasantry,"
he says of his letters, "I have never seen
his equal."

The boy was intended by his father for
the Unitarian ministry; but though he went
to a denominational college, he disliked the
idea of preaching. He was about twenty
when he heard the memorable sermon of
Coleridge which was said to have fixed his
career. Coleridge was visiting a neighbor-
ing minister, and Hazlitt walked twelve
miles through the mud before daylight to
hear him. The sermon set him to thinking, not of theology but of
metaphysics. He gave up his studies, and having some talent for
painting, devoted himself from this time forth to his two passions,
art and metaphysics. And although he was destined to succeed in
neither, yet to his knowledge of both he owed his pre-eminence in
the career which he entered only by accident. "Nowhere," says one
of his critics, "is abstract thought so picturesquely bodied forth by
concrete illustration."

WILLIAM HAZLITT

At the end of seven years, having come to the conclusion that he
could not be a Titian, he published his first book, 'An Essay on the
Principles of Human Action'; a book as dry as his favorite biscuit.
Thenceforth, he wrote on any subject for any employer. From
the first he seems to have been fairly paid, and to have gained a

hearing. He was at least sufficiently interesting to provoke the implacable hostility of Blackwood and the Quarterly. For eighteen years he was a regular contributor to the Edinburgh Review, the London Review, and the New Monthly, while various daily and weekly papers constantly employed him.

Hazlitt, like many persons of limited affections, had a capacity for sudden passions; but finally, after many love affairs, he married at the age of thirty a Miss Stoddard, with whom he lived for fourteen unhappy years. He then met the somewhat mythical Sarah Walker, the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, for whom he resolved to leave his wife. As Mrs. Hazlitt was relieved to be rid of him, they easily obtained a Scotch divorce. When, however, the mature lover was free, Miss Walker had discreetly disappeared. Three months afterwards he married a Mrs. Bridgewater, who took him on a Continental tour, but left him within the twelvemonth. Thackeray describes the journey abroad as that of "a penniless student tramping on foot, and not made after the regular fashion of the critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a post-chaise"; but the fact is that the bride of this second matrimonial venture paid the bills. His other visit to the Continent was amply provided for by a commission to copy pictures in the Louvre. Hazlitt lived only five years after separating from his second wife. Pecuniary difficulties and the failure of his publishers hastened his death, which occurred in London September 18th, 1830. Only his son and his beloved friend Charles Lamb were with him when he died.

The father of Coventry Patmore gives an interesting picture of Hazlitt at thirty-five: "A pale anatomy of a man, sitting uneasily on half a chair, his anxious, highly intellectual face looking upon vacancy,—emaciate, unstrung, inanimate." But "the poor creature," as he used to call himself, was the launcher forth of the winged word that could shake the hearts of princes and potentates. The most unscrupulous biographer would hardly have dared to reveal Hazlitt, the most reserved of men, as he reveals himself to the reader. Every essay is autobiographical, and reflects his likes and dislikes. In that strange book 'The New Pygmalion,' as in 'Liber Amoris,' he invites the horrified British public to listen to his transports concerning the lodging-house keeper's daughter. He abuses the Duke of Wellington, idol of that public, as he abuses whoever may chance to disagree with him on personal or impersonal subjects. The brilliant iconoclast must have been the most uncomfortable of men to live with. No wonder that Lamb used to sigh, pathetically, "I wish he would not quarrel with everybody." For he fell out with the amiable Leigh Hunt, with the idol of his youth, Coleridge, whose poetry he began at once to undervalue, and with Wordsworth and Southey.

because they took a moderate view of the French Revolution. He rated Shelley absurdly low for no better reason than that he was a gentleman, and loaded Scott with bad names because he accepted a baronetcy. De Quincey declared that "With Hazlitt, whatever is, is wrong," and quotes an admirer of the critic who professed to shudder whenever his hand went to his breast pocket, lest he should draw out a dagger. What his politics were, except to worship the genius of the French Revolution and abhor a something which he called "the hag of legitimacy," no one knew. His heroes were the first Napoleon and Rousseau.

Hazlitt says, with his usual indifference, that when he began to write he left off reading. Much as he admired 'Waverley' and the other "Scotch novels," as they were called, he never got through more than half of any one, although it was his business to review them. He gave a series of lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists, and afterwards casually mentioned to Lamb that he had read only about a quarter of Beaumont and Fletcher. And though he prided himself on his metaphysics, he knew none of the metaphysicians but the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. Platonists tell us that he went to Taylor the Platonist for his ideas. He pretended to pride himself that he cared for no new book, and declared that he neither corrected his own proof sheets nor read his work in print. Of the beautiful 'Introduction to the Elizabethan Poets' Mr. Saintsbury says, "All Hazlitt's faults to be found in it are due not to prejudice, or error of judgment, but to occasional deficiency of information."

A bundle of inconsistencies, he had a sort of inexplicable constancy, holding the same ideas at the end of his life that he had at its beginning. While his egotism was as stupendous as that of Rousseau or Napoleon, he seemed to possess a double consciousness: with one breath he blesses and curses. What he says of Burke sounds like the ravings of a madman; yet he places Burke in his proper place as the greatest of English political writers. He hacks and hews the Lake School, while he discloses their choicest beauties. "Were the author of 'Waverley' to come into the room, I would kiss the hem of his garment," he said; but Scott the man is to him "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." His judgment of an author depended upon two circumstances: his private associations and his sympathy with the writer.

Yet Hazlitt had something which is better than the capacity to criticize fairly, to be consistent or learned, or to exercise the cardinal virtues. He was an artist, and whatever he wrote is literature. His choice of subject is of small importance if the reader is armed against his prejudices. Some biographers rank him highest as a critic, others

as an essayist; but it is not easy to classify his work. Essay or criticism, it is Hazlitt and the world that Hazlitt sees. His criticisms are scattered through the seven volumes of his writings edited by his son, but they are collected in the three volumes entitled 'The Characters of Shakespeare,' 'Elizabethan Literature,' and 'The English Poets and the English Comic Writers.' His essays are classed in the volumes 'The Spirit of the Age,' 'The Plain Dealer,' 'The Round Table,' and 'Sketches and Essays.' In the essays we find the famous 'Going to a Fight,' the beautiful and pathetic 'Farewell to Essay-Writing,' the 'Going on a Journey,' 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' 'On Taste,' 'On the Indian Jugglers,' 'On Londoners and Country People.' These are named not because they are special efforts, for Hazlitt seldom tried himself in any direct flight, but as specimens of the range of his subjects.

His style is as varied as his themes: gay, semi-sentimental, hitting hard like his own pugilists, judicious, gossipy, richly embroidered as mediæval tapestry, grave, and chaste. It has been already said that Hazlitt is a man of letters, and that all he touched became literature. It is fair to go further, and suggest that a certain amount of literary temperament is necessary to enjoy him, and perhaps a certain maturity of taste. He is the essayist of the traveler who has reached the Delectable Mountains of middle age, from whose calm heights he takes a wide and reasonable view; the essayist for the drawn curtain and the winter fireside after the leisurely meal, when his pungent talk is the after-taste of some rare cordial.

Shakespeare scholars agree that he knows nothing of Shakespeare but the text, and that he has added nothing to the explanation of difficult passages; but they, as well as the general reader, turn to him for noble enthusiasm and calm judgment. It is of Shakespeare's characters that he writes, not of his plays; and it is Timon, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra,—the doers, not the dreamers,—who interest him, and whom he hates and loves. Strange to say, though he rated himself so highly as a metaphysician, Hamlet is one of his least successful portraitures; his artist's eye saw Shakespeare played, not written, and Kean, whom he first ridiculed and then praised, said that Hazlitt had taught him more than his stage manager.

What he did for the Elizabethan dramatists was to rediscover their excellences and find them an audience. He shows Congreve's merits with a force not possible to a calmer judgment. How discriminating, on the contrary, is his praise of the sweetness of Dekker and of the beauties of 'The Beggar's Opera'! and though personal in its vindictiveness, what a splendid assault he makes on Sidney's 'Arcadia'!

Hazlitt is accused of reversing the counsel of the proverb, and speaking good *only* of the dead. He was certainly unlike the little

members of the little mutual-admiration societies who half a century later take themselves so seriously. It was his art which he found serious. Mr. Saintsbury makes the important point that his work molded the genius of his literary juniors. In 'The Spirit of the Age' there are distinct intimations of Carlyle. "Where the devil did you get that style?" Jeffrey asked Macaulay. It is easy to see where, when one reads Hazlitt's contributions to Jeffrey's own Review. In another way, he furnished a model to Dickens and Thackeray; and no one who is familiar with the essay on 'Nicholas Poussin' will fail to add Ruskin to his "fair herd of literary children."

It is almost incredible that with his spirit and temperament, Hazlitt's last words should have been, "I have had a happy life." But literature was to him the wife and children and friends of whom perhaps she robbed him, while becoming, as the poet promises, the solace reserved for him who loves her for herself alone.

OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN

From 'Table Talk'

"Come like shadows—so depart."

LAMB it was, I think, who suggested this subject, as well as the defense of Guy Fawkes, which I urged him to execute. As however he would undertake neither, I suppose I must do both,—a task for which he would have been much fitter, no less from the temerity than the felicity of his pen:—

"Never so sure our rapture to create
As when it touched the brink of all we hate."

Compared with him I shall, I fear, make but a commonplace piece of business of it; but I should be loth the idea was entirely lost, and besides, I may avail myself of some hints of his in the progress of it. I am sometimes, I suspect, a better reporter of the ideas of other people than expounder of my own. I pursue the one too far into paradox or mysticism; the others I am not bound to follow farther than I like, or than seems fair and reasonable.

On the question being started, A—— said, "I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke?" In this A——, as usual, reckoned without his host. Every one burst out a-laughing at the expression of Lamb's face,

in which impatience was restrained by courtesy. "Yes, the greatest names," he stammered out hastily, "but they were not persons—not persons." "Not persons?" said A——, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature. "That is," rejoined Lamb, "not characters, you know. By Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, you mean the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' and the 'Principia,' which we have to this day. Beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see any one *bodily* for, is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals; more than we can learn from their writings, and yet are curious to know. I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's portraits of them. But who could paint Shakespeare?" "Ay," retorted A——, "there it is: then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?" "No," said Lamb, "neither. I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage and on book-stalls, in frontispieces and on mantelpieces, that I am quite tired of the everlasting repetition: and as to Milton's face, the impressions that have come down to us of it I do not like,—it is too starched and puritanical; and I should be afraid of losing some of the manna of his poetry in the leaven of his countenance and the precisian's band and gown."

"I shall guess no more," said A——. "Who is it, then, you would like to see 'in his habit as he lived,' if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?" Lamb then named Sir Thomas Browne and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, as the two worthies whom he should feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the door of his apartment in their nightgown and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this A—— laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him; but as no one followed his example, he thought there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. Lamb then (as well as I can remember a conversation that passed twenty years ago—how time slips!) went on as follows:—

"The reason why I pitch upon those two authors is, that their writings are riddles, and they themselves the most mysterious of personages. They resemble the soothsayers of old, who dealt in dark hints and doubtful oracles; and I should like to ask them the meaning of what no mortal but themselves, I should suppose, can fathom. There is Dr. Johnson,—I have no curiosity,

no strange uncertainty about him: he and Boswell together have pretty well let me into the secret of what passed through his mind. He and other writers like him are sufficiently explicit: my friends whose repose I should be tempted to disturb (were it in my power), are implicit, inextricable, inscrutable.

"When I look at that obscure but gorgeous prose composition the 'Urn-Burial,' I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure; or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it. Besides, who would not be curious to see the lineaments of a man who, having himself been twice married, wished that mankind were propagated like trees?

"As to Fulke Greville, he is like nothing but one of his own 'Prologues spoken by the ghost of an old king of Ormus,'—a truly formidable and inviting personage: his style is apocalyptic, cabalistical, a knot worthy of such an apparition to untie; and for the unraveling a passage or two, I would stand the brunt of an encounter with so portentous a commentator!"

"I am afraid in that case," said A——, "that if the mystery were once cleared up the merit might be lost;" and turning to me, whispered a friendly apprehension that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed authors he would never become a popular writer.

Dr. Donne was mentioned as a writer of the same period, with a very interesting countenance, whose history was singular, and whose meaning was often quite as *un-come-at-able* without a personal citation from the dead, as that of any of his contemporaries. The volume was produced; and while some one was expatiating on the exquisite simplicity and beauty of the portrait prefixed to the old edition, A—— got hold of the poetry, and exclaiming "What have we here?" read the following:—

"Here lies a She-sun, and a He-moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe."

There was no resisting this, till Lamb, seizing the volume, turned to the beautiful 'Lines to his Mistress,' dissuading her from accompanying him abroad, and read them with suffused features and a faltering tongue. . . .

Some one then inquired of Lamb if we could not see from the window the Temple walk in which Chaucer used to take his exercise; and on his name being put to the vote, I was pleased to find that there was a general sensation in his favor in all but A——, who said something about the ruggedness of the metre, and even objected to the quaintness of the orthography. I was vexed at this superficial gloss, pertinaciously reducing everything to its own trite level, and asked “if he did not think it would be worth while to scan the eye that had first greeted the Muse in that dim twilight and early dawn of English literature; to see the head round which the visions of fancy must have played like gleams of inspiration or a sudden glory; to watch those lips that ‘lisped in numbers, for the numbers came’ as by a miracle, or as if the dumb should speak? Nor was it alone that he had been the first to tune his native tongue (however imperfectly to modern ears); but he was himself a noble, manly character, standing before his age and striving to advance it; a pleasant humorist withal, who has not only handed down to us the living manners of his time, but had no doubt store of curious and quaint devices, and would make as hearty a companion as Mine Host of the Tabard. His interview with Petrarch is fraught with interest. Yet I would rather have seen Chaucer in company with the author of the ‘Decameron,’ and have heard them exchange their best stories together,—the Squire’s Tale against the Story of the Falcon, the Wife of Bath’s Prologue against the Adventures of Friar Albert. How fine to see the high mysterious brow which learning then wore, relieved by the gay, familiar tone of men of the world, by the courtesies of genius! Surely, the thoughts and feelings which passed through the minds of these great revivers of learning, these Cadmuses who sowed the teeth of letters, must have stamped an expression on their features as different from the moderns as their books, and well worth the perusal! Dante,” I continued, “is as interesting a person as his own Ugolino, one whose lineaments curiosity would as eagerly devour in order to penetrate his spirit, and the only one of the Italian poets I should care much to see. There is a fine portrait of Ariosto by no less a hand than Titian’s: light, Moorish, spirited, but not answering our idea. The same artist’s large colossal profile of Peter Aretino is the only likeness of the kind that has the effect of conversing with ‘the mighty dead,’ and this is truly spectral, ghastly, necromantic.”

Lamb put it to me if I should like to see Spenser as well as Chaucer; and I answered without hesitation:—"No; for his beauties were ideal, visionary, not palpable or personal, and therefore connected with less curiosity about the man. His poetry was the essence of romance, a very halo round the bright orb of fancy; and the bringing in the individual might dissolve the charm. No tones of voice could come up to the mellifluous cadence of his verse; no form but of a winged angel could vie with the airy shapes he has described. He was (to our apprehensions) rather 'a creature of the element, that lived in the rainbow and played in the plighted clouds,' than an ordinary mortal. Or if he did appear, I should wish it to be as a mere vision like one of his own pageants, and that he should pass by unquestioned like a dream or sound—

‘*That* was Arion crowned:

So went he playing on the wat’ry plain!’”

Captain Burney muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew; but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World.

“I should like,” says Mrs. Reynolds, “to have seen Pope talking with Patty Blount; and I *have* seen Goldsmith.” Every one turned round to look at Mrs. Reynolds, as if by so doing they too could get a sight of Goldsmith.

“Where,” asked a harsh croaking voice, “was Dr. Johnson in the years 1745–6? He did not write anything that we know of, nor is there any account of him in Boswell during those two years. Was he in Scotland with the Pretender? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands in company with Boswell many years after, ‘with lack-lustre eye,’ yet as if they were familiar to him, or associated in his mind with interests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be an additional reason for my liking him; and I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain, and penning the proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate government.”

“I thought,” said A——, turning short round upon Lamb, “that you of the Lake School did not like Pope?”—“Not like Pope! My dear sir, you must be under a mistake: I can read him over and over forever!”—“Why, certainly, the ‘Essay on Man’ must be allowed to be a masterpiece.”—“It may be so, but I seldom

look into it.”—“Oh! then it’s his ‘Satires’ you admire?”—“No, not his ‘Satires,’ but his friendly epistles and his compliments.”—“Compliments? I did not know he ever made any.”—“The finest,” said Lamb, “that were ever paid by the wit of man. Each of them is worth an estate for life—nay, is an immortality. There is that superb one to Lord Cornbury:—

‘Despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.’

Was there ever more artful insinuation of idolatrous praise? And then that noble apotheosis of his friend Lord Mansfield (however little deserved), when, speaking of the House of Lords, he adds:

‘Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country’s pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!’

And with what a fine turn of indignant flattery he addresses Lord Bolingbroke:—

‘Why rail they then, if but one wreath of mine,
O all-accomplished St. John, deck thy shrine?’

Or turn,” continued Lamb, with a slight hectic on his cheek and his eye glistening, “to his list of early friends:—

‘But why then publish?—Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head;
And St. John’s self (great Dryden’s friend before)
Received with open arms one poet more.
Happy my studies, if by these approved!
Happier their author, if by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.’”

Here his voice totally failed him, and throwing down the book he said, “Do you think I would not wish to have been friends with such a man as this?”

"What say you to Dryden?"—"He rather made a show of himself, and courted popularity in that lowest temple of Fame, a coffee-house, so as in some measure to vulgarize one's idea of him. Pope, on the contrary, reached the very beau-ideal of what a poet's life should be; and his fame while living seemed to be an emanation from that which was to circle his name after death. He was so far enviable (and one would feel proud to have witnessed the rare spectacle in him) that he was almost the only poet and man of genius who met with his reward on this side of the tomb; who realized in friends, fortune, the esteem of the world, the most sanguine hopes of a youthful ambition, and who found that sort of patronage from the great during his lifetime which they would be thought anxious to bestow upon him after his death. Read Gray's verses to him on his supposed return from Greece, after his translation of Homer was finished, and say if you would not gladly join the bright procession that welcomed him home, or see it once more land at Whitehall stairs."

"Still," said Mrs. Reynolds, "I would rather have seen him talking with Patty Blount, or riding by in a coronet coach with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!"

Erasmus Phillips, who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius would not be a fit person to invoke from the dead. "Yes," said Lamb, "provided he would agree to lay aside his mask."

We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate; only one, however, seconded the proposition.—"Richardson?"—"By all means, but only to look at him through the glass door of his back shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works): but not to let him come behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer; nor to go up-stairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes octavo, or get out the letters of his female correspondents to prove that 'Joseph Andrews' was low."

There was but one statesman in the whole English history that any one expressed the least desire to see,—Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face, and wily policy;—and one enthusiast,—John Bunyan, the immortal author of the

‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ It seemed that if he came into the room, dreams would follow him, and that each person would nod under his golden cloud, “nigh sphered in heaven,” a canopy as strange and stately as any in Homer.

Of all persons near our own time, Garrick’s name was received with the greatest enthusiasm, who was proposed by Baron Field. He presently superseded both Hogarth and Handel, who had been talked of; but then it was on condition that he should act in tragedy and comedy, in the play and farce ‘Lear’ and ‘Wildair’ and ‘Abel Drugger.’ What a sight for sore eyes that would be! Who would not part with a year’s income at least, almost with a year of his natural life, to be present at it? Besides, as he could not act alone, and recitations are unsatisfactory things, what a troop he must bring with him—the silver-tongued Barry, and Quin, and Shuter, and Weston, and Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard, of whom I have heard my father speak as so great a favorite when he was young! This would indeed be a revival of the dead, the restoring of art; and so much the more desirable, as such is the lurking skepticism mingled with our overstrained admiration of past excellence, that though we have the speeches of Burke, the portraits of Reynolds, the writings of Goldsmith, and the conversation of Johnson, to show what people could do at that period, and to confirm the universal testimony to the merits of Garrick, yet as it was before our time, we have our misgivings, as if he was probably after all little better than a Bartlemy-fair actor, dressed out to play Macbeth in a scarlet coat and laced cocked hat. For one, I should like to have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears. Certainly, by all accounts, if any was ever moved by the true histrionic *æstus*, it was Garrick. When he followed the Ghost in ‘Hamlet’ he did not drop the sword, as most actors do, behind the scenes, but kept the point raised the whole way round; so fully was he possessed with the idea, or so anxious not to lose sight of his part for a moment. Once at a splendid dinner party at Lord ———’s they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what was become of him till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the court-yard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. Of our party only two persons present had seen the British Roscius; and they seemed as

willing as the rest to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite.

We were interrupted in the heyday and mid-career of this fanciful speculation by a grumbler in a corner, who declared it was a shame to make all this rout about a mere player and farce-writer, to the neglect and exclusion of the fine old dramatists, the contemporaries and rivals of Shakespeare. Lamb said he had anticipated this objection when he had named the author of 'Mustapha and Alaham'; and out of caprice insisted upon keeping him to represent the set, in preference to the wild, hare-brained enthusiast Kit Marlowe; to the sexton of St. Ann's, Webster, with his melancholy yew-trees and death's-heads; to Decker, who was but a garrulous proser; to the voluminous Heywood; and even to Beaumont and Fletcher, whom we might offend by complimenting the wrong author on their joint productions. Lord Brook on the contrary stood quite by himself, or in Cowley's words, was "a vast species alone." Some one hinted at the circumstance of his being a lord, which rather startled Lamb; but he said a ghost would perhaps dispense with strict etiquette, on being regularly addressed by his title. Ben Jonson divided our suffrages pretty equally. Some were afraid he would begin to traduce Shakespeare, who was not present to defend himself. "If he grows disagreeable," it was whispered aloud, "there is Godwin can match him." At length his romantic visit to Drummond of Hawthornden was mentioned, and turned the scale in his favor.

Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention? And I answered, Eugene Aram. The name of the "Admirable Crichton" was suddenly started as a splendid example of *waste* talents, so different from the generality of his countrymen. The choice was mightily approved by a North-Briton present, who declared himself descended from that prodigy of learning and accomplishment, and said he had family plate in his possession as vouchers for the fact, with the initials A. C. — *Admirable Crichton!* Hunt laughed, or rather roared, as heartily at this as I should think he has done for many years.

The last-named mitre-courtier then wished to know whether there were any metaphysicians to whom one might be tempted to apply the wizard spell? I replied, there were only six in modern times deserving the name,—Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Leibnitz; and perhaps Jonathan Edwards. a

Massachusetts man. As to the French, who talked fluently of having *created* this science, there was not a tittle in any of their writings that was not to be found literally in the authors I had mentioned. Horne [Horne Tooke], who might have a claim to come in under the head of Grammar, was still living. None of these names seemed to excite much interest, and I did not plead for the reappearance of those who might be thought best fitted by the abstracted nature of their studies for their present spiritual and disembodied state, and who even while on this living stage were nearly divested of common flesh and blood. As A——, with an uneasy fidgety face, was about to put some question about Mr. Locke and Dugald Stewart, he was prevented by Martin Burney, who observed, "If J—— was here, he would undoubtedly be for having up those profound and redoubted scholiasts Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus." I said this might be fair enough in him, who had read or fancied he had read the original works; but I did not see how we could have any right to call up those authors to give an account of themselves in person, till we had looked into their writings.

By this time it should seem that some rumor of our whimsical deliberation had got wind, and had disturbed the *irritable genus* in their shadowy abodes; for we received messages from several candidates that we had just been thinking of. Gray declined our invitation, though he had not yet been asked; Gay offered to come, and bring in his hand the Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly; Steele and Addison left their cards as Captain Sentry and Sir Roger de Coverley; Swift came in and sat down without speaking a word, and quitted the room as abruptly; Otway and Chatterton were seen lingering on the opposite side of the Styx, but could not muster enough between them to pay Charon his fare; Thomson fell asleep in the boat, and was rowed back again; and Burns sent a low fellow, one John Barleycorn, —an old companion of his who had conducted him to the other world,—to say that he had during his lifetime been drawn out of his retirement, as a show, only to be made an exciseman of, and that he would rather remain where he was. He desired, however, to shake hands by his representative; the hand thus held out was in a burning fever, and shook prodigiously.

The room was hung round with several portraits of eminent painters. While we were debating whether we should demand speech with these masters of mute eloquence, whose features

were so familiar to us, it seemed that all at once they glided from their frames, and seated themselves at some little distance from us. There was Leonardo, with his majestic beard and watchful eye, having a bust of Archimedes before him; next him was Raphael's graceful head turned round to the Fornarina; and on his other side was Lucretia Borgia, with calm golden locks; Michael Angelo had placed the model of St. Peter's on the table before him; Correggio had an angel at his side; Titian was seated with his Mistress between himself and Giorgioni; Guido was accompanied by his own Aurora, who took a dice-box from him; Claude held a mirror in his hand; Rubens patted a beautiful panther (led in by a satyr) on the head; Vandyke appeared as his own Paris; and Rembrandt was hid under furs, gold chains, and jewels, which Sir Joshua eyed closely, holding his hand so as to shade his forehead. Not a word was spoken; and as we rose to do them homage they still presented the same surface to the view. Not being *bond fide* representations of living people, we got rid of the splendid apparitions by signs and dumb show. As soon as they had melted into thin air there was a loud noise at the outer door, and we found it was Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio, who had been raised from the dead by their earnest desire to see their illustrious successors —

"Whose names on earth
In Fame's eternal records live for aye!"

Finding them gone, they had no ambition to be seen after them, and mournfully withdrew. "Egad!" said Lamb, "those are the very fellows I should like to have had some talk with, to know how they could see to paint when all was dark around them!"

"But shall we have nothing to say," interrogated G. J——, "to the Legend of Good Women?" "Name, name, Mr. J——," cried Hunt in a boisterous tone of friendly exultation; "name as many as you please, without reserve or fear of molestation!" J—— was perplexed between so many amiable recollections that the name of the lady of his choice expired in a pensive whiff of his pipe; and Lamb impatiently declared for the Duchess of Newcastle. Mrs. Hutchinson was no sooner mentioned, than she carried the day from the Duchess. We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room as good, as sensible, and in all respects as exemplary, as the best of them could be for their lives! "I should like vastly to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos,"

said that incomparable person; and this immediately put us in mind that we had neglected to pay honor due to our friends on the other side of the Channel: Voltaire the patriarch of levity, and Rousseau the father of sentiment; Montaigne and Rabelais, great in wisdom and in wit; Molière, and that illustrious group that are collected around him (in the print of that subject) to hear him read his comedy of the 'Tartuffe' at the house of Ninon; Racine, La Fontaine, Rochefoucauld, St. Evremont, etc.

"There is one person," said a shrill querulous voice, "I would rather see than all these—Don Quixote!"

"Come, come!" said Hunt, "I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous. What say you, Mr. Lamb? are you for eking out your shadowy list with such names as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, or Ghenghis Khan?" "Excuse me," said Lamb; "on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve."—"No, no! come, out with your worthies!"—"What do you think of Guy Fawkes and Judas Iscariot?" Hunt turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. "Your most exquisite reason!" was echoed on all sides; and A—— thought that Lamb had now fairly entangled himself. "Why, I cannot but think," retorted he of the wistful countenance, "that Guy Fawkes, that poor fluttering annual scarecrow of straw and rags, is an ill-used gentleman. I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and his barrels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion; but if I say any more, there is that fellow Godwin will make something of it. And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different. I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I ever seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it."—"You have said enough, Mr. Lamb, to justify your choice."

"Oh! ever right, Menenius,—ever right!"

"There is only one other person I can ever think of after this," continued Lamb, but without mentioning a Name that once put on a semblance of mortality. "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of his garment!"

LAFCADIO HEARN

(1850-1904)

LAFCADIO HEARN was a painter with the pen. He had the rare gift of sympathetic observation, and the rarer gift of words to express what he saw and felt. It is no exaggeration to say that he was a great colorist, filling his canvas sometimes with glowing hues, again with mists of pearl or opaline lights, and always showing Nature's esoteric as well as her physical charms.

Although he is classed as an American author, Lafcadio Hearn was born in Santa Maura, Ionian Islands,—the ancient Leucadia,—June 27th, 1850; the son of an Englishman and a native Greek. After receiving his education in England he came to America, and became engaged in journalism in Cincinnati and New Orleans. His first long story was 'Chita: A Memory of Last Island' (1889), a marvelous description of the destruction of *L'Île Dernière*, the fashionable watering-place of the aristocratic families of Louisiana. The book is full of remarkable descriptive passages; as for example:—

"On the Gulf side of these islands you may observe that the trees—when there are any trees—all bend away from the sea; and even on bright hot days, when the wind sleeps, there is something grotesquely pathetic in their look of agonized terror. A group of oaks at Grande Isle I remember as especially suggestive: five stooping silhouettes in line against the horizon line, fleeing women with streaming garments and wind-blown hair,—bowing grievously and thrusting out arms desperately northward so as to save themselves from falling. And they are being pursued, indeed,—for the sea is devouring the land."

LAFCADIO HEARN

Mr. Hearn had published previously 'Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures,' a collection of stories from various sources, including Egyptian, Indian, the Kalevala, and Talmud traditions. This was followed by 'Some Chinese Ghosts,' which like the 'Stray Leaves' consists of gems artistically cut and reset by a literary lapidary. In the preface the author calls himself "a humble traveler, who, entering

the pleasure grounds of Chinese fancy, culls a few of the marvelous flowers there growing,—a self-luminous *hwa-wang*, a black lily, a phosphoric rose or two,—as souvenirs of his curious voyage.”

After ‘Two Years in the West Indies’ and ‘Youma’—a story of the fidelity of the “da” (nurse or *bonne*) to her little white charge during the insurrection of Martinique—were published in 1890, Mr. Hearn went to Japan, where he became naturalized under the name of Yakumo Koizumi, married a Japanese wife, and was appointed lecturer on English literature at the Imperial University in Tokio. Henceforth his publications all deal in some way with Japan. Among them are: ‘Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan’ (1894), ‘Kokoro’ (1896), this title meaning ‘the heart’ in its most extended application, ‘In Ghostly Japan’ (1899), and ‘Japan, an Attempt at Interpretation’ (1904). In all of these books Mr. Hearn shows his comprehension of and sympathy with Oriental philosophy and art, myth, and tradition, and paints in tender and vivid fashion the scenes and landscapes of his adopted country. He gained gradually a world-wide reputation, both as an interpreter of Japan and ‘as a writer of exquisite art.’

He was in failing health for two years before his death at Tokio, on September 26th, 1904. His ‘Life and Letters’ (1906) and his ‘Japanese Letters’ (1910) were edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Two volumes of miscellanies from his lectures and note books were edited (1915) by John Erskine.

THE STORM

From ‘Chita: A Memory of Last Island.’ Copyright 1889, by Harper & Brothers

THIRTY years ago, Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of even such magical days. July was dying: for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven’s blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices, the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension: they are omens sometimes—omens of coming tempest. Nature,—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty.

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days,—days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the

height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all: hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached,—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feeble fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced—one, two, three, four—seven long swells this time; and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless, and shifted color and flickered green; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving, one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus speck revealed itself through all the violet heights; there was no wind! You might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath.

And indeed, the fancy of a seismic origin for a windless surge would not appear in these latitudes to be utterly without foundation. On the fairest days a southeast breeze may bear you an odor singular enough to startle you from sleep,—a strong, sharp smell as of fish-oil; and gazing at the sea, you might be still more startled at the sudden apparition of great oleaginous patches spreading over the water, sheeting over the swells. That is, if you had never heard of the mysterious submarine oil wells, the

volcanic fountains, unexplored, that well up with the eternal pulsing of the Gulf Stream.

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then just at sundown a beautiful cloud bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale,—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast,—clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf,—as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air,—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind,—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore; they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale.

Then day by day the vast breath 'freshened steadily, and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous; colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers: the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain.

Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world, hooting, uttering nightmare sounds,—*Whoo! — whoo! — whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooring of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it,—no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason.

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones: the mail packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. The magic of steam has placed New Orleans nearer to New York than to the Timbaliers, nearer to Washington than to Wine Island, nearer to Chicago than to Baratavia Bay. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds, there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of lonesomeness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men,—totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain heights, or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed; its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side; the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides; the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention: then indeed this sense of separation from humanity appalls.

Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to hope against hope for the coming of the Star, and to strain their eyes towards far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down on," said my friend the pilot.

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, "*she is coming!*" It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore; and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving,—a tempest-whirl of spray; ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it!

The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar,—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the Star was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; "she'll stand it. Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank.

But she had sung her swan song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the

salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The Star rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged—dragged in with the flood, twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another!—Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins—and whirled away. And the naked hull of the Star, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas, hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam, appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors—a sound of music!

ALMOST every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers, representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes,—whether from Ascension or Assumption, St. Mary's or St Landry's, Iberville or Terrebonne, whether inhabitants of the multicolored and many-balconied Creole quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradises of the

Tête,—mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin; whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned,—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests: they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself, "*Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!*" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields, to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choregraphic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms; wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy foam of lace, the ivory loveliness of glossy shoulders and jeweled throats, the glimmering of satin-slippered feet, than to watch the raging of the flood without, or the flying of the wrack.

So the music and the mirth went on: they made joy for themselves, those elegant guests; they jested and sipped rich wines; they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest; mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the polish of foreign university training; mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were witcheries. Young cheeks flushed; young hearts fluttered with an emotion more puissant than the excitement of the dance; young eyes betrayed the happy secret discreeter lips would have preserved. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious,—always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins

sang; and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the Star.

"Christ!" he muttered,—*"a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! But I guess the Star will stay."*

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on.

And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the Star reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights,—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano, even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz, *'L'Invitation à la Valse,'* with its marvelous musical swing!

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them! God help us all now! *The Wind waltzes to-night, with the Sea for his partner!*"

Oh the stupendous Valse Tourbillon! Oh the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south; then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms.

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels,—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking, curling about the feet of the dancers. What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as but a moment before the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps; all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea flood was rising.

"Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien. Nothing serious, ladies. I assure you. Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite! The water will go down in a few hours, ladies: it never rises higher than this; il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a— My God! what is that?"

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came, a ponderous and unbroken thunder roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland, across mad Caillou Bay to the sea marshes, lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes! but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now!

Then rose a frightful cry: the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear; the despairing animal cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. "*Sauve qui peut!*" Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet tables; to the sofas, to the billiard tables; during one terrible instant, against fruitless heroisms, against futile generousities, raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! One crash! the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now? the tornado is shrieking! Another! chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises, oscillates, twirls as upon a pivot, crepitates, crumbles into ruin. Crash again! the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

So the hurricane passed, tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves to hurl them a hundred feet in air, heaping up the ocean against the land, upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables, shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass, over the agony of Caillou Bay, the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf, tearing and swallowing the land in its course, plowing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before, rending islands in twain, and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses.

But the Star remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death,—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas; saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well-nigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the Star stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

DAY breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn; a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses, abandoning its plunder, scattering its pit-eous waifs over bar and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango swamps, over the long low reaches of sand grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelt Bay the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift; from their cypress groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-birds and squeaking gulls. And as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the great white-gleaming retreat—a storm of billowing wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the Wreckers come, the Spoilers of the dead,—savage skimmers of the sea, hurricane-riders wont to spread their canvas pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manila men from the

marshes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities, fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity, wild channel-finders from obscure bayous and unfamiliar *chénieres*, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the oldest licensed pilot.

There is plunder for all, birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret and kegs of brandy and legions of bottles bobbing in the surf. There are billiard tables overturned upon the sand; there are sofas, pianos, footstools and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of bamboo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's playthings: French dolls in marvelous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden horses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great Nautilus went down. There is money in notes and in coin—in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets; plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned, and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings and fine chains, brooches and trinkets. "Chi bidizza! Oh! chi bedda mughieri! Eccu, la bidizza!" That ball-dress was made in Paris by— But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu.

"Che bella sposina!" Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe: but the delicate bone snaps easily; your oyster-knife can sever the tendon. "Guardate! chi bedda picciota!" Over her heart you will find it, Valentino—the locket held by that fine Swiss chain of woven hair—"Caya manan!" And it is not your quadroon bondsmaid, sweet lady, who now disrobes you so roughly: those Malay hands are less deft than hers; but she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. "Na quita mo! dalaga!—na quita maganda!" Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers: tear them out!—"Dispense, chulita!"

Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all; there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell reefs, where the

huge white flashes are,—sheet-lightning of breakers,—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

MY FIRST DAY IN THE ORIENT

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"TERA?" queries Cha, with his immense white hat in his hand, as I resume my seat in the jinrikisha at the foot of the steps. Which no doubt means, Do I want to see any more temples? Most certainly I do: I have not yet seen Buddha.

"Yes, tera, Cha."

And again begins the long panorama of mysterious shops and tilted eaves, and fantastic riddles written over everything. I have no idea in what direction Cha is running. I only know that the streets seem to become always narrower as we go, and that some of the houses look like great wicker-work pigeon cages only, and that we pass over several bridges before we halt again at the foot of another hill. There is a lofty flight of steps here also, and before them a structure which I know is both a gate and a symbol; imposing, yet in no manner resembling the great Buddhist gateway seen before. Astonishingly simple all the lines of it are: it has no carving, no coloring, no lettering upon it; yet it has a weird solemnity, an enigmatic beauty. It is a torii.

"Miya," observes Cha. Not a tera this time, but a shrine of the gods of the more ancient faith of the land,—a miya.

I am standing before a Shintō symbol; I see for the first time—out of a picture at least—a torii. How describe a torii to those who have never looked at one even in a photograph or engraving? Two lofty columns, like gate pillars, supporting horizontally two cross-beams, the lower and lighter beam having its ends fitted into the columns a little distance below their summits; the uppermost and larger beam supported upon the tops of the columns, and projecting well beyond them to right and left. That is a torii: the construction varying little in design, whether made of stone, wood, or metal. But this description can give no correct idea of the appearance of a torii, of its majestic aspect, of

its mystical suggestiveness as a gateway. The first time you see a noble one, you will imagine perhaps that you see the colossal model of some beautiful Chinese letter towering against the sky; for all the lines of the thing have the grace of an animated ideograph,—have the bold angles and curves of characters made with four sweeps of a master brush.

Passing the torii, I ascend a flight of perhaps one hundred stone steps, and find at their summit a second torii, from whose lower cross-beam hangs festooned the mystic shimenawa. It is in this case a hempen rope of perhaps two inches in diameter through its greater length, but tapering off at either end like a snake. Sometimes the shimenawa is made of bronze, when the torii itself is of bronze; but according to tradition it should be made of straw, and most commonly is. For it represents the straw rope which the deity Futo-tama-no-mikoto stretched behind the Sun goddess, Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami, after Ame-no-ta-jikarawo-no-Kami the Heavenly-hand-strength god had pulled her out, as is told in that ancient myth of Shintō which Professor Chamberlain has translated. And the shimenawa, in its commoner and simpler form, has pendent tufts of straw along its entire length at regular intervals, because originally made, tradition declares, of grass pulled up by the roots, which protruded from the twist of it.

Advancing beyond this torii, I find myself in a sort of park or pleasure ground on the summit of the hill. There is a small temple on the right: it is all closed up; and I have read so much about the disappointing vacuity of Shintō temples that I do not regret the absence of its guardian. And I see before me what is infinitely more interesting: a grove of cherry-trees covered with something unutterably beautiful,—a dazzling mist of snowy blossoms clinging like summer cloud fleece about every branch and twig; and the ground beneath them and the path before me are white with the soft, thick, odorous snow of fallen petals.

Beyond this loveliness are flower-pots surrounding tiny shrines; and marvelous grotto-work, full of monsters,—dragons and mythologic beings chiseled in the rock; and miniature landscape work with tiny groves of dwarf trees, and liliputian lakes, and microscopic brooks and bridges and cascades. Here also are swings for children. And here are belvederes, perched on the verge of the hill, wherefrom the whole fair city, and the whole smooth bay speckled with fishing-sails no bigger than pin-heads, and the

far, faint, high promontories reaching into the sea, are all visible in one delicious view, blue-penciled in a beauty of ghostly haze indescribable.

Why should the trees be so lovely in Japan? With us, a plum or cherry tree in flower is not an astonishing sight; but here it is a miracle of beauty so bewildering that, however much you may have previously read about it, the real spectacle strikes you dumb. You see no leaves,—only one great filmy mist of petals. Is it that the trees have been so long domesticated and caressed by man in this land of the gods that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful for man's sake? Assuredly they have mastered men's hearts by their loveliness, like beautiful slaves;—that is to say, Japanese hearts: apparently there have been some foreign tourists of the brutal class in this place, since it has been deemed necessary to set up inscriptions in English announcing that "*It is forbidden to injure the trees.*"

"Tera?"

"Yes, Cha, tera."

But only for a brief while do I traverse Japanese streets. The houses separate, become scattered along the feet of the hills; the city thins away through little valleys, and vanishes at last behind; and we follow a curving road overlooking the sea. Green hills slope steeply down to the edge of the way on the right; on the left, far below, spreads a vast stretch of dun sand and salty pools to a line of surf so distant that it is discernible only as a moving white thread. The tide is out; and thousands of cockle-gatherers are scattered over the sands, at such distances that their stooping figures, dotting the glimmering seabed, appear no larger than gnats. And some are coming along the road before us, returning from their search with well-filled baskets,—girls with faces almost as rosy as the faces of English girls.

As the jinrikisha rattles on, the hills dominating the road grow higher. All at once Cha halts again before the steepest and loftiest flight of steps I have yet seen.

I climb and climb and climb, halting perforce, betimes, to ease the violent aching of my quadriceps muscles; reach the top completely out of breath; and find myself between two lions of stone, one showing his fangs, the other with jaws closed. Before me stands the temple, at the farther end of a small bare plateau

surrounded on three sides by low cliffs—a small temple, looking very old and gray. From a rocky height to the left of the building a little cataract tumbles down into a pool, ringed in by a palisade. The voice of the water drowns all other sounds. A sharp wind is blowing from the ocean; the place is chill even in the sun, and bleak, and desolate, as if no prayer had been uttered in it for a hundred years.

Cha taps and calls, while I take off my shoes upon the worn wooden steps of the temple, and after a minute of waiting we hear a muffled step approaching and a hollow cough behind the paper screens. They slide open, and an old white-robed priest appears, and motions me with a low bow to enter. He has a kindly face, and his smile of welcome seems to me one of the most exquisite I have ever been greeted with. Then he coughs again, so badly that I think if I ever come here another time I shall ask for him in vain.

I go in, feeling that soft, spotless, cushioned matting beneath my feet with which the floors of all Japanese buildings are covered. I pass the indispensable bell and lacquered reading-desk; and before me I see other screens only, stretching from floor to ceiling. The old man, still coughing, slides back one of these upon the right and waves me into the dimness of an inner sanctuary, haunted by faint odors of incense. A colossal bronze lamp, with snarling gilded dragons coiled about its columnar stem, is the first object I discern; and in passing it, my shoulder sets ringing a festoon of little bells suspended from the lotus-shaped summit of it. Then I reach the altar, gropingly, unable yet to distinguish forms clearly. But the priest, sliding back screen after screen, pours in light upon the gilded brasses and the inscriptions: and I look for the image of the deity or presiding spirit between the altar groups of convoluted candelabra. And I see—only a mirror, a round pale disk of polished metal, and my own face therein; and behind this mockery of me a phantom of the far sea.

Only a mirror! Symbolizing what? illusion? or that the universe existed for us solely as the reflection of our own souls? or the old Chinese teaching that we must seek the Buddha only in our own hearts? Perhaps some day I shall be able to find out all these things.

As I sit on the temple steps, putting on my shoes preparatory to going, the kind old priest approaches me again, and bowing,

presents a bowl. I hastily drop some coins in it, imagining it to be a Buddhist alms-bowl, before discovering it to be full of hot water. But the old man's beautiful courtesy saves me from feeling all the grossness of my mistake. Without a word, and still preserving his kindly smile, he takes the bowl away, and returning presently with another bowl, empty, fills it with hot water from a little kettle, and makes a sign to me to drink.

Tea is most usually offered to visitors at temples; but this little shrine is very, very poor; and I have a suspicion that the old priest suffers betimes for want of what no fellow-creature should be permitted to need. As I descend the windy steps to the roadway I see him still looking after me, and I hear once more his hollow cough.

Then the mockery of the mirror recurs to me. I am beginning to wonder whether I shall ever be able to discover that which I seek—outside of myself! That is, outside of my own imagination. . . .

The sun is gone; the topaz light is gone: and Cha stops to light his lantern of paper, and we hurry on again, between two long lines of painted paper lanterns suspended before the shops; so closely set, so level those lines are, that they seem two interminable strings of pearls of fire. And suddenly a sound—solemn, profound, mighty—peals to my ears over the roofs of the town: the voice of the tsurigane, the great temple bell of Nungiyama.

All too short the day seemed. Yet my eyes have been so long dazzled by the great white light, and so confused by the sorcery of that interminable maze of mysterious signs which made each street vista seem a glimpse into some enormous *grimoire*, that they are now weary even of the soft glowing of all these paper lanterns, likewise covered with characters that look like texts from a book of magic. And I feel at last the coming of that drowsiness which always follows enchantment.

IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

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“AND this,” the reader may say, “this is all that you went forth to see: a torii, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?”

It is true. And nevertheless I know that I am bewitched. There is a charm indefinable about the place; that sort of charm which comes with a little ghostly thrill, never to be forgotten.

Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient, mystic, mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy, as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations.

And other memories ineffaceable: the first sight of the sea-girt City of Pearl through a fairy veil of haze; the windy approach to the lovely island over the velvety soundless brown stretch of sand; the weird majesty of the giant gate of bronze; the queer, high-sloping, fantastic, quaintly gabled street, flinging down sharp shadows of aerial balconies; the flutter of colored draperies in the sea wind, and of flags with their riddles of lettering; the pearly glimmering of the astonishing shops.

And impressions of the enormous day, the day of the Land of the Gods, a loftier day than ever our summers know; and the glory of the view from those green sacred silent heights between sea and sun; and the remembrance of the sky, a sky spiritual as holiness, a sky with clouds ghost-pure and white as the light itself,—seeming indeed not clouds but dreams, or souls of Bodhi-sattvas about to melt forever into some blue Nirvana.

And the romance of Benten, too,—the deity of Beauty, the divinity of Love, the goddess of Eloquence. Rightly is she likewise named goddess of the sea. For is not the sea most ancient and most excellent of speakers,—the eternal poet, chanter of that mystic hymn whose rhythm shakes the world, whose mighty syllables no man may learn?

THE TEMPLE OF KWANNON

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AND we arrive before the far-famed Kamakura temple of Kwannon,—Kwannon, who yielded up her right to the Eternal Peace that she might save the souls of men, and renounced Nirvana to suffer with humanity for other myriad million ages; Kwannon, the goddess of Pity and of Mercy.

I climb three flights of steps leading to the temple, and a young girl seated at the threshold rises to greet us. Then she disappears within the temple to summon the guardian priest, a venerable man, white-robed, who makes me a sign to enter.

The temple is large as any that I have yet seen, and like the others, gray with the wearing of six hundred years. From the roof there hang down votive offerings, inscriptions, and lanterns in multitude, painted with various pleasing colors. Almost opposite to the entrance is a singular statue, a seated figure of human dimensions and most human aspect, looking upon us with small weird eyes set in a wondrously wrinkled face. This face was originally painted flesh tint, and the robes of the image pale blue; but now the whole is uniformly gray with age and dust, and its colorlessness harmonizes so well with the senility of the figure that one is almost ready to believe one's self gazing at a living mendicant pilgrim. It is Benzuru, the same personage whose famous image at Asakusa has been made featureless by the wearing touch of countless pilgrim fingers. To left and right of the entrance are the Ni-O, enormously muscled, furious of aspect; their crimson bodies are speckled with a white scum of paper pellets spat at them by worshipers. Above the altar is a small but very pleasing image of Kwannon, with her entire figure relieved against an oblong halo of gold, imitating the flickering of flame.

But this is not the image for which the temple is famed; there is another to be seen, upon certain conditions. The old priest presents me with a petition, written in excellent and eloquent English, praying visitors to contribute something to the maintenance of the temple and its pontiff, and appealing to those of another faith to remember that "Any belief which can make men kindly and good is worthy of respect." I contribute my mite, and I ask to see the great Kwannon.

Then the old priest lights a lantern, and leads the way through a low doorway on the left of the altar, into the interior of the temple, into some very lofty darkness. I follow him cautiously a while, discerning nothing whatever but the flicker of the lantern; then we halt before something which gleams. A moment, and my eyes, becoming more accustomed to the darkness, begin to distinguish outlines; the gleaming object defines itself gradually as a foot, an immense golden foot, and I perceive the hem of a golden robe undulating over the instep. Now the other foot appears; the figure is certainly standing. I can perceive that we are in a narrow but also very lofty chamber, and that out of some mysterious blackness overhead, ropes are dangling down into the circle of lantern light illuminating the golden feet. The priest lights two more lanterns, and suspends them upon hooks attached to a pair of pendent ropes about a yard apart; then he pulls up both together slowly. More of the golden robe is revealed as the lanterns ascend, swinging on their way; then the outlines of two mighty knees; then the curving of columnar thighs under chiseled drapery, and as with the still waving ascent of the lanterns the golden Vision towers ever higher through the gloom, expectation intensifies. There is no sound but the sound of the invisible pulleys overhead, which squeak like bats. Now above the golden girdle, the suggestion of a bosom. Then the glowing of a golden hand uplifted in benediction. Then another golden hand holding a lotus. And at last a face, golden, smiling with eternal youth and infinite tenderness,—the face of Kwannon.

So revealed out of the consecrated darkness, this ideal of Divine femininity, creation of a forgotten art and time, is more than impressive. I can scarcely call the emotion which it produces admiration; it is rather reverence.

But the lanterns, which paused awhile at the level of the beautiful face, now ascend still higher, with a fresh squeaking of pulleys. And lo! the tiara of the divinity appears, with strangest symbolism. It is a pyramid of heads, of faces,—charming faces of maidens, miniature faces of Kwannon herself.

For this is the Kwannon of the Eleven Faces,—Jiu-ichi-men-Kwannon.

THE SHINTŌ FAITH

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ONCE more we are journeying through the silence of this holy land of mists and of legends; wending our way between green leagues of ripening rice, white-sprinkled with arrows of prayer, between the far processions of blue and verdant peaks whose names are the names of gods. We have left Kitzuki far behind. But as in a dream I still see the mighty avenue, the long succession of torii with their colossal shimenawa, the majestic face of the Guji, the kindly smile of the priest Sasa, and the girl priestess in her snowy robes dancing her beautiful ghostly dance. It seems to me that I can still hear the sound of the clapping of hands, like the crashing of a torrent. I cannot suppress some slight exultation at the thought that I have been allowed to see what no other foreigner has been privileged to see,—the interior of Japan's most ancient shrine, and those sacred utensils and quaint rites of primitive worship so well worthy the study of the anthropologist and the evolutionist.


But to have seen Kitzuki as I saw it is also to have seen something much more than a single wonderful temple. To see Kitzuki is to see the living centre of Shintō, and to feel the life pulse of the ancient faith, throbbing as mightily in this nineteenth century as ever in that unknown past whereof the Kojiki itself, though written in a tongue no longer spoken, is but a modern record. Buddhism, changing form or slowly decaying through the centuries, might seem doomed to pass away at last from this Japan to which it came only as an alien faith; but Shintō, unchanging and vitally unchanged, still remains all-dominant in the land of its birth, and only seems to gain in power and dignity with time. Buddhism has a voluminous theology, a profound philosophy, a literature vast as the sea. Shintō has no philosophy, no code of ethics, no metaphysics; and yet by its very immateriality it can resist the invasion of Occidental religious thought as no other Orient faith can. Shintō extends a welcome to Western science, but remains the irresistible opponent of Western religion; and the foreign zealots who would strive against it are astounded to find the power that foils their uttermost efforts indefinable as magnetism and invulnerable as air. Indeed, the best of our scholars have never been able to

tell us what Shintō is. To some it appears to be merely ancestor worship, to others ancestor worship combined with nature worship; to others again it seems to be no religion at all; to the missionary of the more ignorant class it is the worst form of heathenism. Doubtless the difficulty of explaining Shintō has been due simply to the fact that the sinologists have sought for the source of it in books: in the Kojiki and the Nihongi, which are its histories; in the Norito, which are its prayers; in the commentaries of Motowori and Hirata, who were its greatest scholars. But the reality of Shintō lives not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional religious expression, immortal and ever young. Far underlying all the surface crop of quaint superstitions, and artless myths, and fantastic magic, there thrills a mighty spiritual force, the whole soul of a race, with all its impulses and powers and intuitions. He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty, and the power of art, and the fire of heroism and magnetism of loyalty, and the emotion of faith, have become inherent, immanent, unconscious, instinctive.

Trusting to know something of that Oriental soul in whose joyous love of nature and of life even the unlearned may discern a strange likeness to the soul of the old Greek race, I trust also that I may presume some day to speak of the great living power of that faith now called Shintō, but more anciently Kami-no-michi, or "The Way of the Gods."

REGINALD HEBER

(1783-1826)

N EARLIER generation of cultivated readers knew Heber by heart, and the present one is inclined to rank him among the best of the hymn-writers. His father was a country gentleman of excellent Yorkshire family, incumbent of a double living when double livings were legal and proper, and rector of Malpas in Cheshire when his second son, Reginald, was born. Sent to Oxford at seventeen, the boy began at once a brilliant university career. In his first year (1800) he took the prize for his 'Carmen Seculare,' a Latin poem describing the greatness of the new century. He was but twenty when he wrote in English his second prize poem, 'Palestine,' which was printed in 1807 and several times reprinted; for it appealed to the religious sense of the great middle-class English public, still stirred by the remembrance of Wesley and the Evangelists. In the theatre where it was recited it was received with tumultuous enthusiasm, and it is one of the very few prize poems that have lived; Tennyson being perhaps the only one of the great poets whose university verses were admired by a later generation. There is a pretty story connecting

REGINALD HEBER

Walter Scott with the fortunate student's triumph. Scott, the smart young sheriff of Selkirkshire, not yet famous, had become known by his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' to that extraordinary book-worm Richard Heber, half-brother of Reginald, whom the "Wizard" afterward spoke of as "Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the world." Scott was visiting his fellow antiquarian at Oxford, when the tall, shy, handsome young undergraduate brought in his 'Palestine' for their criticism. Both the elders praised it, but Scott pointed out that a fine metaphor had been missed in the description of the building of the Temple, and Heber added the best lines in the poem:—

"No hammers fell; no ponderous axes rung:
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung."

Two years later he won a third prize for the best English essay, 'On the Sense of Honor,' was elected a fellow of his college, and traveled extensively. In 1807 he received holy orders and took one of the family livings, which had been kept waiting for him. He proved to be a most devoted parish priest, improving the church services, building up the schools, and raising the standard of health and morals among his people. He never liked his position, he confides to a friend, "as half squire, half parson," but he did his best to justify his place.

In 1822 he accepted with much hesitation the appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta. At that time the whole of British India made one vast see, the care of which demanded almost superhuman labor and endurance. Poor Heber, always ardent and zealous, traveled over his spiritual kingdom from bound to bound, preaching, teaching, establishing missions, baptizing, confirming, patching up peace between quarrelsome societies, settling clerical differences, doing social duty, sparing everybody but himself, always cheerful, always attentive, always eager to do the one thing more. Overwork, or the merciless climate, or anxiety, or all together, killed him at the end of three years in the very midst of his labors, when he was not yet forty-three.

He wrote prose enough to fill two or three volumes, most of it sermons, addresses, and lectures, besides an interesting book of travels called 'A Journey through India, from Calcutta to Bombay.' But he is best remembered for his hymns, still sung to-day in all Protestant Christian churches. More than any other hymn-writer, perhaps, he has been able to give the simple utterance of faith or feeling its place in institutional worship. Sunday after Sunday, in the English churches, the splendid roll of his 'Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty' sweeps the soul of the listener as with the rushing of a mighty wind; in the 'Hymn for the Epiphany' many a believer finds the voice of his own passion of faith and gratitude; in the funeral hymns are uttered the woe and the triumph of humanity. Among the world's great singers Heber's name will not be found, but with the poets whom many generations love, his place is assured.

'THE MISSIONARY HYMN'

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCASION OF HIS PREACHING A SERMON FOR
THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN APRIL, 1820

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation;
 Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly:
 Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,
 Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him;
 Hide his pale features with the sable pall.
 Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
 Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
 Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
 Set down the bier: he is not dead, but sleeping.
 "Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation,
 Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
 Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,
 Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

TRINITY SUNDAY

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
 Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
 Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and
 sea.

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
 God in three persons. blessed Trinity.

EPIPHANY

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

TO HIS WIFE—WRITTEN IN UPPER INDIA

IF THOU wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnacle glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on—then on; where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

AT A FUNERAL

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths Divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH

I SEE them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light.

They're lost, and gone; the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.


Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn,—they come, they come;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way:
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

HEGEL

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HEGEL

(1770-1831)

BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS

EORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HEGEL was born at Stuttgart on the 27th of August, 1770. His biographers mention the fact that Swabia, the birthplace of Hegel and Schelling, was also the birthplace of Albertus Magnus, the greatest genius for philosophy in the Middle Ages; of his pupils,—Thomas Aquinas being the light of Christian theology, and Meister Eckhart being the fountain of German mysticism and philosophy. But Hegel's ancestor John Hegel had migrated from Carinthia into Swabia in the seventeenth century, seeking freedom for the exercise of his newly acquired Protestant faith. After the Lutheran reformation, which extended into the mountainous portions of Austria, was vigilantly repressed by the Austrian government, numbers of the most industrious and intelligent inhabitants migrated northward and westward for the sake of religious freedom.

The father of our philosopher, George Louis Hegel, held an office under the government, being a secretary of the Bureau of Public Revenues. His mother was a well-informed and intelligent woman. The events of his youth and early manhood are thoroughly prosaic, up to the time of his meeting with Schelling. He was sent to the Latin school at the age of five years, and at seven entered the gymnasium. It is reported of him that he read Shakespeare in Wieland's translation at the age of eight years, and that at about the age of thirteen he had done some study in geometry, surveying, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He translated the work of Longinus on the Sublime at the age of seventeen. His studies in Greek literature made the liveliest possible impression upon his mind, and all readers of Hegel's works are struck with the fact that Greek methods of thinking—in short, the Greek view of the world—became part and parcel of his mind. He read the 'Antigone' of Sophocles at the age of eighteen, and for many years after this studied Greek and Roman history and the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle. He very early perceived that these philosophies are the same substantially, both of them reaching to the truth that reason is the absolute. The fact of his study of Greek philosophy gave him a vantage ground; he became later the

interpreter of the results of Greek philosophy into the language of German philosophy, and was able to demonstrate the harmony of the two great streams of human thinking.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Tübingen as student of theology, and took great interest in the lectures on the Psalms and on the Book of Job, carrying on at the same time studies in biology and reviewing Greek literature. Schelling arrived at the same university two years later, and awakened the more sluggish intellect of Hegel into a new activity. Before the advent of Schelling, Hegel, it seems, had not looked upon philosophy as a process of real *knowing*. It appeared to him rather like a record of curious opinions, in which no trace of scientific necessity could be discovered. But the fervent heat of Schelling's mind melted down these opinions and separated the gold from the dross. Schelling could pierce at once to the essential necessity of thought. He could see what belongs to the constitution of the mind and determines the very structure of thought itself. Schooled in the philosophies of Kant and Fichte, Schelling grappled with the fundamental problems of philosophy with as much assurance and familiarity as if they were every-day matters of the university lecture-room, or indeed of the students' boarding-house. Hegel, five years his senior, borrowed courage from Schelling, and commenced anew his studies in philosophy with an entirely different point of view. For fifteen years he willingly acknowledged himself to be Schelling's disciple.

Meanwhile the French Revolution had begun, and was now in the height of its progress. It was the external counterpart of the Kantian revolution in philosophy. All realized institutions were attacked by it, in the interest of individual freedom against authority. All over Europe there came to be a feeling that man is the maker of his institutions, and that he can demonstrate this authorship by taking to pieces Church and State, and reconstructing them at pleasure. Kant and Fichte had attacked the problems of philosophy in the same revolutionary spirit. It seemed to them as if they stood, for the first time, face to face with truth. All other and earlier endeavors had been fatuitous. Dogmatic philosophy had not attained truth, but merely likelihood, or opinion. With the newly acquired faculties of higher introspection discovered by Kant, it would be possible now to settle ultimately and finally the attitude of the mind towards fundamental problems of the universe. The problems of life could all be solved without delay.

These views aroused unbounded enthusiasm. The Germans call this epoch the "Aufklärung" (Enlightenment). It was a clearing-up such as comes from cutting loose from the past, with a consciousness that the individual commences a new book, with new ideas and with

no responsibilities to anything that has been written before. Hegel had been much interested in Rousseau in his youth, and when the French Revolution came to be discussed all over Europe, he like most young men of his time adopted the gospel of liberty, equality, and fraternity as his own. He and Schelling took an active part in a political club founded for the dissemination of French ideas at the university. In the course of a few years, however, he discovered the shallowness of a movement which claims as its chief merit the neglect of the past and the wholesale condemnation of existing institutions. According to the principle of the French Revolution, no sooner has something become an accomplished fact than it becomes a menace to the freedom of the individual; it becomes tyrannical with its authority. Hence, no sooner did the Revolution make a new constitution than it began to amend it; for how could the people retain their consciousness of freedom from authority unless they continually recast their constitutional law? This lesson of the French Revolution made the profoundest impression upon the mind of Hegel, given as he was to looking behind the immediate appearance to the essential form of the deed. He saw at once the irrationality of the Revolution, and compared it to Saturn, who devoured his own offspring. He saw vividly the absurdity of constitutional conventions which are to discover and adopt reasonable foundations, to be followed immediately by new conventions which demolish the reasonable forms adopted by their predecessors. Hegel became conscious of the truth of the conservative principle which aims to build the present upon the past, and to reinforce the insight of the present moment by the reflections of all the rational hours that have gone before. This conservatism, which appears in all of the works of Hegel, has been much condemned. It should be remembered that Hegel did not begin to write books until he had reached this conclusion.

After two or three years' companionship with Schelling, Hegel, having completed his theological studies at the university, left Jena and became a private tutor in a family in Berne. It is interesting to note that Fichte had held the position of tutor in Switzerland shortly before this, and Herbart a similar position about the same time. The three years of tutorship passed in studies on the most difficult problems of all philosophies; namely, the reconciliation of the theoretical and practical sides of life—the relation of intellect to will. At this time, too, Hegel made a more thorough study of the Kantian critiques, and took up Fichte's 'Science of Knowledge,' finding it far more difficult to master than the 'Critique of Pure Reason.' He obtained, however, some assistance from Schelling in gaining an insight into the subtle psychology of Fichte. For Schelling had found the writings of Fichte more to his taste than those of any

other philosopher; and just as Fichte had been nurtured on the writings of Kant, the ideas of which he had proceeded at once to combine in a new system, so Schelling recast in a new form the ideas of Fichte. He hastened to construe the world of nature, *a priori*, by means of transcendental ideas. Self-consciousness revealed the hidden laws and principles implicit in ordinary knowing; and these laws and principles, discovered in the unconscious activity of the mind, were identified by him with the moving forces of nature. He attributed them to "an impersonal reason, a soul of the world." Thus it comes to pass that while Fichte laid the greatest stress on the subjective, the will of the individual, the consciousness of the particular person,—that is to say, on the free moral will,—Schelling on the other hand emphasized the objective, the unconscious development of nature, and laid great stress on the gradual unfolding of reason in the inorganic world of matter. There was no necessary incongruity in the two systems. But the one-sidedness due to the intense emphasis given to the opposite poles soon produced a conflict. Fichte subordinated everything else to the moral will, and regarded nature as merely phenomenal and scarcely worthy of man's attention. Schelling, on the other hand, turned to nature and history as unconscious realizations of spirit in time and space, and held them up to view as worthy of all study. They were treated in his philosophy with reverence as Divine incarnations. Fichte slighted time and space, and what they contained. He neglected the forms of matter and the results of history,—everything conventional, such as institutions, customs, and philosophical systems. The world, in short, was treated somewhat as the French revolutionists treated the past. Schelling, on the other hand, looked upon the world as a revelation of the absolute, and held it sacred, while subjectivity (the ego and its interests) became less important in his eyes; and as a consequence, human aims and endeavors, even moral aims, lost their interest to him. Not so however with Hegel. Hegel did not for a moment, while he called himself a disciple of Schelling, fail to see that the moral world is more important than the physical world; although he believed the physical world to be what Schelling claimed for it.

• In the midst of these great philosophical movements, Hegel had (in 1797) become a tutor in Frankfort, and had reinforced his insights obtained through the study of Fichte and the explanations of Schelling, by a study of Plato and Sextus Empiricus the skeptic. What was most important, he began to get a new insight into the dialectic which Fichte had set forth in his 'Science of Knowledge' as the strictly scientific form of expounding philosophy. He saw how, in the hands of Plato and Sextus, the negative plays the moving part in developing thought and correcting its imperfections. Hegel later

conceived the idea of uniting the Platonic dialectic with the Fichtean, and completing an objective dialectic which he hoped to make of great service in rational psychology, or logic as he called it.

In 1801 he returned to Jena, which had become not only a great centre of literary activity but the chief centre of philosophic activity in the world. Fichte had been charged with atheism, had resigned, and gone to Berlin. Schelling was then lecturing at Jena as professor extraordinarius. Hegel commenced to teach logic, metaphysics, the philosophy of nature, and the philosophy of spirit. In 1805 he lectured on the history of philosophy, pure metaphysics, and natural right; in 1806 on the unity of philosophical systems. He began in this year to unfold what he called the phenomenology of spirit; by which he meant an exposition of the dialectic by which one's view of the world changes from that of the earliest infancy up to the most complete view to be found in the philosophy and religion of his civilization. He showed how the barest fragments are seized at first as if they were the truth of the whole world; next how these fragments are supplemented and enlarged by further insight, obtained by noticing their dependence on other things and their utter insufficiency by themselves. This work ('The Phenomenology of Spirit,' published in 1807,) remains the most noteworthy exposition of what Hegel calls his dialectic; although in some respects it is amended and made more complete in his (larger 'Logic,' published in three volumes, 1812 to 1816.) ✓

But in 1803 Hegel had begun to be aware of a growing separation between his view of the world and that of Schelling. He had been substantially at one with Schelling so long as Schelling held the doctrine that reason, or intelligence and will, is the absolute. This was Schelling's view up to 1801. At that time the idea of polarity became very attractive to him. The phenomenon of the magnet had suggested a symbol by which he could explain human consciousness and the world. We, the conscious human beings, represent one pole of being, the subjective pole; while nature, in time and space, represents the other pole, the objective pole of being. Just as the indifference-point unites the two poles in one magnet, so there is the absolute, which is the indifference-point between the subjective and objective poles of being; namely, between mind and nature: and of course this indifference-point is neither mind nor nature, but a higher principle uniting mind and nature. At this point Schelling very distinctly abandoned the current of European thought from Plato to Fichte, and adopted the Oriental standpoint, as revealed in Hindoo philosophy and in the philosophy of the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists. It was a lapse into Orientalism, and if carried out would end in agnosticism, or in the doctrine of the incomprehensibility of the

absolute. Another of its consequences would be the impossibility of recognizing morals or ethics in the Divine. Since the absolute would transcend the subjective as well as the objective, it would be something above morals, and consequently it could not be said to have self-activity. Hegel never for one moment assented to this view, but remained standing by the former attitude of Schelling, making the absolute to be, not an indifference-point, but the perfection of the subjective and objective as a reason whose will is creative, or a reason whose intellect, in the act of knowing, also creates. After 1803, Schelling ought to have seen that his new principle undermined the very possibility of philosophy, and he should have ceased philosophizing; for his absolute, as the indifference-point between reason and nature, proved only an empty unity which did not explain the origin of the polarity from it. The worlds of mind and nature could not be anything but illusions, the Maya of the East-Indian thinking. On the other hand, an absolute of reason could explain the rise of antithesis, and could explain also the world of unconscious nature as a progressive development of individuality—a sort of cradle for the development of immortal souls. But Hegel, even in his lectures on the history of philosophy nearly twenty years later, seems to take pleasure in recognizing Schelling as his master. He does not expound the final system as his own, but adopts the philosophy of Schelling as the last contribution to the 'History of Philosophy.'

It may be of interest to remark here, that although Schelling continued to produce new developments in philosophy which undermined the systems which he had built up before, yet there are two important and permanent interests advanced by his philosophizing. The first of these has been mentioned. Instead of leaving nature as a thing in itself, outside of and beyond all mind, Schelling recognizes in it a genuine objective and independent development of reason, fundamentally identical with mind. Human reason is reflected in the forms of nature. This view brings one to see that the goal at which the human soul has arrived, or is arriving, is confirmed or approved by the great process of struggle for existence which is called nature. "Mind sleeps in matter, dreams in the plant, awakes in the animal, and becomes conscious in man."

Still more important is the effort of Schelling to understand the great systems of thought made by preceding thinkers—his study of Giordano Bruno, and his interpretation of mythology. He successfully appropriated the standpoints of Kant, Fichte, Bruno, Spinoza, Baader, and Boehme. His fertile mind threw great light on the positive meaning contained in each of these systems of thought. He became the best of commentators. He showed how a history of philosophy should be written. not after the style of Mr. Lewes, who

writes the biography of defunct philosophy, but a history that shows the great insights which formed the life of these systems. Schelling had discovered the vital basis for a history of philosophy that should interpret the different systems of thought that had prevailed.

Hegel perhaps learned his most important lesson from Schelling in this matter of the interpretation of systems of thought; and certainly Hegel shines best in writing the 'History of Philosophy,' always being able to penetrate behind the words and seize the essential ideas which lived in the mind of the past thinker. Oftentimes ~~this~~ idea was merely struggling for utterance, and not wholly articulate. This does not prevent Hegel from seizing the idea itself, and setting it forth with success.

The gross outcome of Hegel's philosophy is, in fact,—next after his insight into the defect of Oriental thought,—his ability to seize the thought of Plato and Aristotle, and prove its identity with the thought of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. The easiest method by which the student may arrive at the great thoughts of Plato and Aristotle is to read in Hegel's 'History of Philosophy' his exposition of Socrates and his followers. Hegel's high place is due to his able interpretation of the speculative insights of the great systems of thought which had prevailed in the world for twenty centuries, and on which, in a sense, the institutions of modern civilization had been built. The old philosophy had been so diluted, in making it a book of instruction for students and immature persons, that the insight into its speculative necessity had been lost or become a tradition. The professor is obliged to keep in mind the capacity of the pupil, in preparing his text-book. In striving to make the subject clear to the immature mind, which is not able to think except in images and pictures, the professor changes his attitude from that of a discoverer of truth to that of an expounder of truth. He is obliged to suppress the strictly logical deduction, and substitute for it analogies and illustrations that flow from it; thus, to offer baked bread instead of seed corn to his pupils. But by-and-by his pupils, nurtured on this thin philosophical diet, become professors themselves. They have never heard that Plato and Aristotle ever had any other meaning than the commonplace doctrines learned in their text-books. Hence the degeneracy of philosophy in the schools. On the other hand, eccentric philosophers off the lines of the traditional school wisdom, like Bruno, Spinoza, Boehme, and Swedenborg, have never been reduced to a text-book form, and they still preserve a power to arouse original thought. Schelling's writings have this power. They reveal the morning red of truth, and the student becomes a mystic and beholds the truth for himself. But it does not often occur to him that there is also clear daylight behind the commonplace dogmas of school wisdom.

Hegel profited more by the example of Schelling in this matter of interpreting the past systems of philosophy, than by anything else. He became the great philosophical interpreter.

I have already mentioned his (first original work, the 'Phenomenology of Spirit,' a book that he finished during the battle of Jena (1806).) It appeared from the press in the following year. This work may be best described as an interpretation of the different stand-points at which the mind arrives, successively, on its way from the mere animal sense-perception up to the highest stage of thinking, which sees the world to be a manifestation of Divine reason, and reads its purpose in everything. One must not, however, understand this book to be an attempt to present the contents of the world of nature and of human history in a systematic form, for it is nothing of the kind. It is rather a subjective clearing-up of the contents of his own mind than an objective treatment of the contents of the world, systematically. But the first part of it has something of a very general character; namely, the exhibition of the dialectic by which sense-perception passes from an immediate knowledge of the here and now, to a knowledge of force, and further on, to the insight that force must in all cases be a fragment of will-activity. This part of the track of development must be common to all peoples who have progressed up to, and beyond, the dynamic view of the world. And again, in the next phase of it, where he develops in order, one after the other, the germs of the several institutions of the social life of man; namely, beginning with slavery, on through the patriarchal despotism, up to free, constitutional forms of government. He shows the rise of the moral idea, first in the mind of the slave who, purified by his own sufferings, learns to see the importance of moral conduct on the part of his master, not only for his own (the slave's) well-being, but also for the accomplishment of anything reasonable by his master himself. This deep insight is a key to the explanation of the authorship of *Æsop's Fables*, the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, and the *Hitopadesa*, by slaves. In general, it explains how it is that in Asia, in the realm of arbitrary power and despotism, the moral systems of the world have arisen. It does not indicate any lofty superiority on the part of the Asiatic mind, but rather its backwardness in developing civil institutions such as we enjoy in the Roman law, the English local self-government, and the American Constitution. Hegel uses this key, not only to explain the history and arrested development of civilization among the Oriental peoples, but to explain the moral ideas of the Stoics, the Sceptics, and the Epicureans.

The first part of the *Phenomenology* treats of consciousness, the second part of self-consciousness, or the arrival at the certainty that

a self is behind every total phenomenon, and that the self is an independent, originating being, and therefore morally responsible. He shows how this idea prompts man to a study of nature, with a view to understand how nature is a manifestation or revelation of mind. This is the third study of the Phenomenology under the general title of reason. In Hegel's technique, "reason" means the recognition of mind as the outcome of the world-process. Absolute reason is creating individual beings, and endowing them with reason. The world of nature and human history is a process whose object is the development of individuality. Side by side with this theoretical or intellectual side of the recognition of reason, Hegel places the actual struggle of the will, and traces its ascent from mere caprice, up to the consciousness of laws and obedience to them.

The fourth step of the Phenomenology he calls "spirit." It is the consciousness that makes institutions for the establishment and preservation of what is rational in the world. According to Hegel, reason includes the discovery of rational laws in nature and rational laws in human history and development; but in all this the individual acts as individual, and his seeing and knowing is individual. Spirit names the product of society, and not of the mere individual. In social combinations, according to Hegel, there is a higher manifestation of intelligence and will than in the mere individual, and he calls this manifestation "spirit." Spirit is therefore man acting as a social whole. His insight into this is used as a key to explain the phenomena of his own time, particularly the French Revolution, in its entire cycle from revolt against the State to a restoration of the State under Napoleon.

He closes his Phenomenology by a brief study into the nature of religion. He commences with the lowest forms of fetishism and idolatry, and rising through the art religion of the Greeks, comes to a third and highest religion, revealed religion; signifying by the word "revealed," not so much that the Scriptures are divinely inspired, as that they make known a God who reveals himself to men,—not an inscrutable God, like that of the pantheistic religions, but a Divine-human God, an absolute, conscious reason, and above all, a moral God. For Hegel finds that the Hebrew insight in the Old Testament reaches to such a knowledge of the absolute as is presupposed by psychology, by the philosophy of nature, and by the philosophy of history. It was reached by the intuition of that wonderful people in Palestine.

Of many things man may be uncertain, but he can be absolutely certain that the fundamental Being in the universe must respect the moral law, otherwise he would destroy his own personality. Having convinced himself of this, Hegel has arrived at his final chapter.

absolutely knowing, and his "voyage of discovery" is done. He is certain that there must be absolute science, because the highest of religions presupposes this knowledge that the Divine being is ethical, and necessarily possesses goodness and righteousness. (Now Hegel is ready to commence on his next work, the *Logic*,) which will show how the mind reaches the moral ideal. It is a thorough exploration of the thoughts of the mind which arise in it through its own activity, and not through mere experience. The category of being, for instance, is a category that underlies all experience, and it remains in the mind after having abstracted all that one has learned through each and all his special senses; for all things learned by experience are really qualities of being, but not being itself. So of the categories of negation and of becoming. Such categories as "somewhat," and "other," and "limit," "the finite," "the infinite," and all the other categories of quality; such categories as "quantity," "extensive" and "intensive," and "ratio,"—all these categories of quality and quantity form a sort of surface to the thinking mind. Underneath this it thinks categories of "phenomenon and noumenon," categories of "positive and negative," "identity and difference," "force and manifestation," "substance and attribute," "cause and effect,"—in short, the world of relativity.

Hegel goes on in his *Logic* to discuss—besides these categories of quality and quantity which belong to immediate being, and which constitute our superficial or surface thinking—the categories of essence, such as cause and effect, which are the chief categories of reflection, or the understanding; and finally comes to a third realm of thinking, which deals with life and mind, showing up the laws of the judgment and syllogism as found in Aristotle's *Logic*, and working out, along lines that Schelling first explored, into the realization of mind in the mechanism, chemism, and teleology of the world; finally considering the life of animal and plant, and then intellect and will of man, and lastly the union of intellect and will in one being,—the being of God, or as Hegel calls it, the "absolute idea." This absolute idea has the form of perfectly altruistic action. Its Divine occupation is the creating of other beings, and the nurturing of the same up to their immortal individuality.

With the appearance of conscious self-determination in the world, there begins responsibility, and consequently conscious discrimination between evil and righteousness. The institutions of civilization arise in order to conserve the conscious practice of the right and the suppression of evil.

In this his first work, the '*Phenomenology*,' we find the keys which Hegel applies to the several departments of philosophy; his work after 1807 lay in the lines therein mapped out. While in charge

of a classical high school in Nuremberg. (he elaborated and published his 'Science of Logic,' in three volumes (1812 to 1816).) (The outline of the 'Philosophy of Nature' he published in his 'Encyclopædia of Philosophical Sciences' in 1817 at Heidelberg, whither he had gone in October 1816 to assume a professorship in the University.) The first volume of the 'Encyclopædia' contains a compend of his logic, and the third volume contains the 'Philosophy of Spirit,' which is mostly a systematic arrangement of materials to be found in his 'Phenomenology.'

In October 1818 Hegel became a professor in the University of Berlin, occupying the chair formerly occupied by Fichte. (In his Berlin period he elaborated the details of the 'Philosophy of Spirit,' and expanded its contents into a large number of volumes.) (In 1821 he published his 'Philosophy of Right,' containing the science of jurisprudence, morals, and politics.) In the following years he lectured on the philosophy of history, on the science of the fine arts and poetry, on the philosophy of religion, and on the history of philosophy. His manuscripts were edited by his disciples after his death, additions being made to the manuscripts from the notes of the pupils taken during the lectures. While engaged on a new edition of his complete Logic, having finished the revision of the first volume, he died of cholera, November 14th, 1831.

(The edition of his complete works by his disciples contains in Vol. i. his writings of the Schelling period; Vol. ii., 'Phenomenology of Spirit'; Vols. iii., iv., and v., 'Science of Logic'; 'Outlines of the Philosophy of Right' (one volume), 'Philosophy of History' (one volume), 'Æsthetics,' including the 'Philosophy of the Fine Arts and Poetry' (three volumes), 'Philosophy of Religion' (two volumes), 'History of Philosophy' (three volumes), the 'Encyclopædia' (three volumes), 'Miscellaneous Writings' (two volumes). To this list should be added the 'Life of Hegel' by Rosenkranz (one volume). English translations now exist of the 'Philosophy of History,' the 'Encyclopædia,' the 'Philosophy of Right,' the 'Philosophy of Religion,' the 'History of Philosophy,' and a considerable portion of the 'Æsthetics.'

Of these works, the 'Philosophy of Right' gives by far the best philosophy of the family, industrial society, political economy, and the State, that has been produced by the Kantian critical school. It contains a brief but very luminous treatise on the science of morals as distinct from ethics in general, which Hegel construes as the science of institutions. Hegel's 'Philosophy of Æsthetics,' including the fine arts and poetry, treats of the three epochs of art, symbolic (Oriental), classic (Greek and Roman), and romantic (Christian), as well as the special arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. It shows, in accordance with broad principles, how the ideal

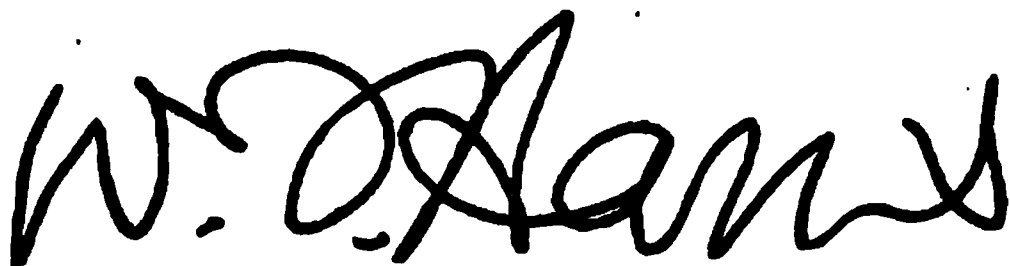
of the beautiful is realized within the three great epochs of civilization; and gives the student a philosophical basis by which to criticize the merits and defects of each phase of art. It shows also the advantages and the defects of each of the special arts in revealing the beautiful; architecture having one kind of limitation, sculpture another, painting, music, and poetry still others. If Hegel had left us only this work on the philosophy of art, says Bénard, it would have been sufficient to give him first rank among the thinkers of his century. But this may be truthfully said of four of his other works.

His 'Philosophy of Religion' commences with a discussion of the nature of religion, defining its limitations and showing its central value. The first part of his 'Philosophy of Art,' in the same way, shows the nature of art and its significance. The 'Philosophy of Religion' then proceeds to take up historically the religions of the chief nations, showing the Church from its earliest beginnings to its culmination in Christianity. The 'Philosophy of History' is the central book of this group. It takes up the nations of the world, and analyzes the fundamental idea of the civilization of each; then shows how this idea gets realized in the manners and customs of the people, and especially in their governmental form. He then shows how the colliding elements of this great idea get reconciled and harmonized within the nation itself; and then how it comes into collision with nations outside of it; and finally how it is overcome by the world-historical nation which is to become its successor as leader in civilization. The works on æsthetics and religion reinforce the 'Philosophy of History' by showing how the national idea gets realized in the art and literature of the people, and also in its religious creed and methods of worship. It seems to be a tacit conviction of Hegel that in order to seize the truth of the individuality of a nation, and understand its career in the world, you must investigate not only its form of government and its manners and customs, but also its view of the world as found in religion, and its celebration of that view of the world, in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. A mistake in any one of these spheres would get corrected while investigating other spheres.

Hegel's 'History of Philosophy' is the most remarkable work of its kind, inasmuch as it has the advantage of the wonderful interpreting power of the master. His pupils have numerous attempted writings in the history of philosophy, and have made great success in it, but no success equal to that of Hegel himself. His work is profoundly suggestive. He studies the thought of a nation always in the light of its institutions, its art, its literature, and its religion. By his very method he is protected against attributing to thinkers ideas which could not have arisen in their historical epoch. Hegel has

done more than any other thinker to give the student what is called a historical sense, and thus guard him against misinterpreting the earlier forms of ideas for later ones.

In each of these works, which stand for the four greatest contributions to human thought in this century,—Hegel's treatises on art, religion, history, and philosophy,—the great contrast between Asiatic contributions and those of Europe is brought out with ever-fresh illustrations and profound suggestions. The difference of these two epochs of human history is shown to be the deepest possible. The Oriental thought is not strong enough in its synthetic power to grasp the idea of an absolute, as an ethical personality, but remains standing at the idea of an empty infinite, devoid of all attributes. This impotency it illustrates in its works of art, its forms of civil government, its religious creeds, and its philosophy. The correspondence between the abstract theories of a civilization and its concrete results is worked out by Hegel so felicitously as to awaken the highest enthusiasm in the intelligent reader.



SELECTIONS FROM HEGEL'S WRITINGS

THE following extracts from English translations from Hegel will serve to illustrate his difficulties of style, which appear through a translation somewhat exaggerated on account of the impossibility of rendering his technical terms into corresponding terms in English. His writings are built up systematically, and somewhere in his works each technical term will be found to be explained fully; but unfortunately for his readers, he uses these terms anywhere in their full technical significance, assuming that the reader is acquainted with the detailed exposition which he has given somewhere else. Such simple words as "reason," "spirit," "self-consciousness," are used as glibly as if they meant only the ordinary mental pictures called up by the reading public at sight of these words. But we have seen that "spirit" implies an investigation occupying five or six hundred pages in that most abstruse and exasperating work 'The Phenomenology of Spirit.' (1) It implies the psychological demonstration that self-activity is the true first principle, presupposed not only as the basis of all life but as the basis of all inorganic nature. (This is the step called "self-consciousness.") (2) It presupposes the

long investigation through experience of untold centuries into the objects of nature, discovering finally their purpose in creation; and the other phase of investigation into the action of the human will, by which it arrives at moral and ethical forms of action. (This is the process called "reason.") (3) Finally, it presupposes a like investigation on the part of human experience into institutions best calculated to realize human nature, the family, civil society, the State and the Church. (This process is called "spirit.")

This style resembles in some degree that of treatises in higher mathematics, wherein a simple formula of two or three terms quotes a result which has been arrived at after one or two hundred pages of close analytical reasoning.

In the following extracts I preface each by a brief explanation indicating the general result, and calling attention to some of the technical terms which contain the compendious reference here described.

W. T. H.

TRANSITION TO THE GREEK WORLD

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[The following passage, on the transition from the history of Egypt to that of Greece, shows how a national consciousness which expresses itself only in symbols passes over to one that expresses itself in the language of thought.]

THE Egyptian Spirit has shown itself to us as in all respects shut up within the limits of particular conceptions, and as it were, imbruted in them; but likewise stirring itself within these limits,—passing restlessly from one particular form into another. This Spirit never rises to the Universal and Higher, for it seems to be blind to that; nor does it ever withdraw into itself: yet it symbolizes freely and boldly with particular existence, and has already mastered it. All that is now required is to posit that particular existence—which contains the germ of ideality—*as ideal*, and to comprehend Universality itself, which is already potentially liberated from the particulars involving it. It is the free, joyful Spirit of Greece that accomplishes this, and makes this its starting-point. An Egyptian priest is reported to have said that the Greeks remain eternally children. We may say on the contrary that the Egyptians are vigorous *boys*, eager for self-comprehension, who require nothing but clear understanding of themselves in an ideal form in order to become

Young Men. In the Oriental Spirit there remains as a basis the massive substantiality of Spirit immersed in Nature. To the Egyptian Spirit it has become impossible—though it is still involved in infinite embarrassment—to remain contented with *that*. The rugged African nature disintegrated that primitive Unity, and lighted upon the problem whose solution is Free Spirit.

THE PROBLEM

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[Hegel uses with great effect a quotation from a Neo-Platonist philosopher who used the clear thoughts of Aristotle and Plato to explain the symbolic consciousness of the Greeks.]

THAT the Spirit of the Egyptians presented itself to their consciousness in the form of a *problem*, is evident from the celebrated inscription in the sanctuary of the Goddess Neith at Sais: "*I am that which is, that which was, and that which will be: no one has lifted my veil.*" This inscription indicates the principle of the Egyptian Spirit; though the opinion has often been entertained, that its purport applies to all times. Proclus supplies the addition, "*The fruit which I have produced is Helios.*" That which is clear to itself is therefore the result of, and the solution of, the problem in question. This lucidity is Spirit—the Son of Neith the concealed night-loving divinity. In the Egyptian Neith, Truth is still a problem. The Greek Apollo is its solution; his utterance is: "*Man, know thyself.*" In this dictum is not intended a self-recognition that regards the specialties of one's own weaknesses and defects: it is not the individual that is admonished to become acquainted with his idiosyncrasy, but humanity *in general* is summoned to self-knowledge. This mandate was given for the Greeks; and in the Greek Spirit, humanity exhibits itself in its clear and developed condition. Wonderfully, then, must the Greek legend surprise us, which relates that the Sphinx—the great Egyptian symbol—appeared in Thebes, uttering the words: "What is that which in the morning goes on four legs, at midday on two, and in the evening on three?" Œdipus, giving the solution *Man*, precipitated the Sphinx from the rock. The solution and liberation of that Oriental Spirit, which in Egypt had advanced so far as to propose the problem, is certainly this: that the Inner Being (the Essence)

of Nature is Thought, which has its existence only in the human consciousness. But that time-honored antique solution given by Œdipus—who thus shows himself possessed of knowledge—is connected with a dire ignorance of the character of his own actions. The rise of spiritual illumination in the old royal house is disparaged by connection with abominations, the result of ignorance; and that primeval royalty must—in order to attain true knowledge and moral clearness—first be brought into shapely form, and be harmonized with the Spirit of the Beautiful, by civil laws and political freedom.

THE GREEK WORLD

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[In explaining the general characteristics of the Greek national mind, Hegel calls attention to the fact that Greek civilization is the first appearance of "spirit" in the world, using the word in the technical sense above described; namely, that it is the first nationality which adopts free institutions, that is to say, institutions which embody reason and are adapted to assist the individual citizen to attain free reasonable action. He uses the expression, "In Greece advancing spirit makes itself the content of its volition and its knowledge;" meaning, as he explains later, that the Greek citizen makes it his personal interest to adopt as his own will the will of the State; for this is the essence of freedom. The individual citizen, too, understands the motive of the State; that is to say, it is not a motive of some mere ruler or tyrant, but the motive that arises in the mind of the individual citizen, as such, and declared by his vote. He contrasts this form of spirit with a further developed one, in which the individual citizen lays less stress upon his individual satisfaction, and looks more to the reasonable result, even if at the cost of his individuality. One of the finest passages in Hegel is the paragraph upon Achilles and Alexander.]

AMONG the Greeks we feel ourselves immediately at home, for we are in the region of Spirit; and though the origin of the nation, as also its philological peculiarities, may be traced farther,—even to India,—the proper Emergence, the true Palingenesis of Spirit, must be looked for in Greece first. At an earlier stage I compared the Greek world with the period of adolescence; not indeed in *that* sense, that youth bears within it a serious anticipative destiny, and consequently by the very conditions of its culture urges towards [rests on] an ulterior aim,—presenting thus an inherently incomplete and immature form, and being then most defective when it would deem itself perfect,—but in *that* sense, that youth does not yet present the activity of work

does not yet exert itself for a definite intelligent aim, but rather exhibits a concrete freshness of the soul's life. It appears in the sensuous actual world as Incarnate Spirit and Spiritualized Sense [*i. e.*, æsthetic art], in a unity which owed its origin to Spirit. Greece presents to us the cheerful aspect of youthful freshness, of Spiritual vitality. It is here first that advancing Spirit makes *itself* the content of its volition and its knowledge; but in such a way that State, Family, Law, Religion, are at the same time objects aimed at by individuality, while the latter is individuality only in virtue of those aims. The [full-grown] man, on the other hand, devotes his life to labor for an objective aim; which he pursues consistently, even at the cost of his individuality.

The highest form that floated before the Greek imagination was Achilles, the Son of the Poet, the Homeric Youth of the Trojan War. Homer is the element in which the Greek world lives, as man does in the air. The Greek life is a truly youthful achievement. Achilles, the ideal youth of *poetry*, commenced it; Alexander the Great, the ideal youth of *reality*, concluded it. Both appear in contest with Asia: Achilles, as the principal figure in the national expedition of the Greeks against Troy, does not stand at its head but is subject to the Chief of Chiefs; he cannot be made the leader without becoming a fantastic, untenable conception. On the contrary, the second youth, Alexander, —the freest and finest individuality that the real world has ever produced,—advances to the head of this youthful life that has now perfected itself, and accomplishes the revenge against Asia.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[After treating Rome as a kingdom and a republic, Hegel takes up, in the chapter on the Roman Empire, the subject of the introduction of Christianity, making one of his profoundest (and obscurest) analyses in his discussion of the doctrine of Christianity as related to the previous standpoints in the world history. There is no passage in all his writings more worthy of study than this discussion of the elements of Christianity. It contains one of his best statements of the superiority of those forms of the State, religion, or philosophy, which give the individual independent subsistence, and do not make him a transient wave to be swallowed up by the ocean of being. Hegel has unfolded in the 'Philosophy of Right,' the 'Philosophy of Religion,' and the 'Phenomenology of Spirit,' this insight into the substantial and permanent character of the individual man, who possesses personal immortality. Here he treats of

it as the essential element in Christianity, which recognizes individual personality in the absolute, and the reflection of that permanent individuality in human beings. In fact, Hegel sees in the doctrine of the incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the adequate religious statement of this final doctrine of the creation of the individual for immortality and reconciliation with God. It is the doctrine of the divine-human. "The Absolute Object, Truth, is Spirit;" that is to say, the object of God's thinking is man in the highest institutional form, called in revelation the "invisible Church" or the "City of God." This, however, is not only the object of God's consciousness, but also of man's as a member of the invisible Church; and thus, as Hegel goes on to say, man realizes that the essential being of the world is his own essential being, and thus he removes its mere objectivity, its existence as an alien being outside of himself, which he adopts merely on external authority, and thus comes to make it internal, subjective, seeing its truth by his own insight and not on mere hearsay.]

IT HAS been remarked that Cæsar inaugurated the Modern World on the side of *reality*, while its spiritual and inward existence was unfolded under Augustus. At the beginning of that empire whose principle we have recognized as finiteness and particular subjectivity exaggerated to infinitude, the salvation of the World had its birth in the same principle of subjectivity,—viz., as a *particular person*, in abstract subjectivity, but in such a way that conversely, finiteness is only the *form* of his appearance, while infinity and absolutely independent existence constitute the essence and substantial being which it embodies. The Roman World as it has been described—in its desperate condition and the pain of abandonment by God—came to an open rupture with reality, and made prominent the general desire for a satisfaction such as can only be attained in "the inner man," the Soul,—thus preparing the ground for a higher Spiritual World. Rome was the Fate that crushed down the gods and all genial life in its hard service, while it was the power that purified the human heart from all specialty. Its entire condition is therefore analogous to a place of birth, and its pain is like the travail-throes of another and higher Spirit, which manifested itself in connection with the *Christian Religion*. This higher Spirit involves the reconciliation and emancipation of Spirit; while man obtains the consciousness of Spirit in its universality and infinity. The Absolute Object, *Truth*, is Spirit; and as man himself is Spirit, he is present [is mirrored] to himself in that object, and thus in his Absolute Object has found Essential Being and *his own* essential being. But in order that the objectivity of Essential Being may be done away with, and Spirit be

no longer alien to itself,—may be *with* itself [self-harmonized],—the Naturalness of Spirit, that in virtue of which man is a special empirical existence, must be removed; so that the alien element may be destroyed, and the reconciliation of Spirit be accomplished.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[Hegel goes on to show the significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, as a symbol of this deep truth. He discusses the appearance of concrete subjective caprice in the Greek national mind, and the abstract subjective mind in the Roman national mind, especially in the right of private property, in goods and chattels, and in land,—a right which realized for the citizen a sphere of free individuality.]

GOD is thus recognized as *Spirit* only when known as the *Triune*. This new principle is the axis on which the History of the World turns. This is *the goal* and the *starting-point* of History. "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent his Son," is the statement of the Bible. This means nothing else than that *self-consciousness* had reached the phases of development [*momente*] whose resultant constitutes the Idea of Spirit, and had come to feel the necessity of comprehending those phases absolutely. This must now be more fully explained. We said of the Greeks, that the law for their Spirit was "Man, know thyself." The Greek Spirit was a consciousness of Spirit, but under a limited form, having the element of Nature as an essential ingredient. Spirit may have had the upper hand, but the unity of the superior and the subordinate was itself still Natural. Spirit appeared as specialized in the idiosyncrasies of the genius of the several Greek nationalities and of their divinities, and was represented by *Art*, in whose sphere the Sensuous is elevated only to the middle ground of beautiful form and shape, but not to pure Thought. The element of Subjectivity that was wanting in the Greeks we found among the Romans; but as it was merely formal and in itself indefinite, it took its material from passion and caprice;—even the most shameful degradations could be here connected with a divine dread [*vide* the declaration of Hispala respecting the Bacchanalia, Livy xxxix. 13]. This element of subjectivity is afterwards further realized as Personality of Individuals—a realization which is exactly adequate to the principle,

and is equally abstract and formal. As such an Ego [such a personality], I am infinite to myself, and my phenomenal existence consists in the property recognized as mine, and the recognition of my personality. This inner existence goes no further; all the applications of the principle merge in this. Individuals are thereby posited as atoms; but they are at the same time subject to the severe rule of the *One*, which, as *monas monadum*, is a power over private persons [the connection between the ruler and the ruled is not mediated by the claim of Divine or of Constitutional Right, or any general principle, but is direct and individual, the Emperor being the immediate lord of each subject in the Empire]. That Private Right is therefore, *ipso facto*, a nullity, an ignoring of the personality; and the supposed condition of Right turns out to be an absolute destitution of it. This contradiction is the misery of the Roman World.

THE NATURE OF EVIL

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[This free individuality, founded on the ownership of property, was not balanced by a freedom in the Roman imperial government. In relation to the Emperor everything was uncertain. All the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa were brought under the yoke of the Roman law. Deprived of his local religion, of his local rulers, and of all his special aims, Rome and the Roman Empire were placed before man as supreme object of his will, and there arose a feeling of longing, an unsatisfied aspiration. Hegel compares this feeling to that expressed in the Psalms of David and in the Prophets. This is a remarkable commentary on the expression "The fullness of time was come." He makes a discrimination between the consciousness of sin revealed in the Old Testament, and the shallow idea of error or evil, giving a profound significance to the idea of the Fall.]

THE higher condition in which the soul itself feels pain and longing—in which man is not only "drawn," but feels that the drawing is into himself [into his own inmost nature]—is still absent. What has been reflection on our part must arise in the mind of the subject of this discipline in the form of a consciousness that in himself he is miserable and null. Outward suffering must, as already said, be merged in a sorrow of the inner man. He must feel himself as the negation of himself; he must see that his misery is the misery of his nature—that he is in himself a divided and discordant being. This state of mind,

this self-chastening, this pain occasioned by our individual nothingness,—the wretchedness of our [isolated] self, and the longing to transcend this condition of soul,—must be looked for elsewhere than in the properly Roman World. It is this which gives to the *Jewish People* their World-Historical importance and weight; for from this state of mind arose that higher phase in which Spirit came to absolute self-consciousness—passing from that alien form of being which is its discord and pain, and mirroring itself in its own essence. The state of feeling in question we find expressed most purely and beautifully in the Psalms of David, and in the Prophets; the chief burden of whose utterances is the thirst of the soul after God; its profound sorrow for its transgressions, the desire for righteousness and holiness. Of this Spirit we have the mythical representation at the very beginning of the Jewish canonical books, in the account of the Fall. Man, created in the image of God, lost, it is said, his state of absolute contentment, by eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Sin consists here only in Knowledge; this is the sinful element, and by it man is stated to have trifled away his Natural happiness. This is a deep truth, that evil lies in consciousness: for the brutes are neither evil nor good; the merely Natural Man quite as little. Consciousness occasions the separation of the Ego, in its boundless freedom as arbitrary choice, from the pure essence of the Will,—*i. e.*, from the Good. Knowledge, as the disannulling of the unity of mere Nature, is the "Fall"; which is no casual conception, but the eternal history of Spirit. For the state of innocence, the paradisiacal condition, is that of the brute. Paradise is a park, where only brutes, not men, can remain. For the brute is one with God only implicitly [not consciously]. Only Man's Spirit [that is] has a self-cognizant existence. This existence for self, this consciousness, is at the same time separation from the Universal and Divine Spirit. If I hold in my abstract Freedom, in contraposition to the Good, I adopt the standpoint of Evil.

THE FALL

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[The "Fall" is the eternal mythus of man, stating the arrival of man to a deeper consciousness of his true self,—his union with the divine-human and his wide separation between his real and his ideal; the necessity for a reconciliation of the two. A further interpretation of the Old Testament doctrine of the fall of man and the history of the chosen people.]

THE Fall is therefore the eternal Mythus of Man; in fact, the very transition by which he becomes man. Persistence in this standpoint is, however, Evil, and the feeling of pain at such a condition, and of longing to transcend it, we find in David, when he says: "Lord, create for me a pure heart, a new *steadfast* Spirit." This feeling we observe even in the account of the Fall; though an announcement of reconciliation is not made there, but rather one of continuance in misery. Yet we have in this narrative the *prediction* of reconciliation in the sentence, "The Serpent's head shall be bruised;" but still more profoundly expressed where it is stated that when God saw that Adam had eaten of that tree, he said, "Behold, Adam is become as one of us, knowing Good and Evil." God confirms the words of the Serpent. Implicitly and explicitly, then, we have the truth that man through Spirit—through cognition of the Universal and the Particular—comprehends God himself. But it is only God that declares this,—not man; the latter remains, on the contrary, in a state of internal discord. The joy of reconciliation is still distant from humanity; the absolute and final repose of his whole being is not yet discovered to man. It exists, in the first instance, only for God. As far as the present is concerned, the feeling of pain at his condition is regarded as a final award. The satisfaction which man enjoys at first, consists in the finite and temporal blessings conferred on the Chosen Family and the possession of the Land of Canaan. His repose is not found in God. Sacrifices are, it is true, offered to Him in the Temple, and atonement made by outward offerings and inward penitence. But that mundane satisfaction in the Chosen Family, and its possession of Canaan, was taken from the Jewish people in the chastisement inflicted by the Roman Empire. The Syrian kings did indeed oppress it, but it was left for the Romans to annul its individuality. The Temple of Zion is destroyed; the God-serving nation is scattered to the winds. Here every source of

satisfaction is taken away, and the nation is driven back to the standpoint of that primeval Mythos,—the standpoint of that painful feeling which humanity experiences when thrown upon itself. Opposed to the universal *Fatum* of the Roman World, we have here the consciousness of Evil and the direction of the mind Godwards. All that remains to be done is, that this fundamental idea should be expanded to an objective universal sense, and be taken as the concrete existence of man—as the completion of his nature. Formerly the Land of Canaan, and themselves as the people of God, had been regarded by the Jews as that concrete and complete existence. But this basis of satisfaction is now lost, and thence arises the sense of misery and failure of hope in God, with whom that happy reality had been essentially connected. Here, then, misery is not the stupid immersion in a blind Fate, but a boundless energy of longing. Stoicism taught only that the Negative is *not*—that pain must not be recognized as a veritable existence: but *Jewish* feeling persists in acknowledging Reality and desires harmony and reconciliation within its sphere; for that feeling is based on the Oriental Unity of Nature,—i. e., the unity of Reality, of Subjectivity, with the substance of the One Essential Being. Through the loss of mere outward reality Spirit is driven back within itself; the side of reality is thus refined to Universality, through the reference of it to the One.

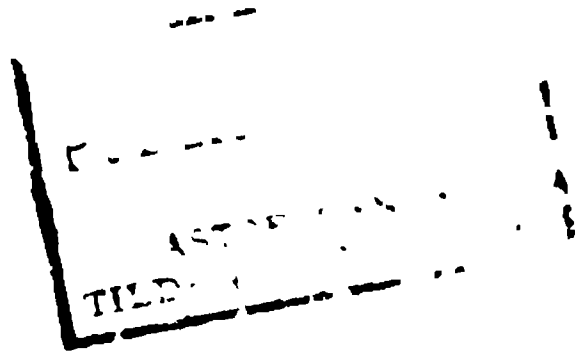
THE ATONEMENT

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[The Persian idea of good and evil (Ormuzd and Ahriman) is not much deeper than that of light and darkness, but in the Old Testament it becomes the distinction between holiness and sin. Hegel points out the infinite depth of subjectivity or personal self-realization that is involved in consciousness of sin. He shows how "that unrest of infinite sorrow" passes over into a consciousness of the infinite gain of reconciliation with the Divine when "The fullness of time was come."]

THE Oriental antithesis of Light and Darkness is transferred to Spirit, and the Darkness becomes Sin. For the abnegation of reality there is no compensation but Subjectivity itself—the Human Will as intrinsically universal; and thereby alone does reconciliation become possible. Sin is the discerning of Good and Evil as separation; but this discerning likewise heals

the ancient hurt, and is the fountain of infinite reconciliation. The discerning in question brings with it the destruction of that which is external and alien in consciousness, and is consequently the return of subjectivity into itself. This, then, adopted into the actual self-consciousness of the World, is the *Reconciliation* [atonement] *of the World*. From that unrest of infinite sorrow—in which the two sides of the antithesis stand related to each other—is developed the unity of God with Reality [which latter had been posited as negative],—*i. e.*, with Subjectivity which had been separated from Him. The infinite loss is counterbalanced only by its infinity, and thereby becomes infinite gain. The recognition of the identity of the Subject and God was introduced into the World when *the fullness of Time was come*: the consciousness of this identity is the recognition of God in his true essence. The material of Truth is *Spirit* itself—inherent vital movement. The nature of God as pure Spirit is manifested to man in the *Christian Religion*.




HEINRICH HEINE

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(1799-1856)

BY RICHARD BURTON

 QUALITY is to decide a writer's position, Heinrich Heine stands with the few great poets and literary men of Germany. His lyrics at their best have not been surpassed in his own land, and rank with the masterpieces of their kind in world literature. As a prose writer he had extraordinary brilliancy, vigor of thought, and grace of form, and as a thinker he must be regarded as one of the pioneers of modern ideas in our century. In German criticism, because of his Semitic blood—his pen not seldom dipped in gall when he wrote of the Fatherland—and his defects of character, full justice has not been done to him as singer and sayer. It remained for an English critic, Matthew Arnold, to define his true place in the literature of our time. A brief survey of his life will make this plainer.

A main thing to remember of Heine the man is, that he was an upper-class Jew. The services of this wonderful people to art, letters, and philosophy, as well as to politics and finance, are familiar. This boy of Düsseldorf was one of the most gifted of the race of Mendelssohn and Rothschild, Rachel and Rubinstein, Chopin and Disraeli. Born in that picturesque old Rhine town, December 12th (or 13th), 1799,—he just missed, as he said, being one of the first men of the century,—his father was a wealthy merchant, his mother a Van Geldern, daughter of a noted physician and statesman. He received a good education, first in a Jesuit monastery, then—after an attempt to establish him at Hamburg in mercantile life, which to the disappointment of his family proved utterly distasteful—in the German universities of Bonn and Göttingen. The law was thought of as a profession; but this necessitated his becoming a Christian, for at the time in Germany all the learned callings were closed to Jews. Heine, though not a believer in the religion of his people, was in thorough sympathy with their wrongs, always the champion of their cause: deeply must he have felt the humiliation of this enforced apostasy, which was performed in 1825, in his twenty-sixth year, the baptismal registry reading "Johann Christian Heine,"—names he never made use of as a writer. Doubtless the iron entered his soul

in the act. Before his study at Göttingen, which resulted in his securing a law degree, Heine spent several years in Berlin, and published a volume of verse there in 1822 without success. Letters which he carried from the poet Schlegel secured him, however, the entrée of leading houses, where he met in familiar intercourse Chamisso, Hegel, and like noted folk, and became the centre of social interest as he read from manuscript, essays and poems which were later to give him fame when grouped together in the volume entitled 'Reisebilder' (Sketches of Travel), containing his most famous work in the essay form; his 'Buch der Lieder' (Book of Songs), which followed soon thereafter, performing the same service for his reputation as poet. He made no professional use of his legal lore, but traveled and tasted life. The years from 1827 to 1830 were spent mostly in Munich and Berlin. Heine took an active part in the journalistic and literary life of these cities, and drove his pen steadily as a doughty free-lance of letters in the cause of intellectual emancipation. A satiric pamphlet against the nobility in 1830, the year of the July Revolution in France, made him fear for his personal liberty; and the next year he removed to Paris, and began the life there which was to end only in his death a quarter-century later.

A liaison with a grisette resulted in his marriage with her; and their quarrelsome, affectionate life together has been often limned. In the capital that has fascinated so many distinguished spirits—at first well, and happy, and seen in society, making occasional journeys abroad; later poor, sick, with gall in his pen and with a swarm of enemies—Heine passed this long period of his life, chained during the ten final years to what he called in grim metaphor his "mattress grave." His disease was a spinal affection, resulting in slow paralysis, loss of sight, the withering of his limbs. No more terrible picture is offered in the personal annals of literature than that of the once gay poet, writhing in his bed through sleepless nights, the sight of one eye gone, the drooping lid of the other lifted by the hand that he might see to use the pen. "I saw the body all shrunk together, from which his legs hung down without signs of life," says his sister, who visited him in Paris the year before he died. "I had to gather all my powers of self-control in order to support in quiet the horrible sight." The volumes of letters and other memorabilia published in recent years plainly set forth the dual nature of this man: his querulousness, equivocations, and jealousies; his impulsive affection towards his near of kin. The French government granted him a pension for his services as revolutionary writer, and it came in the nick of time; for on the death in 1844 of his rich uncle Solomon Heine, who for years had granted him an allowance, it was found that no provision for its maintenance had been made in the will

Heine's bitterness under the heavy hand of Fate comes out pathetically in his latest poems and letters. "I am no longer," he wrote, "a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing cheerfully down upon the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now a poor, fatally ill Jew, an emaciated picture of woe, an unhappy man." His mind remained wonderfully clear to the end, as his literary work testifies; and at least he had the courage of his convictions, contemptuously repudiating the rumor that his former skepticism had been changed in the fiery alembic of suffering. His impious jest on his death-bed is typical, whether apocryphal or not: "God will forgive me: it is his line of business" ("c'est son métier").

It may be said that there is a touch of heroism in the fact that for so long he refused to end an existence of such agony by his own violent act, enduring until Nature gave him release, which she did but tardily, when he had passed his fifty-sixth year, February 17th, 1856. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, without any religious ceremony, as he wished,—a conclusion in key with his whole manner of life,—preserving his Bohemianism to the very grave's edge. It is likely that this terrible closing couplet from his poem on Morphine summed up his feeling honestly enough:—

"Lo, sleep is good; better is death; in sooth,
The best of all were never to be born."

Yet skepticism was not his constant attitude; a man of moods, he could write shortly before his taking-off: "I suffer greatly, but support my wretchedness with submission to the unfathomable will of God." And it is but justice to add that in his will he declared that his intellectual pride was broken, and that he had come to rest in the truths of religion. It is by these inconsistencies and warring emotions that glimpses of the man's complex, elusive nature are gained. In his younger days Heine is described as a handsome fellow, slight of figure, blond, with a poetic paleness and an air of distinction. Later he became corpulent: his sad physical presentment during the final years is finely indicated in the Hasselriis statue of the poet erected at Corfu by the Empress of Austria.

Heine's long Parisian residence, his Gallic inoculation, have been the theme of countless animadversions. He has been painted as a man without a country, a turncoat, and a traitor. Certain facts must be borne in mind in passing judgment upon him. As a boy in Düsseldorf he breathed the atmosphere of the French Revolution, and grew up an enthusiast of the cause, calling himself its "child." The French, again, were the people who, as Arnold remarks, made it possible for the Jews in Germany to find wide activities for the exercise of their talents. His own land proscribed his works: in France, when

he had mastered the tongue, his works which appeared in French won him speedy applause, and he was hailed as the wittiest writer since Voltaire. And to pass from external to internal, there was much in Heine to respond to the peculiarly French traits: flashing wit, lightness of touch, charm of form, lucidity of expression. Small wonder, then, that he crossed the Rhine and took up his abode in the city which has always been a centre of enlightened thinking. In spite of all his sympathy, temperamental and intellectual, for things French, Heine never forgot that he was a German poet, nor was love for the Fatherland killed in his soul. There is a proud ring in his well-known lines:—

"I am a German poet
Of goodly German fame:
Where their best names are spoken,
Mine own they are sure to name."

The estimates of Heine on his personal side range from partisan eulogium to savage and sweeping condemnation. Perhaps it is safest to regard him as a man of complex nature and warring tendencies, in whom faults of character were accentuated by the events of his career. He was sensitive to morbidity, irascible, dissolute in his youth, paying in after days for his excesses the fearful penalty of a slow torturous disease. He had a waspish tendency to sting an enemy, and was quick to take offense from friends. His mocking spirit of contradiction was not above sacrificing justice and purity to its ends; he was at times, in his writings, sensual, ribald, blasphemous. It is fair to plead in partial extenuation the early misappreciation of his kinsfolk, the hostility towards his race, and the exigencies of his subsequent battle for bread, reputation, and the victory of ideas. On the other hand, it is weak sentimentality or purblind favoritism to represent Heine as a hero ill-starred by fortune. He was far from an admirable character, and no whitewashing can make him so: his greatest enemy came from within. He was one who, like Louie in 'David Grieve,' was at death "freed from the fierce burden" of himself.

As a lyric poet Heine is incomparable. It is in this form that the German genius finds finest, freest expression, and the student of German literature must still point to Goethe and Heine as its chief exponents; nor in lyric expression need the latter yield to the former. The representative pieces hereinafter printed, with others of like quality, are among the precious bits of poetry which the world has taken forever to its heart. No translation can give an adequate idea of their haunting perfection, their magic of diction and witchery of music. The reader unfamiliar with German and making Heine's acquaintance at second hand needs to understand this impossibility.

otherwise the poet's due praise may seem rhetorical and excessive. It is said to take a thief to catch a thief: quite as truly does it take a poet to catch a poet, and the task is far more difficult. To get a first-hand knowledge of Heine lends in itself a zest to the learning of his tongue. The characteristics of these lyrics may be defined in few words. As to form, the poet wisely seized upon the popular ballad measures of older German literature, and in rhythms, stanzas, and diction, clung for the most part to those homely creations, thereby giving his work a natural touch and archaic flavor, blending to produce an effect of simplicity and directness which really hide consummate art. No lyricist has had more genuine songfulness, the last test of the true lyric; in proof, witness the frequency with which his most familiar poems have been set to music by the gifted composers of his own and other lands.

But Heine was not alone the singer: he was critic and satirist as well. Even the exquisite deep romanticism of his lyrics is sometimes rudely broken by his own sneering laugh; it is as if the critical in him had of a sudden made him ashamed of his own emotion. One of his German critics has said that he bore a laughing tear-drop on his escutcheon: the flowery phrase denotes this mingling of song and satire in his work. The impish anticlimax of some of his loveliest utterances is one of the grievous things his admirers have to forgive. Heine, in his earlier spontaneous poetry a romanticist of the romanticists, came to perceive intellectually that the work of the so-called Romantic school in Germany must give way to an incoming age of scientific learning and modern ideas; that because it looked backward to the Middle Ages, the movement was wrong. And in this conviction he set himself to fight the old and hail the new. However this perception may prove his prophetic insight, it would have been better for his poetry had he remained in bondage to romanticism. When in a love poem which opens tenderly, he concludes with this stanza:

"Dearest friend, thou art in love,
And that love must be confessed;
For I see thy glowing heart
Plainly scorching through thy vest,"—

one feels that the poet gets his effect of fun at too costly a price. Parody, to pay, must gain more than it loses. The doubt of the singer's sincerity is never quite shaken off. There is reason for calling Heine "the mocking-bird of the singing grove."

As an essay-writer, Heine's substantial reputation rests upon the 'Reisebilder,' those gay, audacious, charming, bitter travel sketches of mingled verse and prose, in the main descriptive of his wanderings through Germany, and of the most varied theme and tone:

now beautiful rhapsodies on the scenes of nature; now quaint pictures of life in city or country, painted with Dutch-like fidelity and realism; now rapier thrusts of wit; again powerful diatribes against existing conventions, or personal attacks upon fellow writers, as in his ill-judged and wanton onslaught upon the romantic bard, the Count von Platen. Far from being all of a piece, these phantasy sketches are of very unequal merit, ranging from the exquisite lyric work of the opening section and the delightful narrative of his experiences in the Hartz Mountains, to the sparkling indecencies of the division dealing with Italy, and the more labored argument and satire of the English Fragments. Of the 'Reisebilder' as a whole it may be said that inspiration grows steadily less in the successive parts. The portion penned in Heine's early twenties deservedly caught the fancy of Europe by the polish and poetry, the striking manner and daring thought it possessed. The writer laughs at the traditions of learning in his native land, he pricks with the sword of satire the ponderous German sentimentality, and he fights with all the weapons in the arsenal of a gifted wit for that modern thing, Liberty,—liberty of conscience, action, opinion. The point of view was new in the literature of the early century, dosed as it was with heavy romanticism and in awe of the old for its own sake. The style was of unprecedented vigor and brilliance: it is easy to understand why he took his wide audience by storm, and became the literary force of the day. To say a wise, keen thing in a light way, to say it directly yet with grace: calls for a beautiful talent. To accomplish this in and with the German language is a double triumph. All Heine's later writings, prose or poetry,—and during his residence in Paris he published numerous works,—are developments or after-echoes of his travel sketches and 'Book of Songs.' Some of them are simply high-class journalism: his critical faculty and graces of manner are best represented by the critique on the Romantic school, which is wise in forecasting the new literary ideals, and a model of clearness and elegance. But for the general reader it will suffice to make the acquaintance of the inimitable 'Reisebilder' and the 'Buch der Lieder,' born of his youth and meridian of genius.

As a thinker, a force in the development of modern ideas,—the ideas of liberty in its application to politics, science, education, and religion,—Heine was a torch-bearer of his time. In his remarkable essay upon the German poet, Matthew Arnold gives him full credit for this influence,—possibly exaggerating it. The sympathy between the enlightened Jew who railed at perfunctoriness in Church and State, and the English radical who rebukes his fellow islanders for their lack of devotion to the Idea, naturally made Arnold the other's champion. Both attacked the Philistine and saw the movement of the

LOVE SONGS

THOU seemest like a flower,
 So pure and fair and bright;
 A melancholy yearning
 Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
 My hands upon thy hair; . . .
 Imploring God to keep thee
 So bright, and pure, and fair.

THOU fairest fisher-maiden,
 Row thy boat to the land.
 Come here and sit beside me,
 Whispering, hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
 And have no fear of me;
 For carelessly thou trustest
 Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
 With storm and ebb and flow;
 And many a pearl lies hidden
 Within its depths below.

THE ocean hath its pearls,
 The heaven hath its stars,
 But oh! my heart, my heart,
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
 But greater is my heart;
 And fairer than pearls or stars
 Glistens and glows my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
 Come unto my mighty heart!
 My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
 Are melting away with love.

MY HEART WITH HIDDEN TEARS IS SWELLING

MY HEART with hidden tears is swelling,
 I muse upon the days long gone;
 The world was then a cozy dwelling,
 And people's lives flowed smoothly on.

Now all's at sixes and at sevens,
 Our life's a whirl, a strife for bread;
 There is no God in all the heavens,
 And down below the Devil's dead.

And all things look so God-forsaken,
 So topsy-turvy, cold, and bare;
 And if our wee bit love were taken,
 There'd be no living anywhere.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

WILL SHE COME?

EVERY morning hears me query:
 Will she come to-day?
 Every evening answers, weary:
 Still she stays away.

In my nights of lonely weeping,
 Sleep I never know;
 Dreaming, like a man half sleeping,
 Through the day I go.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

KATHARINA

ALUSTROUS star has risen on my night,
 A star which beams sweet comfort from its light,
 And brightens all my earthly lot;
 Deceive me not!

Like as still moonward swells the heaving sea,
 So swells and flows my soul, so wild and free,
 Aloft to that resplendent spot,—
 Deceive me not!

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

GOLD

From the 'Romances'

SAY, my golden ducats, say,
 Whither are you fled away?
 Are ye with the golden fishes
 In the little rushing river,
 Gaily darting hither, thither?
 Are ye with the golden blossoms
 On the meadows green and fair,
 Sparkling in the dewy air?
 Are ye with the golden songsters
 Sweeping through the azure sky,
 Flashing splendor to the eye?
 Are ye with the golden stars,
 Clusters of refulgent light,
 Smiling through the summer night?
 Well-a-day! my golden ducats
 Do not in the river lie,
 Do not sparkle in the dew,
 Do not flash across the blue,
 Do not twinkle in the sky;
 But my creditors can tell
 Where my golden ducats dwell.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

GLIMPSES

From the 'Romances'

WHEN Spring with her sunshine revisits the Earth,
 The buds peep out and the blossoms shake;
 When the Moon on her nightly course sails forth,
 The little stars swim in her shimmering wake;
 When sweet eyes trouble the poet's gaze.
 They touch the note of a thousand lays.
 Yet eyes, and songs, and blossoming flowers,
 And splendor of Sun or of Moon or of Star,
 However beautiful such things are,
 Are far from being this world of ours.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

THE FISHER'S HUT

THE ocean shimmered far around,
As the last sun-rays shone;
We sat beside the fisher's hut,
Silent and all alone.

The mist swam up, the water heaved,
The sea-mew round us screamed;
And from thy dark eyes, full of love,
The scalding tear-drops streamed.

I saw them fall upon thy hand;
Upon my knee I sank,
And from that white and yielding hand
The glittering tears I drank.

And since that hour I waste away,
Mid passion's hopes and fears:
O weeping girl! O weary heart!—
Thou'rt poisoned with her tears!

Translation of Charles G. Leland.

IN THE FISHER'S CABIN

WE SAT in the fisher's cabin,
Looking out upon the sea;
Then came the mists of evening,
Ascending silently.

The lights began in the light-house
One after one to burn,
And on the far horizon
A ship we could still discern.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
The sailor and how he thrives,
And how betwixt heaven and ocean,
And joy and sorrow he strives;

We spake of distant countries,
South, North, and everywhere,
And of the curious people
And curious customs there:

The fragrance and light of the Ganges,
 That giant trees embower,
 Where a beautiful, tranquil people
 Kneel to the lotus flower;

Of the unclean folk in Lapland,
 Broad-mouthed and flat-headed and small,
 Who cower upon the hearthstone,
 Bake fish, and cackle, and squall.

The maidens listened gravely;
 Then never a word was said.
 The ship we could see no longer:
 It was far too dark o'erhead.

(Poems and Ballads): Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

THE GRAMMAR OF THE STARS

A THOUSAND years unmoving
 The stars have stood above,
 On one another gazing
 With the pain of yearning love.

They speak a wondrous language
 So sweet and rich and grand;
 Yet none of the famous linguists
 A word can understand.

But I have learned this language
 Which naught from my heart can erase,
 The grammar that I studied
 Was my little sweetheart's face.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

SONNETS TO HIS MOTHER

TO BEAR me proudly is my custom aye;
 My spirit too unbending is, and high;
 What though the King should look me in the eye?
 I would not flinch, or turn my head away.
 Yet, dearest mother, let me truly say:
 Whatever else my stubborn pride deny,
 When to thy loving, trustful side I fly,
 Submissive awe possesses me alway.

Is it the secret influence of thy soul,
 Thy lofty soul, that reaches every goal
 And like the lightning flashes to and fro?
 Or bitter pangs of memory, that proceed
 From countless acts that caused thy heart to bleed,—
 That dearest heart, that ever loved me so?

I LEFT thee lately in my frenzied state,
 Resolved to wander all the wide world o'er,
 To ask for love on every distant shore,—
 Love that alone might ease my spirit's weight.
 I sought for love from early morn till late;
 With fevered hand I knocked at every door
 In Love his name, a token to implore,
 Yet never gathered aught but chilling hate.
 And on, and ever on, with growing pain
 I searched for Love through many a heavy mile;
 Till, sick and weary, to my homestead turning,
 Thou camest to greet me with a mother's smile,—
 And there, upon thy dearest features burning,
 I saw that Love I long had sought in vain.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

THE JEWELS

BLUE sapphires are those eyes of thine,
 Those eyes so sweet and tender:
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Whom they shall happy render!

Thy heart's a diamond, pure and clear,
 With radiance overflowing:
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Who sets that heart a-glowing!

Red rubies are those lips of thine—
 Love ne'er did fairer fashion:
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Who hears their vows of passion!

Oh, could I know that fortunate man,
 And meet him unattended
 Beneath the forest trees so green—
 His luck would soon be ended!

Translation of Ernest Beard.

VOICES FROM THE TOMB

From 'Dream Pictures'

I WENT to the house of my lady fair,
I wandered in madness and dark despair;
And as by the church-yard I went my way,
Sadly the gravestones signed me to stay.

The minstrel's tombstone made me a sign,
In the glimmering light of the pale moon's shine:
"Good brother, I'm coming,"—wild whispering flows;
Pale as a cloud from the grave it rose.

'Twas the harper himself: from the grave he flits;
High on the tombstone the harper sits;
O'er the strings of the cithern his fingers sweep,
And he sings, in a voice right harsh and deep:—

"What! know ye yet that song of old,
Which through the heart once deeply rolled,
Ye strings now slow to move?
The angels call it heaven's joy,
The devils call it hell's annoy,
But mortals call it—love!"

Scarce had sounded the last word's tone,
Ere the graves were opened, every one,
And airy figures came pressing out,
And sweep round the minstrel, while shrill they shout:—

"Love, Love, it was thy might
Laid us in these beds with right,
Closed our eyelids from the light:
Wherefore call'st thou in the night?"

Translation of Charles G. Leland.

MAXIMS AND DESCRIPTIONS

IF ALL Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loop-hole of escape; and God be praised! that loop-hole is larger than the dungeon itself.

"PAPA," exclaimed a little Carlist. "who is the dirty-looking woman with the red cap?"

"It is the Goddess of Liberty," was the answer.

"But, papa, she has not even a chemise."

"A real Goddess of Liberty, my dear child, rarely uses a chemise; and is on that account the more embittered against those who do wear clean linen."

IF FREEDOM should at some future day vanish from the earth, a German dreamer would again discover it in one of his dreams.

WHEN the Lord feels ennui, he opens one of the windows of heaven and takes a look at the Parisian boulevards. *light "!"*

LITERARY history is the great morgue where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.

PSYCHICAL pain is more easily borne than physical; and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former.

NAPOLEON was not of the wood of which kings are made: he was of the marble from which gods are shaped.

It is not generally known why our sovereigns live to so old an age. They are afraid to die, lest they may meet Napoleon in the next world.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.

THE People—that poor monarch in rags—has found flatterers who, with even less of shame than the courtiers of Byzantium and Versailles, fling their censers at his head. These court lackeys of the People are constantly praising the virtues and extolling the merit of their ragged king. "How lovely!" they cry: "how intelligent!" But no, ye lie! Your poor monarch is not

lovely; on the contrary, he is very ugly. But his ugliness is the result of dirt, and will vanish as soon as we erect public bath-houses where his Majesty the People can bathe gratis. A bit of soap will not prove amiss, and we shall then behold a smart-looking People, a People indeed of the first water. Although this monarch's goodness is often praised, he is not at all good; sometimes indeed he is as bad as many other sovereigns. He is angered when hungry; let us therefore see to it that he has somewhat to eat. As soon as his High Mightiness has been properly fed, and has sated his appetite, he will smile on us with gracious condescension, just as the other monarchs do. Nor is his Majesty the People very intelligent: he is more stupid than all other rulers, and almost as beastly stupid as his own favorites. He bestows his affection and his confidence on those who shout the jargon of his own passions; while he reserves his hatred for the brave man who endeavors to reason with and exalt him. It is thus in Paris; it was thus in Jerusalem. Give the People the choice between the most righteous of the righteous and the most wretched highway robber, and rest assured its cry will be, "Give us Barabbas! Long live Barabbas!" The secret of this perverseness is ignorance. This national evil we must endeavor to allay by means of public schools, where education, together with bread and butter and such other food as may be required, will be supplied free of expense.

WHILE I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens, with a friend who with mingled fear and pity was regarding that monument,—built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs,—he turned to me at last and inquired, "How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?" And my answer was, "My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions are required to build a cathedral."

THE Horatian rule, "Nonum prematur in annum," may like many others be very good in theory, but in practice it is worthless. When Horace offered the author the celebrated rule, he ought at the same time to have furnished him with directions how to live nine years without food. While Horace was meditating on this maxim he was probably seated at the table of Mæcenæ, eating turkey with truffles, pheasant pudding with game sauce,

larks' ribs with Teltow turnips, peacocks' tongues, Indian birds'-nests, and the Lord knows what else; and all of it gratis, at that. But we, unfortunate children of a later day! live in changed times. Our Mæcenases have quite different principles: they believe that authors, like medlars, develop best if they lie on straw for a while; they believe that dogs who are too well fed are not so well fitted for hunting similes and ideas. And alas! when they do for once happen to feed a poor dog, it is the one who is least deserving of their crumbs; such, for instance, as the spaniel who licks their hands, the tiny puppy who softly nestles in the perfumed lap of the lady of the house, or the patient poodle who has learned a trade and knows how to fetch and carry, to dance and to drum.

I HAVE the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with thatched roof, but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, he would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would before their death forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies—but not until they are hanged.

THERE is something peculiar in patriotism, or real love of country. One can become eighty years old, and without knowing it, have loved his fatherland during all that time; that is, if one has remained at home. The true nature of spring is not appreciated until winter is upon us, and the best May songs are written by the fireside. Love of freedom is a prison flower, and we do not learn the full value of liberty until we are imprisoned. Thus, the German's patriotism begins at the frontier, where he can from afar behold his country's misery.

EVERY man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein,—treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

Translation of Stern and Snodgrass.

MARIE

IT WAS a cold winter evening, with keen north wind and blinding snow. I was alone in the room with Marie; it was cozy in the dim light, and the open fire crackled and whispered so comfortably! She sat at the piano, and was playing an old Italian melody. Her head was bowed, and the candle that stood beside her threw a soft sweet light over the little hand; and I stood opposite her and watched the mobile hand, every little dimple of it, and the network of delicate veins, and meanwhile the music stole so tender and fervent into my heart, and I stood and dreamed a dream of unspeakable happiness. And the music grew ever more triumphant and powerful, melting away again into tones of yielding submission. I died, I lived, and died again; eternities swept by me: and when I awoke, kindly she appeared before me, standing, and begged me with a trembling voice to put on her fingers again the rings which she had laid aside to play the piano; and I did it, and pressed her hand to my lips and— “Why,” I said, “did you treat me so coldly yesterday?” and she answered, “Forgive me—I was very naughty.”

What I have told thee here, dear reader, is not an event of yesterday, or the day before; it is an old, old story, and thousands of years, many thousands of years, will roll away before it reaches an end, a good end. For lo! time is without end, but the things in time have an end; they can be scattered into the smallest particles of dust, but these particles, the atoms even, have their fixed number, and fixed likewise is the number of the forms which out of them spontaneously body themselves forth; and no matter how long it takes, according to the eternal laws of combination in this play of eternal repetition, all forms which have been upon this earth must again appear, must again attract, repel, kiss, and ruin, afterwards as before.

And it will one day come to pass that again a man will be born quite like me, and a woman be born quite like Marie,—only I hope the man's head may contain somewhat less foolishness than mine now, and the woman's heart somewhat more love than Marie's; and in a better land these two shall meet and regard each other long, and at last the woman, reaching out her hand, will say in a soft voice, “Forgive me—I was very naughty.”

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

GÖTTINGEN

From 'The Hartz Journey.' Translated by Charles G. Leland ~

BLACK dress coats and silken stockings,
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah! I'm wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lovers' woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the dark-green fir-trees grow;
Brooks are rustling, birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall!
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

THE town of Göttingen, celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "council cellar" where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing,—its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad that Luder was obliged to take quite a run before he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at—backwards. It must be very ancient; for I well remember that five years ago, when I matriculated there (and shortly after "summoned"), it had already the same gray, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, dissertations, tea-parties with a little dancing, washer-women, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors

ordinary and extraordinary, pipe heads, court counselors, and law counselors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every German tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members; and that from these descended all the Vandals, Friesians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the Rasenmill, Ritschenkrug, and Bovden, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the 'Comment,' which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle; the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors: besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen *Philistines* must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created. . . .

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned * * * beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate I met two native and diminutive schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore: he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of

mensa.” Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record—nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen; for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded academic pride so characteristic of the “highly learned” Georgia Augusta. . . .

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun; and over all, the blue-silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the Eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, which I could not banish. It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart’s loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then—O Heavens!—I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, “Let there be light!” and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with

cracking whip, ran a many-colored harlequin—and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight in fact, when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

THE SUPPER ON THE BROCKEN

From 'The Hartz Journey'

THE company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punchbowls steamed, and drinking, *schmolliren*,* and singing were the order of the night. The old 'Landsfather' and the beautiful songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from 'The Crime,' a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair, learnedly lectured as follows:—"Gentlemen, the world is a round cylinder, upon which human beings as individual pins are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as universal history. We will,

* Hobnobbing.

in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history, which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies—” And so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

A jolly Mecklenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and smiling with happiness snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theatre! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, “Oh that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she’s an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!” But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, “O Molly dear! O Molly dear!”

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other; and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. “Lora is also dead!” said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. “The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it,” was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally the other said, “My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee: thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they re-echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!”

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and

saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one, by mistake, instead of the window threw open the door of a large wardrobe; and both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain; far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh that I could hunt with ye on your cloud steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon:—"Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest lonely in thy loveliness. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither, ah whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, O lovely light! and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, who were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now thou art clothed in thy starry splendor and gazest adown from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, O ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner,—that is to say, *à la* swine,—shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around

outside as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew more confused and duller; the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other:—"Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, O breath of spring? Thou caressest me, and sayst, 'I bedew thee with drops from heaven.' But the time of my withering is at hand—at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. To-morrow the Wanderer will come—come—he who saw me in my beauty—his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field—in vain—" But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity,—modesty forbids me to say how many bottles,—and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews; declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent. under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the 'Falcidia,' with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it Servius Asinius Göschenus, sitting as prætor on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite feminineness of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of "Quicumque

“The invention of Heliodorus carries the reader far away from life and observation. Bloodthirsty pirates and armed men, caves and ambushes, dreams and visions, burnings, poisonings, and sudden deaths, battle and rapine,—these are the material of his ancient story. . . . It is in his opening scene that Heliodorus best approves his skill. He plunges at once into a very tangle of events, and captures the attention by a fearless contempt of prologue and explanation. . . . Throughout, the author shows himself a master of construction. Though his plot be involved, though his story begin anywhere else than at the beginning, it is the surest of hands which holds the thread. . . . The purpose of the narrative is never confused, and you reach the appointed end with a complete consciousness of the story’s shape and construction. . . . For him the adventure was the beginning and the end of art. . . . There was never a writer who closed his senses more resolutely to the sights and sounds of actuality. In him the faculty of observation was replaced by the self-consciousness of the *littérateur*. Not even his vocabulary was fresh or original. Coray, the wisest of his editors, has proved that he borrowed his words as ingeniously as he concocted his episodes. His prose, in fact, is elaborately composed of tags from Homer and the Tragedians.”

The Greek text has been many times edited,—most successfully by Coray, whose edition appeared in Paris in 1804. The following are two episodes taken from the English version of Underdowne—“An Æthiopian Historie written in Greeke by Heliodorus no lesse wittie then pleasaunt Englished by Thomas Underdowne and newly corrected and augmented with divers and sundry new additions by the said authour whereunto is also annexed the argument of every booke in the beginning of the same for the better understanding of the storie. 1587.” The relation to the Greek original is often remote or casual; the version is of great independent value, however, as a monument of English prose.

THE LOVERS

From ‘The First Booke’

AS SOONE as the day appeared and the Sunne began to shine on the tops of the hilles, men whose custome was to live by rapine and violence ranne to the top of a hill that stretched towards the mouth of Nylus called Heracleot: where standing awhile they viewed the sea underneath them, and when they had looked a good season a far off into the same, and could see nothing that might put them in hope of pray, they cast their eyes somewhat neare the shoare: where a shippe, tyed with cables to the maine land, lay at road, without sailers, and full fraughted, which thing they who were a farre of might easily conjecture:

for the burden caused the shippe to drawe water within the bourdes of the decke. But on the shore every place was ful of men, some quite dead, some halfe dead, some whose bodies yet panted, and plainly declared that there had ben a battell fought of late.

But there could be seene no signes or tokens of any just quarell, but there seemed to be an ill and unluckie banquet, and those that remained, obtained such ende. For the tables were furnished with delicate dishes, some whereof laie in the handes of those that were slaine, being in steede of weapons to some of them in the battaile, so souddeyly begunne. Others covered such as crope under them to hide themselves, as they thought. Besides, the cuppes were overthrowen, and fell out of the handes, either of them that dranke, or those who had in steade of stones used them. For that soudaine mischiefe wrought newe devises, and taught them in steade of weapons to use their pottes. Of those who lay there, one was wounded with an axe, an other was hurte with the shelles of fishes, whereof on the shore there was great plentie, an other was al to crushed with a lever, many burnt with fire, and the rest by divers other meanes, but most of all were slaine with arrowes. To be brieve, God shewed a wonderfull sight in so shorte time, bruining bloude with wine, joyning battaile with banquetting, mingling indifferently slaughters with drinkings, and killing with quaffinges, providing such a sight for the theeves of Egypt to gaze at.

For they, when they had given these thinges the lookinge-on a good while from the hill, coulde not understande what that sight meante: for asmuch as they saw some slaine there, but the conquerors coulde they see no where; a manifest victorie but no spoys taken away; a shippe without mariners onely, but as concerning other things untouched, as if shee had beene kept with a garde of many men, and lay at road in a faulse harbour. But for all that they knew not what that thing meant, yet they had respect to their lucre and gaine.

When therefore they had determined that themselves were the victors, they drewe neare unto the same: and not being farre from the ship and those that were slaine, they saw a sight more perplexed then the rest a great deale. A maid endued with excellent beautie, which also might be supposed a goddesse, sate uppon a rocke, who seemed not a little to bee grieved with that present mischaunce, but for al that of excellent courage: she had

a garland of laurell on her head, a quiver on her backe, and in her lefte hand a bowe, leaning upon her thigh with her other hande, and looking downewarde, without moving of her head, beholding a certaine young man a good way off, the which was sore wounded, and seemed to lift up himselfe as if he had bin wakened out of a deep sleepe, almost of death it selfe: yet was he in this case of singular beautie, and for all that his cheekes were besprinkled with bloude, his whitenes did appeare so much the more. He was constrained for grieve to cloase his eyes, yet caused he the maide to looke stedfastly upon him, and these things must they needs see, because they saw her. But as soone as he came to him selfe a little, he uttered these words very faintly. And art thou safe in deede my sweet hart, quoth hee? or else hast thou with thy death by any mischance augmented this slaughter? Thou canst not, no, not by death, be separated from me. But of the fruition of thy sight and thy life, doeth all mine estate depend. Yea in you (answered the maide) doeth my whole fortune consist, whither I shall live or die; and for this cause, you see (shewing a knife in her hande) this was hetherto readie, but only for your recovering was restrayned. And as soone as shee had saide thus, she leapt from the stone, and they who were on the hill, as well for wonder as also for the feare they had, as if they had beene stricken with lightning, ranne everie man to hide them in the bushes there beside. For she seemed to them a thing of greater price, and more heavenlie, when she stooode upright, and her arrowes with the sudden moving of her bodie, gave a clashe on her shoulders, her apparrell wrought with golde glistered against the Sunne, and her haire under her garlande, blowen about with the winde, covered a great part of her backe. The theeves were greatly afraide of these thinges, the rather for that they understoode not what that should meane which they sawe. Some of them said indeede it was a Goddesse and Diana, other said it was Isis, which was honoured there: but some of them said it was some Priest of the Gods, that replenished with Divine furie had made the great slaughter which there appeared; and thus everie man gave his verdite, because they knewe not the trueth. But she hastilie running to the young man embraced him, wept for sorrow, kissed him, wiped away his bloud, and made pitiful mone, being very carefull for his safetie.

THEAGENES AND THE BULL

From 'The Tenth Booke'

AS SOONE as Hidaspes had in fewe woordes declared to the people his victorie, and what he had done else luckily for the common wealth, he commanded them who had to do with the holy affaires to beginne their sacrifice. There were three altars made: two which appertained to the Sunne and Moon were set together; the third thus was Bacchus, was erected a good way off; to him they sacrificed al manner of living things, because that his power is wel knowen, as I suppose, and pleaseth all. Uppon the other altars to the Sunne were offered young white horses, and to the Moone a yoke of oxen, by reason that they helpe them in their husbandrie. Not farre from thence, while these thinges were in doing, there was a soudaine uncertain voice heard (as is like would be among such a multitude) which cried: Let the sacrifice which our countrie accustometh to do, be now made for all our safeties, then let the first fruits that were gotten in the war be offered.

Hidaspes perceived that they called for humane sacrifices, which are woont to be offered of those that are taken in straung warres; and beckoned with hand, and told them that he would by and by doo what they required; and therewith he commaunded the prisoners appointed for the purpose to be brought foorth, among whom came Theagenes, and Caricia, not bound, but garded about with men: all the other were heavie,—and good reason why,—saving Theagenes; and Caricia smiled, and went with a cheerefull countenance. . . . At the altar of the Moone stoode two bullockes; and at the altar of the Sunne foure white horses, to be sacrificed: when the monstrous and strounge beast came in sight, they were as sore troubled, and afraid as if they had sene a sprite; and one of the bulles, which as might be thought sawe the beast alone, and two horses, brake out of their handes that helde them, and ranne about as fast as they could: mary, they could not breake out of the compasse of the army, because the souldiers with their shieldes had made as it were a wall round; but they ranne here and there, and overthrewe all that stoode in their way, were it vessel or anything els; so that there was a great shout, as well of those to whome they came for feare, as also for joy and pleasure that other had to see them overrunne their mates, and tread them under their feete. . . .


Then Theagenes, either moved with his own manly courage or else sturred forward with strength sent him of God, when he sawe his keepers that attended upon him dispersed here and there, with the tumulte start up soudainely (for before he kneeled at the altar, and looked every minute to be slaine) and tooke up a cleft sticke, whereof there lay a great many upon the altar, and leapt upon one of the horses that was broken loose, and holding him by the mane in steede of a bridle, and with his heeles and the cleft sticke making him to go, folowed the Bull. At the first every man thought that Theagenes would have bene gone, and therefore encouraged one another that they would not let him goe out of compasse of the souldiers. But by that hee did after, they sawe he did it not for feare, not to avoid the sacrificing: for when he had overtaken the Bull, in verie short time, he tooke him by the taile, and drave him forward of purpose to weary him in making him runne faster, which way so ever he went, hee folowed after him, and with great skill so tooke heede to his short turns that they hurt him not. After he had acquainted the Bull with this, he rode at his side, so neare that their skinnnes touched, and their breathes and sweatte were mingled together, and he made them keepe so equall a course too, that those who were a farre off deemed that they had bene made but one, and commended Theagenes to the heavens, that had so straungly yoked a horse and a Bull together.

And upon this looked all the people; but when Cariclia saw it, shee trembled and quaked, because she knew not what hee meant, and was as sore afraide of his hurte, if he should by ill happe have a fall, as if she should have bene slaine herselfe. . . . Theagenes, after he had let the horse runne as faste as he coulde, so long till his breast was equall with the Bulles head, he let him go at libertie, and fell upon the Bulles head betweene his hornes, and cast his armes about his head like a garlande, and clasped his fingers on his forehead before, and let the rest of his body hang downe by the right shoulder of him. So that the Bull in going hurt him a little. After Theagenes perceived that he was weary with the great burthen, and his muscles were faint with too much travell, and that hee came before the place where Hydaspes sate, he turned himselfe before and set his feete before the Bull, who beatte upon his hoofes stil, and so tripped him. He being let of his course, and overcome with the strength of the young man, fell downe upon his head and shoulders, so that

his hornes stucke so fast in the ground, that he could not move his head, and his feete stoode upward, with which he sprawled in vaine a great while, and by his feeblenes declared that he was overcome. Theagenes lay uppon him, and with his left hand held him downe, but lifted his right hand up to heaven, and looked merrilie upon Hydaspes and all that were there els, who laughed and were much delighted with that sight; and they heard that the Bull with his lowing declared the famousnesse of the victorie, as wel as if it had beene declared with a trumpet. On the other side was a great shoute of the people, that said plainly nothing that one could understand to his praise, but with their wide throates and gaping mouthes (as in like assemblies doeth oft happen) they seemed to extoll him to the heavens with one consent.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

(1793-1835)

 MRS. HEMANS, the critical Gilfillan said that she was "no Sibyl, but the most feminine writer of the age," and that "She sat before her lyre, not touching it with awful reverence as though each string were a star, nor using it as the mere conductor to her overflowing thoughts, but regarding it as the soother and sustainer of her own high-wrought emotions—a graceful *alias* of herself."

It was because of this peace, sweetness, and high serenity, that for two generations her poetry found so full a response in the minds of all English-speaking women of taste and refinement, who recognized in it the harmonious expression of their own emotions and sentiments. Thus she became a household poet not only in England but in the United States, where she was so popular that she was invited to conduct a magazine in Boston, while most American visitors to England made pilgrimages to see her. Many of her poems, like 'Casabianca,' 'The Graves of a Household,' 'Child amid the Flowers at Play,' 'Bernardo del Carpio,' 'The Better Land,' and 'The Burial of William the Conqueror,' long ago attained the immortality of school-books, and are known by heart among innumerable readers to whom the name of Mrs. Hemans is a name only.

FELICIA D. HEMANS

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1793, and brought up in Wales, whither her father shortly removed. The little girl was early noted for her "extreme beauty and precocious talents." She was particularly fond of Shakespeare, and read his plays "in a secret haunt of her own—a seat among the branches of an old apple-tree, where she reveled in the treasures of the cherished volume." At the age of fourteen she published her first poems. At eighteen she was married to Captain Hemans, of the British army. Six years afterwards, the marriage proving an unhappy one, they separated, the husband going abroad and the wife devoting her life to her five sons. Yet the busy mother and teacher found much time for writing, won several prizes for her poems, and attained a wide

literary fame. Her drama 'The Vespers of Palermo' was represented, unsuccessfully, at Covent Garden in 1823. Her own keen criticism of her 'Storm-Painter'—"it seemed all done in pale water-colors"—is equally true of this tragedy.

In 1825 she settled in Rhyllyn, Wales, the country of her deepest affection. There "An atmosphere of home gathered round the dwelling," writes her sister; "roses were planted and honeysuckles trained, and the rustling of the solitary poplar near her window was taken into her heart like the voice of a friend. The dingle became a favorite haunt, where she would pass many hours of dream-like enjoyment with her books and her own sweet fancies, her children playing round her." Here she wrote 'Records of Women' (1828), which she said contained most of her "heart and individual feelings"; though all her work, of which she published eighteen separate volumes, is marked by absolute sincerity, careful and melodious versification, and lofty feeling. In 1829 Mrs. Hemans visited Walter Scott, a visit vividly described in her letters. He admired her greatly, but not her verses, for he told Joanna Baillie that she had "too many flowers and too little fruit." The severe Jeffrey, on the other hand, declared that she was "beyond all comparison the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of"; while Alison pronounced her the equal of Coleridge, "if not in depth of thought, at least in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression." He added that she "required only to have written a little less to have been one of the greatest lyric poets that England ever produced." Wordsworth was very fond of her, saying that "in quickness of mind she had, within the range of his acquaintance, no equal." At Rydal Mount he thought her talk delightful, as they strolled through his favorite vales or clambered along the mountain paths above Grasmere Lake. In his 'Epitaphs' he wrote—

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."

Many of her shorter poems appeared in the ephemeral style of her day, for "editors of little books in silken trimmings were always on their knees before her." Beautiful and winning to the end, she spent her last years at the house of her brother in Dublin, where she charmed a brilliant literary coterie. There at the early age of forty-one she died.

A collective edition of Mrs. Hemans's 'Poems' in seven volumes was published in 1839 by her sister, Mrs. Hughes, who also wrote a 'Memoir.' Several American editions were issued from 1825 to 1850, and a modern edition was published by W. M. Rossetti (London, 1873).

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

THE stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and tempests rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set; but all—
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

THE LOST PLEIAD

AND is there glory from the heavens departed?
 O void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
 Still hold their place on high,
 Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,—
 Thou that no more art seen of mortal eye.

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
 She wears her crown of old magnificence,
 Though thou art exiled thence;
 No desert seems to part those urns of light,
 Midst the far depth of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning:
 The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
 And from the silvery sea
 To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
 Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
 E'en as a dewdrop from the myrtle spray,
 Swept by the wind away?
 Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
 And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
 Bowed be our hearts to think of what *we* are,
 When from its height afar
 A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
 Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked-of and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more—the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more—the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by;
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more—the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters' roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice: Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849-1903)

FOR an author of reputation so extended, Mr. Henley's work is somewhat limited in amount, consisting only of a few small volumes of poetry and essays. These books, however, represent a wide range of study and thought. William Ernest Henley was born in Gloucester, England, in 1849, and was educated in his native city. In 1875 he began to write for the London magazines, and edited for two years a short-lived journal called *London*, in which many of his verses first appeared. In 1889 he became editor of the *Scots Observer* (now the *National Observer*), and afterwards of the *New Review*, published in London, where he lived. This monthly is representative of the younger schools and late developments in literature.

His critical essays contributed to the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, and other journals, were published in 1890 as 'Views and Reviews.' In 1873 appeared 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' and in 1888 a small 'Book of Verses,' followed by 'The Song of the Sword' (1892), 'Poems' (1898), 'For England's Sake' (1900), 'Hawthorne and Lavender' (1901), 'A Song of Speed' (1903). Two volumes, (*Lyra Heroica*), and other English Anthologies were prepared by him; and he also wrote with Robert Louis Stevenson a volume of plays, published in 1893, of which (*Beau Austin*) was acted at the Haymarket Theatre with great success.

The 'Hospital' verses are unconventional, bold to the verge of daring, and belong perhaps rather to the field of pathology than of poetry. Surgeon's lint and antiseptics cannot be made attractive lyrical themes. Yet often there is vivid, if sombre, imagination in this series. Fine was the skill with which Henley, turning from these modern eccentricities, produced old French forms of verse, polished with the most delicate precision, and fancifully embellished. In the division called 'Life and Death' the poems are full of depth and beauty, and now and again one comes on a perfect song. In 'The

Song of the Sword' his many-colored mind produced work of a various character. The first part is an unrhymed rhythmical piece of declamation, suggestive of the saga, in which the sword speaks out of its bold heart; the second group, entitled 'London Voluntaries,' has placed Henley's name among those poets who are pre-eminently associated with London streets and scenes. This poem-group, describing the city at various times of the year and day, has been compared to Whistler's studies of the world's greatest capital. Here is the same vivid drawing, the same impression of space and distance, and the same emphasis of the personality of the city. Henley's word pictures show how accurate is the comparison:—

"See the batch of boats
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!
And those are barges that were goblin floats,
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
And in the piles the waters frolic clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold, that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea."

In the final division, called 'Rhymes and Rhythms,' are many pieces of striking originality and lovely musical quality, our second poetical selection affording an illustration. It is interesting to compare Henley's treatment of London with that of Wordsworth's in his great sonnet 'On Westminster Bridge,' in which he looks upon a city that

"doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning."

Henley's critical qualities have been compared by Marriott Watson to «the flare of an electric light.» «There are queer patches of blackness outside the path of the illumination,» he says, «passages of darkness along the angles; but within these confines the white light cuts its way rudely, sharply, and with pitiless severity. Along the sphere of the irradiation the white flare is merciless in its scrutiny; every fault and flaw is picked out as by magic, every virtue is assigned its value.» This however gives but one side, the acidulous, biting side, of Henley's genius. At times, as in the wonderfully fine closing sentences of the prose selection herewith given, he is a prose poet writing English of music, majesty, and imaginative splendor.

Henley died at Woking, England, on July 12th, 1903. A collected edition of his works in seven volumes appeared in 1908.

BALLADE OF MIDSUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS

WITH a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
 The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise,
 And the winds are one with the clouds and beams—
 Midsummer days! midsummer days!
 The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
 While the west from a rapture of sunset rights,
 Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—
 Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams,
 The lush grass thickens and springs and sways,
 The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams—
 Midsummer days! midsummer days!
 In the stilly fields, in the stilly ways,
 All secret shadows and mystic lights,
 Late lovers murmurous linger and gaze—
 Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

There's a music of bells from the trampling teams,
 Wild skylarks hover, the gorses blaze,
 The rich ripe rose as with incense steams—
 Midsummer days! midsummer days!
 A soul from the honeysuckle strays,
 And the nightingale as from prophet heights
 Sings to the earth of her million Mays—
 Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

ENVOY

And it's oh! for my dear, and the charm that stays—
 Midsummer days! midsummer days!
 It's oh! for my love, and the dark that plights—
 Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

LONGFELLOW AND THE WATER-WORLD

From 'Views and Reviews'

THE ocean as confidant, a Laertes that can neither avoid his
 Hamlets nor bid them hold their peace, is a modern inven-
 tion. Byron and Shelley discovered it; Heine took it into his
 confidence and told it the story of his loves; Wordsworth made
 it a moral influence; Browning loved it in his way, but his way

was not often the poet's; to Matthew Arnold it was the voice of destiny, and its message was a message of despair; Hugo conferred with it as with a humble friend, and uttered such lofty things over it as are rarely heard upon the lips of man.

And so with living lyrists, each after his kind. Lord Tennyson listens and looks until it strikes him out an undying note of passion, or yearning, or regret:—

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;”

Mr. Swinburne maddens with the wind and the sounds and the scent of it, until there passes into his verse a something of its vastness and its vehemency, the rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-twinkling miracle of its light; Mr. William Morris has been taken with the manner of its melancholy; while to Whitman it has been “the great Camerado” indeed, for it gave him that song of the brown bird bereft of its mate, in whose absence the half of him had not been told to us.

But to Longfellow alone was it given to see that stately galley which Count Arnaldos saw; his only to hear the steersman singing that wild and wondrous song which none that hears it can resist, and none that has heard it may forget. Then did he learn the old monster's secret—the word of his charm, the core of his mystery, the human note in his music, the quality of his influence upon the heart and the mind of man; and then did he win himself a place apart among sea poets. With the most of them it is a case of “Ego et rex meus”: it is “I and the sea, and my egoism is as valiant and as vocal as the other's.” But Longfellow is the spokesman of a confraternity; what thrills him to utterance is the spirit of that strange and beautiful freemasonry established as long ago as when the first sailor steered the first keel out into the unknown, irresistible water-world, and so established the foundations of the eternal brotherhood of man with ocean. To him the sea is a place of mariners and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eyeballs white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommunicable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the galiots and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chanty-men; he sees the chips flying

under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the caldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnaldos; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song.

“OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME”

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud;
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll:
 I am the master of my fate;
 I am the captain of my soul.

“OH, TIME AND CHANGE”

From ‘The Song of the Sword and Other Verses.’ Copyright 1892, by Charles
 Scribner's Sons

OH, TIME and Change, they range and range
 From sunshine round to thunder!
 They glance and go as the great winds blow,
 And the best of our dreams drive under;
 For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
 And now they have looked and seen us,
 Oh we that were dear, we are all too near
 With the thick of the world between us.


Oh, Death and Time, they chime and chime
 Like bells at sunset falling!
 They end the song, they right the wrong,
 They set the old echoes calling;
 For Death and Time bring on the prime
 Of God's own chosen weather,
 And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
 As once in the grass together.

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PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY

(1736-1799)

ATRICK HENRY'S fame as an American statesman and orator has the elements of permanency. A high-minded and broad-minded patriot, he had rare powers of persuasion by speech, —powers used for the welfare of his country. His forensic writing loses something in the reading, which is true of all good oratory. But certain of his flaming sentences still ring in the ears of Americans, and have historical significance.

Henry was born at Studley, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. He was of good Scotch and English blood, and was educated by his father; he married at eighteen and went early into business. He became a lawyer when twenty-four, and was successful from the first. When pleading the cause of a clergyman in 1763 in the celebrated tobacco-tax question, he showed himself to be a fine speaker; and from this on, advanced rapidly in public life. Elected in 1765 to the Virginia House, in a fiery speech he advocated resistance to the Stamp Act and became the leader of his colony. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and in 1776, on the adoption of the Constitution, his own State made him four times governor; he declined re-election in 1786, to be again elected in 1796 and again to decline.

His policy throughout these public services was wise, broad, progressive. His spirit is reflected in the words of an early speech: "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Retiring from public life in 1791 at the age of fifty-five, he practiced law, preferring to guard his broken health and provide for his large family; although subsequently Washington offered him the post of Secretary of State and that of Chief Justice, and President Adams named him minister to France. In 1799, however, at Washington's appeal he allowed himself to be elected to the Legislature; but died, June 6th, before taking his seat.

Henry's biography was written by William Wirt in 1817, in the tone of uncritical panegyric which biographers so rarely escape, and the rather tinsel brilliancy peculiar to Wirt. Good lives of Henry have since been written by his grandson, William Wirt Henry, and in the American Statesmen Series by Professor Moses Coit Tyler.

THE ALTERNATIVE

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, 1775

From Wirt's 'Life of Henry'

Mr. President:

IT is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject?

Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? what terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late

to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

ON THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE

From Wirt's 'Life of Henry'

WE HAVE, sir, an extensive country without population: what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? People, sir, form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country: observe the salubrity of your climate, the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations and at some distant period,—lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them,—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope single-handed

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***PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS
SPEECH***

Photogravure from a painting by Rothermel.

CATRICIA HENRY LEMMONS & THE FAMOUS

NOTES

For a full and complete history of the

with the proudest oppressor of the Old World. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the Old World to come and settle in this land of promise; make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power: and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth—able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But, sir, you must have men; you cannot get along without them: those heavy forests of valuable timber under which your lands are groaning must be cleared away; those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men; your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in. The population of the Old World is full to overflowing; that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this: they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode, that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing

only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess Liberty stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the Old World, tell them to come, and bid them welcome—and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most woefully, and most woefully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their King hath acknowledged our independence, the quarrel is over, peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection in a political view in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them*!—what, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps*?

●

HERACLITUS

(535-475 B. C.)

HERACLITUS, the most original of the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers, was born at Ephesus about 535 B. C. His father's name is uncertain; but he belonged to the nobility, and claimed descent from Androclus the founder of Ephesus, a son of the Athenian king Codrus. He had even a claim to the royal title himself, doubtless as the titular head of the State religion; but resigned it to his brother when he devoted himself to philosophy. He remained, however, always an aristocrat, and bitterly opposed to the growing democracy of Ephesus, which banished his uncle Hermodorus. The latter is said to have gone to Rome and assisted in drawing up the laws of the Twelve Tables. Heraclitus seems to have lived a retired life, and to have died about 475 B. C. He was known in later times as "the weeping philosopher."

Few men have influenced the world by their thought more deeply than Heraclitus. He was the inventor of the *Logos*, from which the science of Logic is named, and on which the first principle of Stoicism and the Christian doctrine of "the Word" are based. His one book, 'On Nature,' was written in Ionic prose, in a form so difficult

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as to earn him in subsequent times the title of "the Dark." This darkness, however, was due far more to the matter than to the style of the book. The latter indeed, if abrupt and terse, is powerful and sublime, reminding us of the Hebrew prophets; while of the former, Socrates said that its depth was so great as to require "a Delian diver."

Heraclitus claims to be self-taught; nevertheless he shows acquaintance not only with Homer and Hesiod, but also with Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Hecataeus, Archilochus, and Bias—and inveighs against the whole of them, except the last. His originality therefore consisted in the attitude of opposition which he assumed to his predecessors. Combining the material principle of his Ionian predecessors with the numerical proportion of Pythagoras and the all-embracing unity of being of Xenophanes, he set up as his absolute a universal fire, determining itself according to measure and number. Through

the regulated self-transformation of this, the universe with all its phenomena, including thought, arises. In this universe everything is in perpetual change, except the Logos or law of change, which is conceived as one with the primal fire. The universal life is a process from fire and to fire,—a continual differentiation and a continual overcoming of differentiation.

Heraclitus is the first materialistic monist, and all subsequent systems of monism descend from him. His views are discussed in the 'Cratylus' of Plato, and are often referred to by Aristotle. He founded no school; but about 308 B. C., Zeno of Citium, adopting his leading principles,—his Logos and his monism,—founded Stoicism, which is thus mainly a development of Heracliteanism. Stoicism played a great part in the world for six or seven hundred years, and some of the noblest spirits of the ancient world professed it,—Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Seneca, etc. It finds a very noble expression in the 'Hymn to Zeus' by Cleanthes.

In modern times Hegel, by his own admission, adopted into his Logic all the principles of Heraclitus,—the self-determining, world-creating Logos, the identity of opposites, the universal process, etc.,—and thus gave them a new lease of life. Hegel himself by this means reached an all-embracing idealism, which professed to furnish a new basis for all the old notions of Church and State, which the French Revolution had rudely shaken; but his disciple Ferdinand Lassalle, who wrote a large work in two volumes on Heraclitus, emphasizing the latter's materialism, made it the basis of that view of the world and of society which calls for Socialism as its true expression. Indeed, Socialism is merely Heracliteanism in politics and economics. Thus, in a very important sense, Heraclitus may be said to be the father of Socialism, and to be very much alive among us to-day.

Besides Lassalle's work, already referred to ('Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunklen von Ephesos': Berlin, 1858), there are many works on Heraclitus,—by Schleiermacher, Bernays, Schuster, Teichmüller, Pfeiderer, and others. The best edition of the 'Fragments' is that by I. Bywater, 'Heracliti Ephesii Fragmenta,' Oxford, 1877; of the pseudo-Heraclitean letters, that by Jac. Bernays, Berlin, 1869.

FRAGMENTS

LISTENING, not to me, but to the Word, it is wise for men to confess that all things are one.

Though the Word always speaks, yet men are born without understanding for it, both before they hear it, and at first after they have heard it. For though all things are produced

according to this Word, men seem to be unaware of it, making attempts at such words and deeds as I explain by separating them according to their nature, and telling them as they are. But other men fail as completely to recognize what they do while they are awake as they forget what they do when asleep.

Having ears and understanding not, they are like deaf men. To them the proverb applies: "While they're here they're yonder."

Evil witnesses to men are the eyes and ears of them that have barbarous souls.

For many men have no wisdom regarding those things with which they come in contact, nor do they learn by experience. They are opinions even to themselves.

If thou hope for that which is past hope, thou shalt not find it; for it is past searching and past finding out.

Those who search for gold, dig much earth and find little.

Nature loves to hide herself.

The King whose oracle is in Delphi neither reveals nor conceals, but indicates.

The Sibyl, with inspired lips, uttering words unmeet for laughter, unadorned, unanointed, reaches with her voice across a thousand years, because of the god that is in her.

Eyes are more accurate witnesses than ears.

Much learning doth not teach understanding; else it had taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, yea, and Xenophanes, and Hecataeus.

Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, pursued information most of all men, and making selections from these writings, he produced a wisdom of his own—much learning, little wit!

Of all the men whose words I have heard, no one hath gone far enough to recognize that the Wise is separate from all things.

For the Wise is one—to know the principle whereby all things are steered through all.

This world, which is the same for all, neither any god nor any man made; but it was always, is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, kindling by measure and dying out by measure.

Of fire, the transformations are, first, sea; and of sea half is earth, half fire.

All things are exchanged for fire, and fire for all things; as all goods are exchanged for gold, and gold for all goods.

The sea is spread abroad, and meted out with the same measure as it was before the earth was brought forth.

Fire lives the death of earth, and air the death of fire. Water lives the death of air, and earth the death of water.

The fire, when it cometh, shall try all things and overcome all things.

The thunderbolt is at the helm of the universe.

The Sun shall not transgress his bounds; else the Fates, the handmaids of Justice, will find it out.

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, surfeit and famine. He changeth as fire when it is mingled with spices, and is named as each man listeth.

You cannot step twice into the same river; for other and ever other waters flow on.

War is the father of all things and the king of all things: yea, some it appointed gods, and others men; some it made slaves, and others free.

They understand not that that which differs agrees with itself: a back-returning harmony, as of the bow and the lyre.

An invisible harmony is better than a visible.

Let us make no random guesses about the greatest things.

Asses would prefer garbage to gold.

The sea is the purest and the foulest water: for fishes drinkable and wholesome; for men undrinkable and hurtful.

Immortals are mortal; mortals immortal, living each other's death and dying each other's life.

It is death for souls to become water; and for water it is death to become earth. But from earth is born water, and from water soul.

The upward and the downward way are one and the same. Beginning and end are identical.

The bounds of the soul thou shalt not find, though thou travel every way.

Like a torch in the night, man is lit and extinguished.

A world-period is a child playing with dice. To a child belongs the sovereignty.

Into the same stream we step in and step not in; we are and are not.

Common to all is wisdom. They who speak with reason must take their stand upon that which is common to all, as firmly as a State does upon its law, and much more firmly. For all human laws are fed by the one Divine law; it prevaieth as far as it listeth, and sufficeth for all, and surviveth all.

Even they that sleep are laborers and co-workers in all that is done in the world.

Though the Word is universal, most men live as if each had a wisdom of his own.

We must not act and speak as if we were asleep. When we are awake we have one common world; but when we are asleep each turns aside to a world of his own.

A foolish man bears the same relation to a divinity as a child to a man.

The people must fight for its law as for a wall.

Those that fall in war, gods and men honor.

It is not better that what men desire should befall them: for it is disease that causes health; sweet, bitter; evil, good; hunger, satisfaction; fatigue, rest.

It is hard to fight with passion; for what it desires to happen, it buys with life.

One man to me is ten thousand, if he be the best. For what is their mind or sense? They follow [strolling] minstrels, and make the mob their schoolmaster, not knowing that the evil are many, the good few. For the best choose one thing in preference to all, eternal glory among mortals; but the many glut themselves like cattle. In Priene was born Bias, the son of Tentames, whose intelligence was superior to that of all others.

It were fitting that the Ephesians should hang themselves on reaching manhood, and leave the city to the boys; for that they cast out Hermodorus, the worthiest man among them, saying: "Let there be no one worthiest man among us; if there be, let him be elsewhere and with others."

Dogs bark at every one they do not know. A foolish man is wont to be scared at every [new] idea.

Justice will overtake the framers and abettors of lies.

With man, character is destiny.

There remaineth for men after death that which they neither hope for nor believe. Then they desire to rise and become guardians of the quick and the dead.

Polluted [murderers] are cleansed with blood, as if one, having stepped into mud, should wipe himself with mud.

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1633)

THE country clergyman whose verse made the little vicarage at Bemerton in Wiltshire a place of pilgrimage for several generations, was not a pious rustic, but the descendant of an illustrious house and the favorite of a court. He came of the line of Pembroke,—that handsome and learned swaggerer Lord Herbert of Cherbury being his elder brother. Among his intimate friends were the poets Donne and Wotton, and his "best lover" Izaak Walton, who says of him that "he enjoyed his genteel humor for clothes

and courtlike company, and seldom looked toward Cambridge (where he had a fellowship) unless the King were there; and then he never failed." In short, "holy George Herbert," handsome and ready-witted, full of parts and ambition, singled out by King James for special kindnesses, very naturally expected and longed for that advancement which less deserving courtiers found no difficulty in securing. But the death of the King in 1625, followed by the death of the young poet's powerful friends the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, shattered his prospect of a Secretaryship.

GEORGE HERBERT

Not long after, he took orders; partly, perhaps, because his brilliant and persuasive mother had always wished it, partly because no other profession becoming a gentleman was open to a man already past thirty, with fine aptitudes but with no special training, but surely in great part because the whole tone and bent of his soul was not worldliness but "other-worldliness."

In 1630 King Charles presented him, quite unexpectedly, with the benefice of Bemerton near Salisbury.

"The third day after he was made rector," says Walton, "and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife (a kinswoman of the Earl of Danby), he said to her:—'You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she

purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth.' And she was so meek a wife (though she was but lately wed, after a three-days' courtship) as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness."

Herbert took up his duties with an ardor that made them pleasures. In the first year of his priesthood he wrote:—

"I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for; and I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures—pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed."

Nor were good Mr. Herbert's grapes really sour. For there was that in his nature which made asceticism welcome, though his self-abasement was not the less sincere because it was pleasurable. Indeed, the chief attribute of his poetry is its quaint sincerity, often expressed with the utmost artificiality. With scarcely an exception, it is all of a religious character, frequently tinged with the ascetic's ever-present sense of his shortcomings. But such little poems as the ones entitled 'Virtue,' 'The Pulley,' and 'The Collar' have force, condensation of thought, and withal poetic grace; while 'Life' and 'The Rose' possess an Elizabethan freshness and charm.

One long poem, 'The Church Porch,' stands in marked contrast to the rest of his work. It shows him as a young man, as yet untouched by thoughts of priestly consecration and the mental struggles which afterwards beset him. Some of the terse couplets have become almost proverbs:—

"Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby."

"For he that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five."

"Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings."

The quaintness of Herbert's verse is not its most engaging quality. What is called quaintness is often mere perverseness of ingenuity, showy affectation. Herbert's taste was like that of the red Indian, preferring the bizarre, the artificial, and the ugly; while yet his inspiration was genuine. His friendship for Donne no doubt confirmed his liking for fantastic and over-labored verse. But with all his defects, his best poetry has delighted pious hearts for more than two centuries. 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,' which contains his principal verses, was not published until after his

death. Walton said it was "a book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul and charmed them with sweet and quiet thoughts." The pious Richard Baxter found, "next the Scripture poems," "none so savoury" as Herbert's, who "speaks to God as a man really believing in God"; and Charles I. read the little book in his last melancholy days in prison, and found "much comfort" in it.

Of Herbert's sincere and even passionate piety in later life, there is no doubt. He worked early and late for the bodies and souls of his flock, preaching, teaching, comforting, exposing himself to storms and to sickness, wearing himself out in their service. Three years of this terrible toil exhausted a constitution never strong, and he died at Bemerton, loved and honored, at the early age of thirty-nine. In his prose volume 'A Priest to the Temple' he has set forth the code of duty which he followed:—

"The Country Parson desires to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also, and a physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law; but in any controversy, that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience and by reading. . . .

"Then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now, as the parson is in law, so is he in sickness also: if there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician,—or at least his wife, of whom, instead of the qualities of the world, he asks no other but to have the skill of healing a wound or helping the sick. . . . Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's-tongue, yarrow, melilot, and St. John's-wort made into a salve, and elder, camomile, mallows, comphrey, and smallage made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any, the parson and his family use to premise prayers; for this is to cure like a parson, *and this raiseth the action from the shop to the Church.*"

[All the selections are from 'The Temple']

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board and cried, "No more!
I will abroad.

What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure, there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays to crown it?
 No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and make to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Awake, take heed:
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load."
 But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
 And I replied, "My Lord!"

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of lust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 "If I lacked anything."
 "A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
 Love said, "You shall be he."
 "I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
 "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
 So I did sit and eat.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see.
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To run into an action;
 But still to make thee prepossest,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
 On it may stay his eye;
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine:
 Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

THE PILGRIMAGE

I TRAVELED on, seeing the hill where lay
My expectation.

A long it was and weary way.

The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower;

Fain would I here have made abode,

But I was quickened by my hour.

So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;

A wasted place, but sometimes rich.

Here I was robbed of all my gold,—
Save one good angel,* which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill

Where lay my hope,

Where lay my heart; and climbing still,

When I had gained the brow and top
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,

I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!

Can both the way and end be tears?"

Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,

Yet heard a cry

Just as I went,— "None goes that way

And lives." "If that be all," said I,

"After so foul a journey, death is fair,
And but a chair."

*A gold angel was a piece of money of the value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,—
 “Let us,” said he, “pour on him all we can:
 Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.”

So Strength first made a way;
 Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
 Rest in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said he,
 “Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

“Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness:
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.”

VIRTUE

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.


ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

HERDER

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER*

(1744-1803)

BY KUNO FRANCKE

ERDER does not belong to the few men of highest genius whose works have become the common property of mankind. As a poet he was receptive rather than creative. Of his verse only the 'Volkslieder' (Folk Songs: 1778-79), and 'Der Cid' (The Cid: 1803), have permanent value; and these are valuable not as additions to the store of original conceptions of poetic fancy, but as marvels of divinatorial interpretation and sympathetic reproduction. As a prose writer, he lacked the clearness of thought and the precision of speech which are necessary elements of true literary greatness: even the best of his essays are made unpalatable by a constant wavering between diffuseness and abruptness, between vague generalities and dithyrambic effusions; and the most ambitious of his efforts, the 'Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit' (Philosophy of the History of Man: 1784-91), is a huge fragment.

Herder's greatness, then, does not lie in the form of his writings. It lies in the suggestiveness of their substance. It lies in the wide range of his vision, in the wonderful universality of his mind, which enabled him to see the interdependence of all things and to divine the unity of all life. It lies, above all, in the manifold application of a single idea, an idea through which he became the father of the modern evolutionary philosophy: the idea of organic growth.

Herder once for all did away with the rationalistic fallacy of the eighteenth century, that the course of human history is nothing but a succession of individual acts by individual men. He once for all did away with the rationalistic fallacy that the great creations of the human mind are the result of conscious and deliberate effort. He once for all made the conception of national instincts and of national culture the basis of all historical inquiry. All the great achievements of human civilization—language, religion, law, custom, poetry, art—he considered as the natural products of collective human life, as the necessary outgrowth of national instincts and conditions. Man does not invent these things; he does not consciously set out to coin

*Parts of this article are reprinted, with the permission of the publishers, from the author's 'Social Forces in German Literature,' Henry Holt, New York, 1896.

words, to establish a certain set of religious formulas, or to work out certain problems of artistic composition. At least, this is not the way in which the vital forms of a language, the great religious symbols, or the ideal types of art and poetry, are created. They are not created at all; they are not the work of individual endeavor: they are the result of accumulated impressions exercised upon masses of human beings living under similar conditions and similarly organized. In other words, they are engendered and conceived in the nation as a whole; the individual poets, artists, prophets, through whom they are given their audible or visible shape, are only, as it were, the most receptive and at the same time the most productive organs of the national body. They are the channels through which a national language, a national poetry, a national religion come to light.

Herder was not more than twenty-three years old when in the 'Fragmente über die Neuere Deutsche Literatur' (Fragments concerning Recent German Literature: 1767), he first gave utterance to this epoch-making idea. "There is the same law of change"—thus he begins the second 'Fragment'—"in all mankind and in every individual, nation, and tribe. From the bad to the good, from the good to the better and best, from the best to the less good, from the less good to the bad—this is the circle of all things. So it is with art and science: they grow, blossom, ripen, and decay. So it is with language also." A primitive people, like a child, stares at all things; fright, fear, admiration, are the only emotions of which it is capable, and the language of these emotions consists of high-pitched, inarticulate sounds and violent gestures. This is the first, prehistoric, infantile period in the history of a language. Then follows the period of youth. With the increasing knowledge of things, fright and wonder are softened. Man comes to be more familiar with his surroundings, his life becomes more civilized. But as yet he is in close contact with nature; affections, emotions, sensuous impressions have more influence upon his conduct than principles and thought. This is the age of poetry. The language now is a melodious echo of the outer world; it is full of images and metaphors, it is free and natural in its construction. The whole life of the people is poetry. "Battles and victories, fables and moral reflections, laws and mythology, are now contained in song." The third period is the age of manhood. The social fabric grows more complicated, the laws of conduct become more artificial, the intellect obtains the ascendancy over the emotions. Literature also takes part in this change. The language becomes more abstract; it strives for regularity, for order; it gains in intellectual strength and loses in sensuous fervor: in other words, poetry is replaced by prose. And prose, in its turn, after it has fulfilled the measure of its maturity, sinks into senile correctness and sterility.

thus rounding out the life of a given national literature and making room for a new development.

Here we have the key of Herder's whole life work. Again and again, in one way or another, he comes back to this conception of literature as a manifestation of national culture. During his voyage in 1769 from Riga to Nantes, he comes to understand the Homeric epics as the poetic outgrowth of a seafaring people.

"It was seafarers," he writes in his diary, "who brought the Greeks their earliest religion. All Greece was a colony on the sea. Consequently their mythology was not like that of the Egyptians and Arabs, a religion of the desert, but a religion of the sea and forest. Orpheus, Homer, Pindar, to be fully understood, ought to be read at sea. With what an absorption one listens to or tells stories on shipboard! How easily a sailor inclines to the fabulous! Himself an adventurer, in quest of strange worlds, how ready is he to imagine wondrous things! Have I not experienced this myself? With what a sense of wonder I went on board ship! Did I not see everything stranger, larger, more astounding and fearful than it was? With what curiosity and excitement one approaches the land! How one stares at the pilot, with his wooden shoes and his large white hat! How one sees in him the whole French nation down to their King, Louis the Great! Is it strange that out of such a state of strained expectation and wonder, tales like that of the Argonauts and poems like the *Odyssey* should have sprung?"

In common with the young Goethe and Justus Moeser, Herder in 1773 published the *fliegendeblätter* 'Von Deutscher Art und Kunst.' Here he applies the same principle to the study of old Scotch and English poetry, and of popular song in general. He tells how on his cruise in the Baltic and North Seas he for the first time fully appreciated Ossian:—

"Suddenly borne away from the petty stir and strife of civilized life, from the study chair of the scholar and the soft cushions of the salons, far removed from social distractions, from libraries, from newspapers, floating on the wide open ocean, suspended between the sky and the bottomless deep, daily surrounded by the same infinite elements, only now and then a new distant coast, a strange cloud, a far-off dreamland appearing before our vision, passing by the cliffs and islands and sandbanks where formerly skalds and vikings wielded their harps or swords, where Fingal's deeds were done, where Ossian's melancholy strains resounded—believe me, there I could read the ancient skalds and bards to better purpose than in the professor's lecture-room."

He considers popular song as a reflex of primitive life; in its wild, irregular rhythm he feels the heart-beat of a youthful, impulsive people; its simple directness he contrasts with the false rhetoric of modern book lyrics. The wilder—*i. e.*, the fuller of life and freedom—a people is, the wilder—*i. e.*, the fuller of life, freedom, and

sensuous power—must be its songs. The further removed a people is from artificial thought and scientific language, the less its songs are made for print and paper, the richer they are in lyric charm and wealth of imagery. A savage either is silent, or he speaks with an unpremeditated firmness and beauty which a civilized European cannot equal; every word of his is clearly cut, concrete, living, and seems to exhaust what it is meant to express; his mind and his tongue are, as it were, tuned to the same pitch. Even in the apparent abruptness and incoherency of popular song Herder sees an element of beauty rather than a defect, inasmuch as it results from the natural attitude of the unperverted mind toward the outer world.

“All the songs of primitive peoples turn on actual things, doings, events, circumstances, incidents; on a living manifold world. All this the eye has seen; and since the imagination reproduces it as it has been seen, it must needs be reproduced in an abrupt, fragmentary manner. There is no other connection between the different parts of these songs than there is between the trees and bushes of the forest, the rocks and caverns of the desert, and between the different scenes of the events themselves. When the Greenlander tells of a seal-hunt, he does not so much relate as paint with words and gestures single facts and isolated incidents: they are all part of the picture in his soul. When he laments the death of a beloved one, he does not deliver a eulogy or preach a funeral sermon, he *paints*; and the very life of the departed, summoned up in a succession of striking situations, is made to speak and to mourn.”

And not the Greenlander only,—thus Herder continues,—not a rude and primitive people only, feel and sing in this manner. All the great poets of the world do the same: Homer, Sophocles, David, Luther, Shakespeare—they all reflect the life which surrounds them; they give us, as it were, instantaneous pictures of humanity as they saw it: and thus they become for us an epitome of their time and their nation. Herein, above all, lies the incalculable importance of Shakespeare for us of to-day. For Shakespeare more fully than any other poet has expressed the secret of our own life. He reflects the character of the Germanic race in its totality. He seems to have heard with a thousand ears and to have seen with a thousand eyes; his mind seems to have been a storehouse of countless living impressions. King and fool, beggar and prince, madman and philosopher, angels and devils in human form; the endless variety of individuals and class types; the sturdy endeavor, the reckless daring of a people hardened in the battle with wild elements, passionate but faithful, lusty and sensual but at the same time longing for a deeper truth and a purer happiness;—all this we see in his dramas in bold and striking outline, and in it all we recognize our own self heightened and intensified.

A brief survey of Herder's later writings makes it clear that the whole of his life was consumed in elaborating and amplifying this one idea of national life as an organic growth. In the essay 'Von Aehnlichkeit der Mittleren Englischen und Deutschen Dichtkunst' (Similarity of the Middle English and German Poetry: 1779), he held out the prospect of a history of civilization based upon the various national literatures, thus clearly formulating the problem which literary history has been trying to solve ever since. In the 'Volkslieder' (Folk Songs) of 1778 and 1779 he laid the foundation for a comparative study of literature, by collecting and translating with wonderful insight and faithfulness, popular songs and ballads from all over the globe. In the book 'Vom Geist der Ebräischen Poesie' (The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry: 1782-83) he considered the Psalms as poetic manifestations of Hebrew character. In the 'Philosophy of the History of Man' he represented the whole history of mankind as a succession of national organisms: each revolving around its own axis; each living out its own spirit; each creating individual forms of language, religion, society, literature, art; and each by this very individualization of national types helping to enrich and develop the human type as a whole. In the 'Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität' (Letters for the Furthering of Humanistic Studies: 1793-97), finally, he held up the ideal of perfect manhood to his own time and people, thus rounding out his life by applying his highest inspirations to the immediate demands of national progress.

Herder's influence on German culture cannot easily be overestimated. He was the first among modern thinkers to whom every individual appeared as a public character, as an heir of all the ages, as an epitome of a whole nation. He first considered man in the fullness of his instincts, in the endless variety of his relations to the larger organisms of which he is a part. He first attempted on a large scale to represent all history as an unbroken chain of cause and effect, or rather as a grand living whole in whose development no atom is lost, no force is wasted. Without him, Goethe would have lacked the most inspiring teacher and the safest guide of his youth. Without him, the brothers Grimm would have had no foundations whereon to build the science of folk-lore. Without him, the whole Romantic school would probably have been nothing but a repetition of the Storm and Stress movement. Without him, there would have been no Ranke. Without him, the theory of evolution would be without one of its most exalted apostles.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Runo Francke". The script is cursive and elegant, with a large, sweeping initial 'R' and 'F'.

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

NOT only has the philosopher exalted human reason to an independency on the senses and organs, and the possession of an original simple power; but even the common man imagines, in the dream of life, that of himself he has become everything that he is. This imagination is easily explained, particularly in the latter. The sense of spontaneity given him by the Creator excites him to action, and rewards him with the pleasing recompense of a deed performed in obedience to his own will. The days of his childhood are forgotten; the seeds which he then received and still daily receives are dormant in his mind; he sees and enjoys only the budding plant, and is pleased with its flourishing growth, with its fruitful branches. The philosopher, however, who studies the origin and progress of a man's life in the book of experience, and can trace through history the whole chain of the formation of our species, must, I think, as everything brings dependence to his mind, soon quit his ideal world, in which he feels himself alone and all-sufficient, for our world of realities.

As man at his natural birth springs not from himself, equally remote is he from being self-born in the use of his mental faculties. Not only is the germ of our internal disposition genetic, as well as our bodily frame, but every development of this germ depends on fate, which planted us in this place or in that, and supplied us with the means by which we were formed, according to time and circumstances. Even the eye must learn to see, the ear to hear; and no one can be ignorant with what art language, the principal instrument of our thought, is acquired. Nature has evidently calculated our whole mechanism, with the condition and duration of each period of our lives, for this foreign aid. The brain of infants is soft, and suspended from the skull; its strata are slowly formed; it grows firmer with increasing years, and gradually hardens till at length it will receive no more new impressions. It is the same with the organs and with the faculties of a child: those are tender and formed for imitation, these imbibe what they see and hear with wonderfully active attention and internal vital power. Thus man is an artificial machine: endued with a genetic disposition, it is true, and

plenitude of life; but the machine does not work itself, and the ablest of mankind must learn how to work it. Reason is an aggregate of the experiences and observations of the mind; the sum of the education of man, which the pupil ultimately finishes in himself, as an extraneous artist, after certain extraneous models.

In this lies the principle of the history of mankind, without which no such history could exist. Did man receive everything from himself and develop everything independently of external circumstances, we might have a history of an individual indeed, but not of the species. But as our specific character lies in this,—that born almost without instinct, we are formed to manhood only by the practice of a whole life, and both the perfectibility and corruptibility of our species depend on it,—the history of mankind is necessarily a whole; that is, a chain of socialness and plastic tradition, from the first link to the last.

There is an education therefore of the human species, since every one becomes a man only by means of education, and the whole species lives solely in this chain of individuals. It is true, should any one say that the species is educated, not the individual, he would speak unintelligibly to my comprehension; for species and genus are only abstract ideas except so far as they exist in individuals: and were I to ascribe to this abstract idea all the perfections of human nature,—the highest cultivation and most enlightened intellect that an abstract idea will admit,—I should have advanced as far towards a real history of our species as if I were to speak of animal-kind, stone-kind, metal-kind, in general, and decorate them with all the noblest qualities, which could not subsist together in one individual.

Our philosophy of history shall not wander in this path of the Averroëan system; according to which the whole human species possesses but one mind, and that indeed of a very low order, distributed to individuals only piecemeal. On the other hand, were I to confine everything to the individual, and deny the existence of the chain that connects each to others and to the whole, I should run equally counter to the nature of man and his evident history. For no one of us became man of himself: the whole structure of his humanity is connected by a spiritual birth with education, with his parents, teachers, friends; with all the circumstances of his life, and consequently with his countrymen and their forefathers; and lastly with the whole chain of the human

species, some link or other of which is continually acting on his mental faculties. Thus nations may be traced up to families; families to their founders; the stream of history contracts itself as we approach its source, and all our habitable earth is ultimately converted into the school of our family, containing indeed many divisions, classes, and chambers, but still with one plan of instruction, which has been transmitted from our ancestors, with various alterations and additions, to all their race. Now, if we give the limited understanding of a teacher credit for not having made a separate division of his scholars without some grounds, and perceive that the human species everywhere finds a kind of artificial education, adapted to the wants of the time and place,—what man of understanding, who contemplates the structure of our earth and the relation man bears to it, would not incline to think that the Father of our race, who has determined how far and how wide nations should spread, has also determined this, as the general teacher of us all? Will he who views a ship deny the purpose of its builder? and who that compares the artificial frame of our nature with every climate of the habitable earth, will reject the notion that the climatic diversity of various man was an end of the creation, for the purpose of educating his mind? But as the place of abode alone does not effect everything, since living beings like ourselves contribute to instruct us, fashion us, and form our habits, there appears to me an education of the species and a philosophy of the history of man, as certainly and as truly as there is a human nature; that is, a co-operation of individuals, which alone makes us men.

Hence the principles of this philosophy become as evident, simple, and indubitable as the natural history of man itself is; they are called *tradition* and *organic powers*. All education must spring from imitation and exercise, by means of which the model passes into the copy; and how can this be more aptly expressed than by the term “tradition”? But the imitator must have powers to receive what is communicated or communicable, and convert it into his own nature as the food by means of which he lives. Accordingly, what and how much he receives, whence he derives it, and how he uses, applies it, and makes it his own, must depend on his own, the receptive powers. So that the education of our species is in a double sense genetic and organic: genetic, inasmuch as it is communicated; organic, as what is communicated is received and applied. Whether we name this

second genesis of man *cultivation* from the culture of the ground, or *enlightening* from the action of light, is of little import: the chain of light and cultivation reaches to the end of the earth. Even the inhabitant of California or Tierra del Fuego learns to make and use the bow and arrow; he has language and ideas, practices and arts, which he learned as we learn them: so far therefore he is actually cultivated and enlightened, though in the lowest order. Thus the difference between enlightened and unenlightened, cultivated and uncultivated nations, is not specific; it is only in degree. This part of the picture of nations has infinite shades, changing with place and time: and like other pictures, much depends on the point of view from which we examine it. If we take the idea of European cultivation for our standard, this is to be found only in Europe; and if we establish arbitrary distinctions between cultivation and the enlightening of the mind,—neither of which, if it be genuine, can exist independently of the other,—we are losing ourselves still more in the clouds. But if we keep close to the earth and take a general view of what Nature—to whom the end and character of her creatures must be best known—herself exhibits to our eyes as forming man, this is no other than *the tradition of an education to some form or other of human happiness and the economy of life*. This is as general as the human species; and often the most active among savages, though in a narrower circle. If a man remain among men, he cannot avoid this improving or vitiating cultivation: tradition lays hold of him, forms his head, and fashions his limbs. As that is, and as these are fashioned, so is the man, so is he formed. Even children whom chance has thrown among beasts have acquired some human cultivation when they have lived for a time among men, as most known instances show; while a child brought up from the moment of his birth by a brute would be the only uncultivated man upon earth.

What follows from this fixed point of view, confirmed as it is by the whole history of our species? First a principle consolatory and animating to our lives, and inspiring this reflection: namely, that as the human species has not arisen of itself, and as there are dispositions in its nature for which no admiration can be too high, the Creator must have appointed means, conceived by his paternal goodness, for the development of these dispositions. Is the corporal eye so beautifully formed in vain? does it not find before it the golden beams of the sun, which were

created for it as the eye for them, and fulfill the wisdom of its design? It is the same with all the senses, with all the organs: they find the means of their development, the medium for which they were created. And can it be otherwise with the spiritual senses and organs, on the use of which the character of man, and the kind and measure of his happiness, depend? Shall the Creator have failed here of attaining his purpose; the purpose, too, of all nature as far as it depends on the use of human powers? Impossible! Every such conjecture must arise from ourselves: either attributing erroneous ends to the Creator, or endeavoring as much as in us lies to frustrate his purposes. But as this endeavor must have its limits, and no design of the All-wise can be thwarted by a creature of his thoughts, let us rest secure in the certainty, that whatever is God's purpose with regard to the human species upon earth remains evident even in the most perplexing parts of its history. All the works of God have this property: that although they belong to a whole which no eye can scan, each is in itself a whole, and bears the Divine characters of its destination. It is so with the brute and with the plant: can it be otherwise with man? Can it be that thousands are made for one? all the generations that have passed away, merely for the last? every individual, only for the species,—that is, for the image of an abstract name? The All-wise sports not in this manner; he invents no fine-spun shadowy dreams; he lives and feels in each of his children with paternal affection, as though it were the only creature in the world. All his means are ends; all his ends are means to higher ends, in which the Infinite, filling all, reveals himself. What every man, therefore, attains or can attain must be the end of the species; and what is this? Humanity and happiness, on this spot, in this degree, as this link and no other of the chain of improvement that extends through the whole kind. Whatever and wherever thou wast born, O man, there thou art and there thou shouldst be: quit not the chain, set not thyself above it, but adhere to it firmly. Life and happiness exist for thee only in its integrity, in what thou receivest or impartest, in thy activity in each.

Secondly: Much as it may flatter man that the Deity has admitted him as an assistant, and left the forming him here below to himself and his fellow-creatures, the very choice of these means shows the imperfection of our earthly existence, inasmuch as we are not yet men, but are daily *becoming* so. How poor

must the creature be who has nothing of himself, but receives everything from imitation, instruction, and practice, by which he is molded like wax! Let the man who is proud of his reason contemplate the theatre of his fellow-beings throughout the wide world, or listen to their many-toned dissonant history. Is there any species of barbarity to which some man, some nation, nay, frequently a number of nations, have not accustomed themselves, —so that many, perhaps most, have even fed on the flesh of their fellow-creatures? Is there a wild conception the mind can frame, which has not been actually rendered sacred by hereditary tradition in one place or another? No creature therefore can stand lower than man; for throughout his whole life he is not only a child in reason, but a pupil of the reason of others. Into whatever hands he falls, by them he is formed; and I am persuaded, no form of human manners is possible which some nation or some individual has not adopted. In history every mode of vice and cruelty is exhausted, while here and there only a nobler train of human sentiments and virtues appears. From the means chosen by the Creator, that our species should be formed only by our species, it could not possibly be otherwise; follies must be inherited, as well as the rare treasures of wisdom: the way of man resembles a labyrinth, abounding on all sides with divergent passages, while but few footsteps lead to the innermost chamber. Happy the mortal who reaches it himself or leads others to it; whose thoughts, inclinations, and wishes, or even the beams of whose silent example, have promoted the humanity of his brethren! God acts upon earth only by means of superior, chosen men; religion and language, art and science, nay, governments themselves, cannot be adorned with a nobler crown than the laurels gathered from the moral improvement of human minds. Our body molds in the grave, and our name soon becomes a shadow upon the earth; but incorporated in the voice of God, in plastic tradition, we shall live actively in the minds of our posterity, even though our name be no more.

Thirdly: The philosophy of history, therefore, which follows the chain of tradition, is, to speak properly, the true history of mankind, without which all the outward occurrences of this world are but clouds or revolting deformities. It is a melancholy prospect to behold nothing in the revolutions of our earth but wreck upon wreck, eternal beginnings without end, changes of circumstance without any fixed purpose. The chain of improvement

alone forms a whole of these ruins, in which human figures indeed vanish, but the spirit of mankind lives and acts immortally. Glorious names, that shine in the history of cultivation as genii of the human species, as brilliant stars in the night of time! Be it that with the lapse of ages many of your edifices decay, and much of your gold is sunk in the slough of forgetfulness: the labors of your lives were not in vain, for such of your works as Providence thought fit to save have been saved in other forms. In any other way, no human monument can endure wholly and eternally upon earth; being formed in the succession of generations by the hand of time for temporal use, and evidently prejudicial to posterity as soon as it renders unnecessary or retards their further exertion. Thus the mutable form and imperfection of all human operations entered into the plan of the Creator. Folly must appear, that wisdom might surmount it; decaying fragility even of the noblest works was an essential property of their materials, that men might have an opportunity of exerting fresh labors in improving or building upon their ruins; for we are all here in a state of exercise. Every individual must depart; and as it will then be indifferent to him what posterity may do with his works, it would be repugnant to a good mind to condemn succeeding generations to venerate them with inactive stupidity, and undertake nothing of their own. This new labor he wishes them; for what he carries with him out of the world is his strengthened power, the internal ripe fruit of his human activity.

Golden chain of improvement, that surroundest the earth and extendest through all individuals to the throne of Providence, since I perceived thee and traced thee in thy finest links, the feelings of the parent, the friend, and the preceptor, history no longer appears to me what it once did,—an abominable series of desolations on a sacred earth. A thousand deeds of shame stand there veiled with detestable praise, and thousands in their native ugliness, to set off the rare true merit of active humanity; which has ever proceeded on its way quietly and obscurely, seldom aware of the consequences that Providence would educe from its life, as the leaven from the dough. Only amid storms can the noble plant flourish; only by opposing struggles against false pretensions can the sweet labors of man be victorious. Nay, men frequently appear to sink under their honest purposes; but it is only in appearance: the seed germinates more beautifully in a

subsequent period from the ashes of the good, and when irrigated with blood seldom fails to shoot up to an unfading flower. I am no longer misled, therefore, by the mechanism of revolutions; it is as necessary to our species as the waves to the stream, that it become not a stagnant pool. The genius of humanity blooms in continually renovated youth, and is regenerated as it proceeds, in nations, generations, and families.

Translation of T. Churchill.

APOTHEOSIS OF HUMANITY

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

NO SOPHISTICAL argument can lead us to deny that our earth has grown older in the course of some thousands of years; and that this wanderer round the sun is greatly altered since its origin. In its bowels we perceive how it once was constituted; and we need but look around us to see its present constitution. The ocean foams no longer,—it has subsided peaceably into its bed; the wandering streams have found their shores; and plants and animals have run through a progressive series of years in their different races. As not a sunbeam has been lost upon our earth since its creation, so no falling leaf, no wasted seed, no carcass of a decaying animal, and still less an action of any living being, has been without effect. Vegetation, for example, has increased, and extended itself as far as it could; every living race has spread within the limits nature assigned it, through the means of others; and even the senseless devastations of man, as well as his industry, have been active implements in the hand of Time. Fresh harvests have waved over the ruins of the cities he has destroyed; the elements have strewed the dust of oblivion upon them; and soon new generations have arisen, who have erected new buildings upon the old, and even with their ancient remains. Omnipotence itself cannot ordain that effects shall not be effects; it cannot restore the earth to what it was thousands of years ago, so that these thousands of years, with all their consequences, shall not have been.

Already, therefore, a certain progress of the human species is inseparable from the progress of Time, as far as man is included in the family of Time and Earth. Were the progenitor of mankind now to appear and view his descendants, how would he be

astonished! His body was formed for a youthful earth; his frame, his ideas, and his way of life, must have been adapted to that constitution of the elements which then prevailed; and considerable alteration in this must have taken place in the course of six thousand years or upwards. In many parts, America is no longer what it was when discovered; two thousand years hence its ancient history will have the air of romance. Thus we read the history of the siege of Troy, and seek in vain the spot where it stood; in vain the grave of Achilles, or the godlike hero himself. Were a collection of all the accounts that have been given of the size and figure of the ancients, of the kind and quantity of their food, of their daily occupations and amusements, and of their notions of love and marriage, the virtues and the passions, the purpose of life and a future existence, made with discriminating accuracy and with regard to time and place, it would be of no small advantage toward a history of man. Even in this short period, an advancement of the species would be sufficiently conspicuous to evince both the consistency of ever-youthful Nature and the progressive changes of our old mother Earth. Earth nurses not man alone; she presses all her children to one bosom, embraces all in the same maternal arms: and when one changes all must undergo change.

It is undeniable, too, that this progress of time has influenced the mode of thinking of the human species. Bid a man now invent, now sing, an Iliad; bid him write like Æschylus, like Sophocles, like Plato: it is impossible. The childish simplicity, the unprejudiced mode of seeing things,—in short, the youthful period of the Greeks,—is gone by. It is the same with the Hebrews and the Romans; while on the other hand, we are acquainted with a number of things of which both the Romans and the Hebrews were ignorant. One day teaches another, one century instructs another century; tradition is enriched; the muse of Time, History, herself sings with a hundred voices, speaks with a hundred tongues. Be there as much filth, as much confusion, as there will, in the vast snowball rolled up by Time, yet this very confusion is the offspring of ages, which could have arisen only from the unwearied rolling on of one and the same thing. Thus every return to the ancient times, even the celebrated Year of Plato, is a fiction; is, from the ideas of the world and of time, an impossibility. We float onward; but the stream that has once flowed returns no more to its source.

Where are the times when people dwelt as troglodytes, dispersed about in caves behind their walls, and every stranger was an enemy? Merely from the course of time, no cave, no wall, afforded security. Men must learn to know one another; for collectively they are but one family, on one planet of no great extent. It is a melancholy reflection that everywhere they first learned to know one another as enemies, and beheld each other with astonishment as so many wolves; but such was the order of nature. The weak feared the strong; the deceived, the deceiver; he who had been expelled, him who could again expel him; the inexperienced child, every stranger. This infantile fear, however, and all its abuses, could not alter the course of nature; the bond of union between nations was knit, though in a rough manner owing to the rude state of man. Growing reason may burst the knots, but cannot untwist the band, and still less undo the discoveries that have once been made. What are the geologies of Moses and Orpheus, Homer and Herodotus, Strabo and Pliny, compared with ours? What was the commerce of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, to the trade of Europe? Thus, with what has hitherto been effected, the clue to the labyrinth of what is to be done is given us. Man, while he continues man, will not cease from wandering over his planet till it is completely known to him: from this neither storms nor shipwreck, nor those vast mountains of ice, nor all the perils of either Pole, will deter him; no more than they have deterred him from the first most difficult attempts, even when navigation was very defective. The incentive to all these enterprises lies in his own breast, lies in man's nature. Curiosity, and the insatiable desire of wealth, fame, discovery, and increase of strength, and even new wants and discontents, inseparable from the present course of things, will impel him; and they by whom dangers have been surmounted in former times, his celebrated and successful predecessors, will animate him. Thus the will of Providence will be promoted both by good and bad incentives, till man knows and acts upon the whole of his species. To him the earth is given; and he will not desist till it is wholly his own, at least as far as regards knowledge and use. Are we not already ashamed that one hemisphere of our planet remained for so long a time as unknown to us as if it had been the other side of the moon?

How vast the progress from the first raft that floated on the water, to an European ship! Neither the inventor of the former,

nor the many inventors of the various arts and sciences that contribute to navigation, ever formed the least conception of what would arise from the combination of their discoveries; each obeyed his particular impulse of want or curiosity: but it is inherent in the nature of the human intellect, and of the general connection of all things, that no attempt, no discovery, can be made in vain. Those islanders who had never seen a European vessel beheld the monster with astonishment, as some prodigy of another world; and were still more astonished when they found that men like themselves could guide it at pleasure over the trackless ocean. Could their astonishment have been converted into rational reflection on every great purpose and every little mean of this floating world of art, how much higher would their admiration of the human mind have arisen! Whither do not the hands of Europeans at present reach, by means of this single implement? Whither may they not reach hereafter?

Besides this art, others innumerable have been invented within the space of a few years by mankind, that extend their sway over air and water, over earth and heaven. And when we reflect that but few nations were engaged in this contest of mental activity, while the greater part of the rest slumbered in the lap of ancient custom; when we reflect that almost all our inventions were made at very early periods, and scarcely any trace, scarcely any ruin of an ancient structure or an ancient institution exists, that is not connected with our early history,—what a prospect does this historically demonstrated activity of the human mind give us for the infinity of future ages! In the few centuries during which Greece flourished, in the few centuries of modern improvement, how much has been perceived, invented, done, reduced to order, and preserved for future ages, in Europe, the least quarter of the globe, and almost in its smallest parts! How prolific the seeds that art and science have copiously shed, while one nourishes, one animates and excites, the other! As when a string is touched, not only everything that has music resounds to it, but all its harmonious tones re-echo the sound till it becomes imperceptible, so the human mind has invented and created when a harmonious point of its interior has been hit. When a new concord was struck in a creation where everything is connected, innumerable new concatenations followed of course.

But it may be asked, How have all these arts and inventions been applied? have practical reason and justice, and consequently

the true improvement and happiness of the human species, been promoted by them? In reply, I refer to what has recently been urged respecting the progress of disorder throughout the whole creation: that according to an intrinsic law of nature, nothing can attain durability, which is the essential aim of all things, without order. A keen knife in the hand of a child may wound it; yet the art that invented and sharpened the knife is one of the most indispensable of arts. All that use such a knife are not children; and even the child will be taught by pain to use it better. Artificial power in the hand of a despot, foreign luxury in a nation without controlling laws, are such pernicious implements; but the very mischief they do will render men wiser, and soon or late the art that created luxury as well as despotism will first confine both within due bonds, and then convert them into real benefits. The heavy plowshare wears itself out by long use; the slight teeth of new watch-work gain, merely by their revolution, the more suitable and artful form of the epicycloid. Thus, in human powers, abuses carried to excess wear themselves down to good practices; extreme oscillations from side to side necessarily settle in the desirable mean of lasting fitness in a regular movement. Whatever is to take place among mankind will be effected by men; we suffer under our faults till we learn of ourselves the better use of our faculties, without the assistance of miracles from Heaven.

We have not the least reason, therefore, to doubt that every good employment of the human understanding necessarily must and will, at some time or other, promote humanity. Since agriculture has prevailed, men and acorns have ceased to be food. Man found that he could live better, more decently, and more humanely, on the pleasing gifts of Ceres, than on the flesh of his fellows or the fruits of the oak; and was compelled so to live by the laws of men wiser than himself. After men had learned to build houses and towns they ceased to dwell in caves; under the laws of a commonweal, the poor stranger was no longer liable to death. Thus trade brought nations together; and the more its advantages were generally understood, the less murders, oppressions, and deceptions, which are always signs of ignorance in commerce, would necessarily be practiced. Every addition to the useful arts secures men's property, diminishes their labor, extends their sphere of activity, and necessarily lays therewith the foundations of further cultivation and humanity. What labor was

saved, for example, by the single invention of printing! what an extensive circulation of men's ideas, arts, and sciences, did it promote! Were a European Kang-Ti now to attempt to eradicate the literature of this quarter of the globe, he would find it impossible. Had the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, possessed this art, the destruction of their literature would not have been so easy to their spoilers, if it could by any means have been accomplished. Let savage nations burst in upon Europe, they could not withstand our tactics; and no Attila will again extend his march from the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian to the plains of Catalonia. Let monks, sybarites, fanatics, and tyrants arise as they will, it is no longer in their power to bring back the night of the Middle Ages. Now, as no greater benefit can be conceived to arise from any art, Divine or human, than not merely to bestow on us light and order but from its very nature to extend and secure them, let us thank the Creator that he conferred understanding on mankind, and made art essential to it. In them we possess the secret and the means of securing order in the world.

Neither need we any way repine that many excellently conceived theories, of morals not excepted, have remained so long without being carried into practice among mankind. The child learns much which the man alone can apply; but he has not therefore learned in vain. The youth heedlessly forgets what at some future period he must take pains to recollect, or learn a second time. So, no truth that is treasured up, nay, no truth that is discovered, among a race continually renovating, is wholly in vain: future circumstances will render necessary what is now despised; and in the infinity of things, every case must occur that can in any way exercise the human species. As in the creation we first conceive the *power* that formed chaos, and then disposing *wisdom*, and harmonious *goodness*, so the natural order of mankind first develops rude powers; disorder itself must guide them into the path of understanding: and the further the understanding pursues its work, the more it perceives that goodness alone can bestow on it durability, perfection, and beauty.

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HÉRÉDIA

(1842-1905)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

IT is generally supposed that the sonnet had its origin in Sicily. Sainte-Beuve, who himself wrote sonnets, admits that the sonnet was Italian first: "Du Bellay, le premier que l'apporta de Florence." But before Petrarch was Thibaut, King of Navarre. Some Italian writers claim for Ludovico della Vernaccia (1200) the honor of having written the first sonnet in their language. The secretary of Frederick the Second of Sicily wrote the celebrated 'Pero' ch' amore.' The Provençals say that the rhymes of the sonnet are imitations of the recurring tinkling of the sheep-bells; hence the name *sonnette*. At any rate, the French have loved the sonnet almost as well as the Italians, although they see it from a somewhat different point of view. When the famous Madame De Longueville needed excitement, after the turmoil of a furious life, she made a party for Voiture, a sonneteer of the seventeenth century, against another, Benserade. The rivalry was fierce; all Paris was divided. The interest in the rivals was as intense as, later, between the Classicists and Romanticists when Victor Hugo wrote 'Hernani.' But for two centuries France had not announced the possession of a great sonnet-writer, when suddenly the Academy admitted José de Hérédia to a seat among the Immortals. He was elected on February 22d, 1894, in place of M. Mazade, receiving nineteen votes out of thirty-two; and he was welcomed by M. François Coppée.

HÉRÉDIA

José-Maria de Hérédia was born on November 22d, 1842, at Fortuna-Cafeyere, near Santiago de Cuba. He began his studies at the college of St. Vincent at Senlis, in France, and continued them at the University of Havana, and in Paris at the École des Chartes. He translated and edited Bernal Diaz's 'Conquests in New Spain,' with notes which gave him a reputation for acute and scrupulous research and

intelligent application of it. From the year 1862 he had, beginning with the *Revue de Paris*, contributed to the leading Parisian periodicals, including the *Temps*, the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He disappointed the hopes of admirers who thirsted for the results of his studies in the *École des Chartes* and wanted more light on South-American history; but he delighted the literary circles by his poems 'Les Trophées' and 'Les Conquérants.' The volume containing these poems was not long in reaching its fifteenth edition.

Such a demand for verse of no «popular» quality is remarkable. In truth, Hérédia despised what is called «popularity.» He makes no concessions to it, and keeps himself as much as possible in the mood of Maurice de Guérin, who disliked to have a poem read outside of his intimate circle. He seems to rejoice in overcoming difficulties in form for the sake of overcoming them, and at the same time making his thought or mood permeate the form. The divisions of 'Les Trophées' show the specially literary quality of the mind of Hérédia. It opens with 'Greece and Sicily'; this series of sonnets including 'Hercules and the Centaurs,' 'Artemis and the Nymphs,' and 'Perseus and Andromeda.' The series that follows is called 'Rome and the Barbarians,' including the sonnets suggested by Catullus in the group 'Hortorum Deus.' Then come 'The Middle Age and the Renaissance,' 'The Orient and the Tropics,' and 'Les Conquérants.' 'The Conquerors of Gold' and 'Romancero' are not in the sonnet form. Some of the most exquisite sonnets written in France are to be found in 'Les Trophées.' It was no surprise to the readers of Hérédia when he was elected to the Academy,—which, although Daudet may parody it and outsiders revile it, cares more for quality than quantity. But to most of the English-speaking world it was a matter of amazement. The London critics, anxious to celebrate the new Academician, were at first in doubt as to who he was. They were equally amazed to find that this slim book, 'Les Trophées,' had gone through at least ten editions; but since his election Hérédia is better known, and his poems are appreciated by those who love to see human knowledge and human feeling preserved like roses in a block of imperishable crystal, carved in a thousand forms of beauty.

Hérédia's impression of the sonnet is somewhat different from the Italian, but not less difficult. In form it is Petrarchan as to the octave, and it has no affinity with that English sonnet which closes with the snappy couplet. The Italian sonnet is a syllogism, more or less carefully concealed in a mist of sentiment. The French form, while it holds to the quatrain followed by the two tercets, demands a veiled climax in the second tercet. It must have a certain element

of surprise. The tercet adds a glow to the stately quatrain. In Italian, the sextet draws the conclusion or applies the principle suggested by the quatrain. Henri Taine loved the music of Hérédia, who has the Miltonic quality of so mingling sonorous proper names in his sonnets that they make the chords to the lighter treble of the more melodious phrases of his music. This is evident in 'Epiphany,' where the names of the Magi are used both in the first line of the quatrain and the last of the sextet.

«C'est ainsi qu'autrefois, sous Augustus Cæsar,
Sont venus, présentant l'or, l'encens et la myrrhe,
Les Rois Mages Gaspar, Melchior et Balthazar.»

(In other days under Augustus Cæsar
Came, presenting gold, incense, and myrrh,
The magi Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.)

His management of the climax—which must, in the French form, have an element of surprise, yet not be abrupt—is admirable. The sonnet to Rossi is a good example of this. Here, having dwelt in the quatrains on the physical aspect of Rossi as Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, he turns in the sextet to the spiritual effect of the actor's recitation of parts of the 'Inferno,' and cries out that, trembling to the depth of his soul, he has seen

«Alighieri, living, chant of hell.»

Hérédia varies the sextet by rhyming the first two lines, the third and the fifth and the fourth and the sixth; and sometimes the third with the sixth, couplets intervening. In the translation of the sonnet 'On an Antique Medal,' the Petrarchan sextet has been used. In the 'Setting Sun' one of Hérédia's forms has been followed. The other sonnets, too, are of the mold of the originals.

Hérédia died October, 1905, at the Château of Bourdonné in the department of Seine-et-Oise, near Houdan, while visiting his friend M. Ytasse with whom he was spending his vacation.

Maurice Francis Segal

THE CONQUERORS

FALCONS fierce they are from charnel nest,
 Weary of flight and burdens of their woe;
 From Palos of Moguer they spell-bound go,
 Heroic dreams and coarse their minds invest.
 Far in deep mines the precious gold-veins rest
 Waiting for them; and as the trade-winds blow
 Filling their sails, they drive them all too slow
 To that mysterious shore,—world of the West.
 The phosphorescent blue of tropic seas
 Colored their dreams when in the languid breeze
 They slept each eve in hope of morrows bright,—
 Of epic morrows; or in unknown skies,
 Leaning entranced, they saw from carvels white
 From out the ocean, strange new stars arise.

THE SAMURAI

“It was a man with two swords”

THE bîva in her hand claims thought no more;
 Some sounds she thrums, as through the lattice
 light
 Of twist' bamboo, she sees, where all is bright
 On the flat plain, her love and conqueror.
 Swords at his sides comes he,—her eyes adore,—
 His fan held high, red girdle: splendid sight!
 Deep scarlet on dark armor; and unite
 Great blazons on his shoulder, feared in war.
 Like huge crustacean, shining black and red,
 Lacquer and silk and bronze from feet to head,
 Plated and brilliant is this lovèd one.
 He sees her,—smiles beneath his bearded masque;
 And as he hastens, glitter in the sun
 The gold antennæ trembling on his casque.

ON PIERRE RONSARD'S BOOK OF LOVE

IN BOURGUEIL'S pleasaunce many a lover's hand
 Wrote many a name in letters big and bold
 On bark of shady tree; beneath the gold
 Of Louvre's ceiling, love by smiles was fanned.
 What matters it? Gone all the maddened band!
 Four planks of wood their bodies did enfold;
 None now disputes their love, or longs to hold
 Their dried-up dust,—part of the grassy land.
 All dead. Marie, Hélène, Cassandra proud,
 Your bodies would be nothing in their shroud,—
 Lilies and roses were not made to last,—
 If Ronsard, on the yellow Loire or Seine,
 Had not upon your brows his garlands cast
 Of myrtle and of laurel not in vain.

ON AN ANTIQUE MEDAL

THE wine which gave the antique ecstasy
 To great Theocritus, in purple gold
 Still ripens on Mount Ætna;—none can hold
 The gracious girls he sang in Sicily!
 Greek Arethusa, slave or mistress free,
 Lost the pure profile of ancestral mold,
 Mixed in her veins of Angevin, proud and bold,
 And Saracenic, burning furiously.
 Time goes; all dies; marble itself decays;
 A shadow Agrigentum! Syracuse
 Sleeps, still in death, beneath her kind sky's shades;—
 But the hard metal guards through all the days—
 Silver grown docile unto love's own use—
 The immortal beauty of Sicilian maids.

SUNSET

THE sunlit brush light to the dark rock lends,
 And gilds the summit of the mountain dome
 Where sets the sun; beyond—a bar of foam—
 The endless sea begins where the earth ends:

Beneath me, night and silence; tired man wends
 To where the smoking chimney marks his home.
 The Angelus, deadened by the mists that roam,
 In the vast murmur of the ocean blends.
 As from the depth of an abyss, the sound
 Of far-off voices in the space around
 Comes from belated herdsmen with their clan.
 The western sky is clothed in shadows gray;
 The sun on rich dark clouds sinks slow away
 And shuts the gold sticks of his crimson fan.

TO THE TRAGEDIAN ROSSI

TRAILING thy mantle black, I've seen thee break,
 O Rossi, weak Ophelia's saddened heart,
 And, as the love-mad Moorish tiger, start
 Strangling the sobs thy victim could not wake;
 I Lear, Macbeth have seen, and seen thee take
 The last cold kiss in love's supremest part
 Of older Italy;—high flights of art!—
 Yet greater triumphs have I seen thee make:
 For I did taste of joy and woe sublime
 When I did hear thee speak the triple rhyme,—
 In voice of gold you rang its iron knell;
 And red, in reflex of the infernal fire,
 My very soul moved by deep horror dire
 Saw Alighieri, living, chant of hell!

MICHELANGELO

YES, he was darkly haunted, we may say,
 When in the Sixtine, far from festal Rome,
 Alone he painted wall or floating dome
 With sibyls, prophets, and the Judgment Day.
 He heard within him, weeping hard alway,
 The Titan he would chain 'bove eagles' home,—
 Love, country, glory and defeat,—like foam
 In face of conquering death; his marble—falsest clay!
 As well those heavy giants languid with strength,
 Those slaves imprisoned in a stone vein's length,
 As if he twisted them in their strange birth,

And in the marble cold had thrust his soul,
 Making a fearful shiver through it roll,—
 The anger of a god down-borne by earth.

AFTER PETRARCH

LEAVING the church, with gesture tender, sweet,
 Your noble hands throw gold unto the poor;
 Your beauty brightens all the porch obscure,
 And fills with Heaven's gold the dazzled street.
 Saluting you, I humbly at your feet
 Throw down my heart: yet you so proud and pure
 Turn quick away; your veil you fast secure
 In anger o'er your eyes, mine not to meet!
 But love, which conquers hearts that most rebel,
 Will not permit me in the gloom to dwell,—
 The source of light to me refusing day;
 You were so slow to draw the graceful shade
 Of tremulous eyelash, which deep shadows made
 That from the darkness shot a star's long ray.

EPITAPH

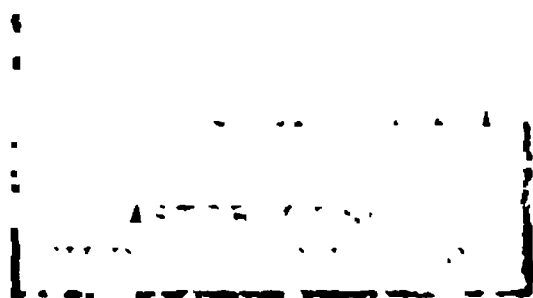
After the Verses of Henri III.

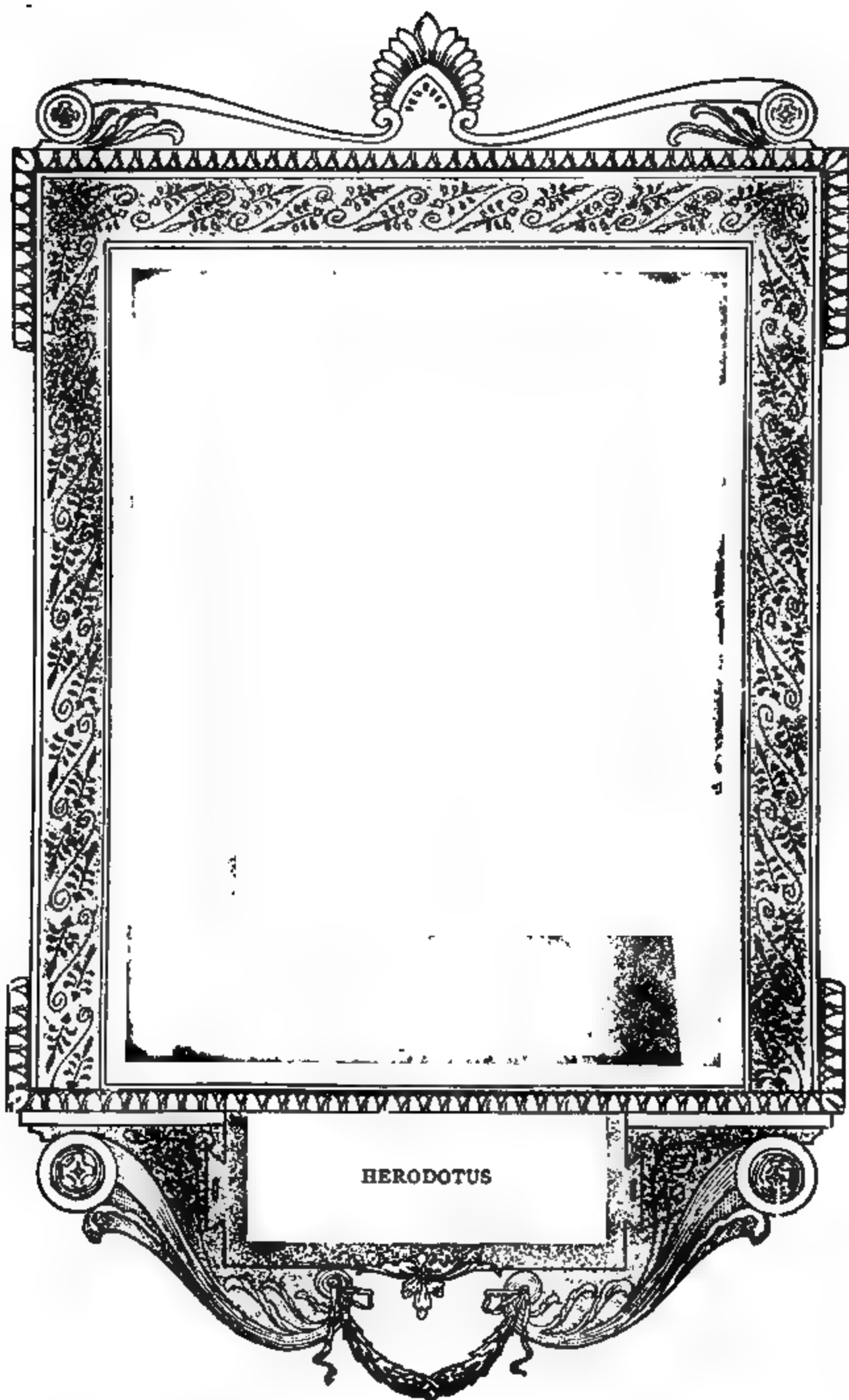
HERE sleeps, O passer, Hyacinth the Lord
 Of Maugiron, dead, gone, at rest:
 May God absolve and keep him near his breast;
 Fallen to earth, he lies in holy sward.
 None—even Quélus—wore the pearly cord,
 The plumèd cap, or ruff more meetly prest;
 Behold by a new Myron well exprest
 A spray of hyacinth in marble scored.
 And having kissed him and most tenderly
 Placed him in coffin, Henry willed that he
 At Saint-Germain be laid;—fair, wan, he lies.
 And wishing that such grief should never die,
 He made in church, all changes to defy,
 This sweet, sad symbol of Apollo's sighs.

" 'TIS NOON; THE LIGHT IS FIERCE "

'TIS noon; the light is fierce; the air is fire;
The ancient river rolls its waves of lead;
Direct from Heaven day falls overhead,—
Phra covers Egypt in relentless ire.
The eyes of the great sphinx that never tire—
The sphinx that bathes in dust of golden-red—
Follow with mystic looks the unmeasured
And needle-pointed pyramidal spire.
A darkened spot is on the sky of white,—
An endless flight of circling vulture wings;
A flame immense makes drowsy all earth's things.
The ardent soil is sparkling; full in sight
A brass Anubis, silent, still, and stark,
Turns to the sun its never-ending bark.

All the above translations are by Maurice Francis Egan for 'A Library of the
World's Best Literature'

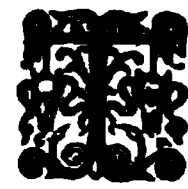




HERODOTUS

(490 ?-426 ? B. C.)

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

 HIS most delightful story-teller bears, strange to say, the title of the "father of history." The art of story-telling, first fashioned in the usage of epic poetry, passed into the hands of the logographers of the sixth and fifth centuries, to whom must be accredited the relatively late and rather startling discovery that prose could be a medium of literature. Of their works we have little or nothing. The borderlands of the Orient, rich in materials of family and city tradition, of mythology, genealogy, theogony, of diverse national usage and custom, furnished them the natural stimulus to their work. The material had outgrown the staid restraint of the genteel epic, and bursting the traditional dikes, it spread itself abroad in great levels of plebeian prose. Herein both the historical prose style and the philosophical found their source.

Herodotus stood on the border-line between logography and history. He felt himself akin to the logographers, and looked back through them to Homer as the head of his guild. In entitling his work, he used the word *historia* in the sense of story-telling; but lifted it by the character of his composition into its significance as history. His claim to the title "father of history," first awarded him by Cicero, rests primarily upon the fact that he was the first to shape a collection of stories into the portrayal of a great historical proceeding, so as to endow it with a plot. The proceeding which he chose as his subject has proved to be one of prime importance in the total history of human civilization. It was the conflict between Greece and Persia in the beginning of the fifth century B. C.,—a great crisis and turning-point in the long history of that struggle between Orientalism and Occidentalism, which, ever since human record began, has been almost perpetually in progress by the shores of the Ægean. The writing of history begins, therefore, with the Eastern Question.

Herodotus's early home was such as to suggest to him his theme. He was born in Halicarnassus, a Doric city on the southwestern coast of Asia Minor, about 490 B. C., and died, probably at Thurii in Italy, at some time between 428 and 426. His life covers thus the period from the Persian wars to the Peloponnesian War, and is commensurate with the period of Athens's bloom. He was born, if we may

trust Suidas's evidence, of a highly respectable Halicarnassian family; and among his near relatives, probably his uncle, was Panyasis,—a collector of myths and folk-lore, and an epic poet of considerable distinction, whose influence in determining his younger kinsman's tastes may well have been decisive. A revolution in the government of the city, probably of the year 468, occasioned the death of Panyasis and the exile of Herodotus. It is significant for the later attitude of Herodotus, as shown in his writings, that in this affair he sided with the democracy. After an exile of several years, part of which at least he is said to have spent in Samos, he returned to his native city, where later—at some time prior to 454—he participated in the overthrowing of the tyrant Lygdamis. Continued political disturbances caused him finally to withdraw permanently from the city. The jealousy of the mob, which had now joined itself to the hatred of the aristocracy, had made his longer stay impossible.

From this time until 443, when he joined in founding the Athenian colony of Thurii in Italy, he was a homeless, cityless wanderer on the face of the earth. Athens, ever hospitable to strangers, afforded him the nearest approach to a home, and here he naturally made his abode at the end of his successive voyages. There is no good reason for rejecting the information that in the year 445 he gave a public reading of some portion of his history, and received therefor a vote of thanks from the Athenian Council and a reward of ten talents. The greater part of his travels was accomplished before this date; for two years later, in search of a home and rest,—and probably too of the leisure to complete his work,—he withdrew to Thurii. The most probable order of his travels is that which takes him first along the coasts of Asia Minor to the northern islands, Thrace, the Sea of Marmora, Byzantium, and the coasts of the Black Sea; then at some time after 445 brings him to the south, along the southern shores of Asia Minor to Cyprus and the Syrian coast, and into the interior through Syria and Mesopotamia to Babylon. Egypt he visited almost certainly after 449, and Kyrene in northern Africa may well have come next in order. The exploration of Greece proper,—where he visited Dodona, Zakynthos, Delphi, Thebes, Platæa, Thermopylæ, and various places in the Peloponnesus, including Corinth, Tegea, Sparta, and probably Olympia,—belongs in the last years before his departure for Thurii.

There are not lacking those who, on the basis of inaccuracies in our author's reports, deny that his itinerary ever took him far from the coast line of the Ægean and eastern Mediterranean. Thus Professor Sayce, in his Introduction to Books i.-iii., limits Herodotus's travels to coasting trips along the shores of Thrace from Athos to Byzantium, to Palestine and Syria, among the islands of the Ægean,

with visits to Lower Egypt and certain sites in Greece. Though Herodotus distinctly says he visited Egyptian Thebes, and pushed on up the Nile as far as Elephantine, Mr. Sayce prefers to brand our good friend as a deliberate liar, forsooth, because he calls Elephantine a village instead of an island, and does not wax warm enough in praise of the wonders of Thebes! To those who have read the pages of Herodotus as they were meant to be read, and have not used them exclusively as material for seminary criticism, the genial simplicity of the writer is likely to be too well known to suffer his being made an arrant rogue on slight evidence. He loved a good story, and surely would not let it take harm in his hands; but plain lying was not his forte. There really exists no sufficient reason for supposing he did not visit the places he actually says he did.

After settling at Thurii, he may on occasion have taken up again the wander-staff; but direct evidence does not exist. It is not even certain that he visited Athens again. His mention of the Propylaia (Book v., 77) refers by no means certainly to the Propylaia of Mnesicles, completed in 432, but more probably to the older structure on the same site. His allusion to events in Athenian history occurring after the beginning of the Peloponnesian War (431) does not necessitate the hypothesis of residence in Athens. His whole attitude, on the contrary, toward the issues and events involved in that struggle, betrays the feeling of one observing from a distance, rather than of an eye-witness and participant.

Pitifully little it is, therefore, that we know about the man himself. When after a period of relative neglect his writings sprang again into attention in the second century B. C., the facts of his life had so far been forgotten—fate of a man without a country!—that even the busy gleaning of the grammarians failed to find materials sufficient to construct a fair biography. He lives only in his writings. Whether he wrote anything else than the nine books of history that have come down to us under his name is not perfectly certain, though he in two different passages promises to return to a subject in his 'Assyrian Notes.' Aristotle in his 'Animal History' cites a remark of Herodotus that may well have had a place in such a work, and certainly is not taken from his existing writings; but there is no other evidence that any such book existed. The theory that he wrote it and intended ultimately to incorporate it in his history, much as he did the 'Egyptian Notes' which constitute the second book, is rendered improbable by the evident completeness of plan characterizing the existing work.

The History as we have it is divided into nine books, named from the nine Muses. This division, not mentioned by any one before Diodorus (who lived in the first century B. C.), and not presupposed by

the author himself in referring to other parts of his history, may have been the handiwork of the Alexandrine grammarian; but was fittingly made, and corresponds to real lines of division which must have been present to the author's mind and purpose. In spite of the bewildering variety of the material brought together in the single books, and in spite of digressions and excursions, each book will be found to contribute its distinct and appropriate part to the plan of the whole, and steadily to lead the subject up to its complete unfolding. Reducing to lowest terms, we may summarize the subject of each book in its relation to the whole as follows:—I. The rise of the Persian empire through the downfall of the Lydian. II. Egypt. III. The establishment of the Persian empire,—Cambyses, Smerdis, Darius. IV. Persia against Scythia and against Libya. V. Advance of the Persian power towards a conflict with Athens. VI. The self-assertion of the Hellenic spirit in Ionia, and the quelling of the Ionian revolt; its self-assertion in Greece, and the battle of Marathon. VII. Xerxes's march against Greece. VIII. Salamis. IX. Plataea, Mycale, and the failure of Persia.

The story is complete in itself. It is fashioned after a plot, and is set forth in all the stately form of a great drama. There is introduction, assembling of the elements of conflict, conflict, catastrophe, lesson. The tale begins with the rise of the Persian power, gathering unto itself the strength of the barbarian world. It ends with Persia's failure and discomfiture. The *motif* is sounded at the start. Overweening greatness challenges the envy of the gods, and is smitten with the divine wrath. Hybris meets its Nemesis. The presumption of Croesus received in the first book its rebuke from the Athenian Solon. The Persian power which rose to greatness on the ruins of Croesus's power vaunted its pride in Xerxes's host, and received in the last book its rebuke from the Athenian State.

The last three books stand in marked contrast as well as parallelism to the first three. In the closing section of the work, Hellas is the scene, Hellenic history is the central interest; in the first section, barbarian history fills the foreground, and Lydia, Egypt, Mesopotamia are the scene. In Books vii., viii., ix., we have a single continuous account, clear and definite in outline and plan; in i., ii., iii., we find a vast assemblage of various narrative, rich with the varied colorings and dreamy fancies of the East. These stand in the world of the known, those issue out of the misty depths of wonderland.

Between these two groups the fourth, fifth, and sixth books play a mediating part. In geographical location they belong neither to the civilized Orient nor to the Occident. The fourth reaches far to the north, then far to the south. The fifth draws near to the frontier, and deals with Thrace and Ionia. The sixth bestrides the frontier, and

reaches to the shores of Attica. Chronologically they also form the bridge between the beginning and the end. The first three books deal with vast stretches of time, quoted not in decades or generations but in centuries. The three central books limit themselves to the thirty years prior to the battle of Marathon, as the last three do to the ten years subsequent thereto. The fourth book is conceived more after the spirit of its predecessors than its successors, but yet belongs in scene and purpose to the latter rather than the former. As Mr. Macan has remarked, the middle books are "intermediate and transitional in character. They present a dissolving view, or a series—nay, a large amphitheatre—of dissolving views." The art which has fashioned the plan of the whole reveals itself also, on minuter analysis, in the outline of the separate books. We cannot be certain that this plan in all its features was outlined by the author before beginning his work. We are rather inclined to think that except for some crude vision of the whole, the plan grew upon him as he wrote and arranged. His first impulse to authorship arose from his interest in the life and customs of diverse peoples, aroused perhaps by his uncle's interest, and conditioned and strengthened by his early residence on the frontier of diverse civilizations, and by his travels. A suggestion for the classification of his material was presented by the exhibition of the practical outcome of diverse attitudes of life, in the conflict joined at Salamis between the two extremes.

The composition was doubtless the work of years. Various attempts to assign certain parts to certain years of his life have proved vain. He no doubt added from time to time here an anecdote, there an excursus; and as he inserted and rearranged, the finer details of a plan emerged. It is not likely that the book was given to the world before his death; there is indeed a tradition—not all too trustworthy—that it was published after his death by his friend the poet Plesirrhoös. However that may be, the work was practically complete. The last revision, which might have removed a few minor inconsistencies, had not been made; but as for a purpose to continue the work so as to cover for instance the age of Pericles, or even some shorter additional period, it is out of the question. Such work was not to his mind, nor appropriate to the material he had collected and which enchained his interest. The deeds of great heroes of the past, not the political strife of the present, allured him. He was a child of Homer. The conflict of Asia against Europe was the same old theme of which Homer had sung. But we are not confined to negative evidence. The fact that the plan of the work as it stands is complete, furnishes positive assurance. The closing incident of the ninth book naturally concludes the story. The *hybris* of Xerxes has met its defeat. The expedition to Sestos gave the evidence that Xerxes's bridge was broken through and Europe rid of the intruder.

The closing words of the last book form an ideal conclusion to the work. They represent the older policy of the Persians when under the guidance of Cyrus:—"So the Persians, seeing their error, yielded to the opinion of Cyrus; for they chose rather to live in a barren land and rule, than to sow the plain and be the slaves of others." Thus Solon's rebuke of *hybris* at the beginning of the work is echoed from the lips of the great Persian at the end.

Herodotus is by no means a trained scientific observer. He sees with the natural eye. His crocodiles and hippopotamuses are somewhat awry, but he tells what children would like to hear about them. What is now the every-day cat was then among the marvels of wonder-land. His contributions to piscatology are not masterly, and his faith in what is told him concerning the habits of animals he has not seen is beautifully free from scientific doubt. The description of Babylon is not that of a Baedeker, but constitutes no evidence that he had failed to visit it. In regard to geography he thought himself well in advance of his day, and smiled disdainful smiles at those who make "the earth circular, as if turned out on a lathe." His remarks concerning language show that he was innocent of all knowledge of foreign tongues, and that his capacity for observation was slight. Thus he presents, as an argument for the connection of the Colchians and the Egyptians, their similarity of language!

When he is describing the customs of strange peoples he is always entertaining, and usually instructive. Here his gift as a story-teller stands him in good stead. When he opens his mouth to tell us a story, then he is at his best. The ring of Polycrates, the contest for Thyrea, the boyhood of Cyrus, King Rhampsinitos and his money, are samples of his tales pitched in every key,—the marvelous, the genuine, the spirited, the grimly humorous. His descriptions of battles are full of movement and interest; not precise and strategically clear, but gossipy and active, and above all things interesting. They were composed to be heard, and not to be studied out with a map. No better illustration could be cited than the magnificent story of Salamis. The failure of scholars to agree regarding the plan of this battle has been in some measure due to their unwillingness to listen to Herodotus as a naïve story-teller rather than as a naval expert. There is no general canon by which the credibility of his material can be tested. Each statement must be weighed by itself. What he heard, or what he understood, and what he saw or thought he saw, he reported—so far as it interested him. If he heard two accounts of an occurrence, he sometimes gave them both and left the reader to choose. Sometimes he expresses a mild doubt, but generally he reports the current stories in a delightful miscellany of folk-lore and history. He does not hesitate on occasion to admit his ignorance, and carefully distinguishes his inferences from his facts. Neither

infallibility nor dogmatism is his besetting sin. He could not speak the languages of the foreign countries in which he traveled, and was therefore often at the mercy of the local dragomans. The statement concerning the inscription on the great Pyramid, which expressed the greatness of the work in terms of the onions and garlic consumed by the workmen, savors strongly of dragoman philology. So soon as he passes the Greek language frontier we mark the effect upon his material. Books he used relatively little as sources. Hecataios is the only logographer he cites. His materials were chiefly obtained from oral testimony and observation.

Strikingly characteristic of Herodotus is his religious conviction. History with him was all Providence. The gods rule in the affairs of men; they declare their will to them in signs and through oracles; the great events of history and the experiences of individual lives admit of explanation in terms of Divine purpose. This attitude of simple faith conditions throughout both the collection of materials and their use. If we have found in him history still undifferentiated from folk-lore, quite as much do we find it undifferentiated from theology. His work is folk-lore, history, theology, and epic all in one; but history is pushing to the fore. Rich as it is in the materials of history, it cannot be history for the people of to-day. It is better than that, for it is a picture of what history was to people then.

Benj. Ide Wheeler.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Since the Aldine Editio Princeps (1502), Herodotus has had many editors. The most helpful recent editions are those of Stein, one with critical apparatus, another with German notes. There is a fair annotated edition by Blakesley in the 'Bibliotheca Classica.' Much better is the masterly translation into English by Rawlinson, with copious notes and special essays, in four volumes, first published in London in 1858, and often reprinted. There is also a good translation by G. C. Macaulay (1890). All the citations which follow are drawn from Rawlinson's original edition, which is one of the noblest monuments of English classical scholarship.

The best recent English work on Herodotus will be found in Sayce's (Herodotus, i., ii., iii.,) (1883), Macan's (Herodotus, iv., v., vi.,) (1892), and the complete edition by How and Wells (1912). An extremely readable French book is (Hérodote, Historien des Guerres Médiques,) by Amedée Hauvette (Paris, Hachette: 1894).

B. I. W.

THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER

WHEN all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time; and among them Solon the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretense of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which at the request of the Athenians he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Cræsus at Sardis. Cræsus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasuries and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and so far as time allowed inspected them, Cræsus addressed this question to him: "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom of all the men that thou hast seen thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals; but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he had heard, Cræsus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied: "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further, because after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honors."

Thus did Solon admonish Croesus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Croesus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest; expecting that at any rate he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered: "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the games. Also, this tale is told of them: There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five-and-forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Croesus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens! is my happiness then so utterly set at naught by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"O Croesus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the Power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much of oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other

year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, O Croesus, I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly, he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavored of fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which however his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If in addition to all this he ends his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely indeed can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each while it possesses some things lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most, so no single human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably,—that man alone, sire, is in my judgment entitled to bear the name of ‘happy.’ But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end; for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin.”

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Croesus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honor. The King saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

A TYRANT'S FORTUNE

THE exceeding good fortune of Polycrates did not escape the notice of Amasis, who was much disturbed thereat. When therefore his success continued increasing, Amasis wrote him the following letter, and sent it to Samos:—"Amasis to Polycrates thus sayeth: It is a pleasure to hear of a friend and ally prospering, but thy exceeding prosperity does not cause me joy, forasmuch as I know that the gods are envious. My wish for myself, and for those whom I love, is to be now successful and now to meet with a check, thus passing through life amid alternate good and ill, rather than with perpetual good fortune. For never yet did I hear tell of any one succeeding in all his undertakings who did not meet with calamity at last, and come to utter ruin. Now therefore give ear to my words, and meet thy good luck in this way: bethink thee which of all thy treasures thou valuest most and canst least bear to part with; take it, whatsoever it be, and throw it away, so that it may be sure never to come any more into the sight of man. Then, if thy good fortune be not thenceforth checkered with ill, save thyself from harm by again doing as I have counseled."

When Polycrates read this letter, and perceived that the advice of Amasis was good, he considered carefully with himself which of the treasures that he had in store it would grieve him most to lose. After much thought he made up his mind that it was a signet ring which he was wont to wear, an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodore son of Telecles, a Samian. So he determined to throw this away; and manning a penteconter, he went on board, and bade the sailors put out into the open sea. When he was now a long way from the island he took the ring from his finger, and in the sight of all those who were on board, flung it into the deep. This done, he returned home, and gave vent to his sorrow.

Now it happened five or six days afterwards that a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present of to the King. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace, and said that he wanted to see Polycrates. Then Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish with these words following: "Sir King, when I took this prize I thought I would not carry it to market, though I am a poor man who live by my trade. I said

to myself, It is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness; and so I brought it here to give it to you." The speech pleased the King, who thus spoke in reply: "Thou didst right well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come now and sup with me."

So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a high honor that he had been asked to sup with the King. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish, found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it, and hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him, and told him in what way it had been found. The King, who saw something Providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened, what he had himself done, and what had been the upshot; and dispatched the letter to Egypt.

When Amasis had read the letter of Polycrates, he perceived that it does not belong to man to save his fellow-man from the fate which is in store for him; likewise he felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the contract of friendship. This he did, that when the great and heavy misfortune came, he might escape the grief which he would have felt if the sufferer had been his bond-friend.

CURIOUS SCYTHIAN CUSTOMS

IN WHAT concerns war, their customs are the following: The Scythian soldier drinks the blood of the first man he overthrows in battle. Whatever number he slays, he cuts off all their heads and carries them to the king; since he is thus entitled to a share of the booty, whereto he forfeits all claim if he does not produce a head. In order to strip the skull of its covering, he makes a cut round the head above the ears, and laying hold of the scalp, shakes the skull out; then with the rib of an ox he scrapes the scalp clean of flesh, and softening it by rubbing between the hands, uses it thenceforth as a napkin. The Scyth is proud of these scalps, and hangs them from his bridle rein; the greater the number of such napkins that a man can show, the more highly is he esteemed among them. Many make themselves cloaks, like the capotes of our peasants, by sewing a quantity of

these scalps together. Others flay the right arms of their dead enemies, and make of the skin, which is stripped off with the nails hanging to it, a covering for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is thick and glossy, and would in whiteness surpass almost all other hides. Some even flay the entire body of their enemy, and stretching it upon a frame, carry it about with them wherever they ride. Such are the Scythian customs with respect to scalps and skins.

The skulls of their enemies,—not indeed of all, but of those whom they most detest,—they treat as follows: Having sawn off the portion below the eyebrows, and cleaned out the inside, they cover the outside with leather. When a man is poor, this is all that he does; but if he is rich, he also lines the inside with gold: in either case the skull is used as a drinking-cup. They do the same with the skulls of their own kith and kin, if they have been at feud with them, and have vanquished them in the presence of the king. When strangers whom they deem of any account come to visit them, these skulls are handed round, and the host tells how that these were his relations who made war upon him, and how that he got the better of them: all this being looked upon as proof of bravery.

Once a year the governor of each district, at a set place in his own province, mingles a bowl of wine, of which all Scythians have a right to drink by whom foes have been slain; while they who have slain no enemy are not allowed to taste of the bowl, but sit aloof in disgrace. No greater shame than this can happen to them. Such as have slain a very large number of foes have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. Here when the king dies they dig a grave, which is square in shape and of great size. When it is ready they take the king's corpse, and embalm it with a preparation of chopped cypress, frankincense, parsley seed, and anise seed; after which they inclose the body in wax, and placing it on a wagon, carry it about through all the different tribes. On this procession each tribe, when it receives the corpse, imitates the example which is first set by the Royal Scythians: every man chops off a piece of his ear, crops his hair close, makes a cut all around his arm, lacerates his forehead and his nose, and thrusts an arrow through his left hand. Then they who have the care of the corpse carry it

with them to another of the tribes which are under the Scythian rule, followed by those whom they first visited. On completing the circuit of all the tribes under their sway, they find themselves in the country of the Gerrhi, who are the most remote of all, and so they come to the tombs of the kings. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of osier twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups—for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians,—for as bought slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like, to wait on them,—fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bodies are stuffed with chaff. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthways through the bodies of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse, and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck; the lower end of which projects from the body, and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

Such then is the mode in which the kings are buried. As for the people, when any one dies his nearest of kin lay him upon a wagon and take him round to all his friends in succession: each receives them in turn and entertains them with a banquet,

whereat the dead man is served with a portion of all that is set before the others; this is done for forty days, at the end of which time the burial takes place. After the burial, those engaged in it have to purify themselves, which they do in the following way: First they well soap and wash their heads; then, in order to cleanse their bodies, they act as follows: they make a booth by fixing in the ground three sticks inclined towards one another, and stretching around them woolen felts, which they arrange so as to fit as close as possible; inside the booth a dish is placed upon the ground, into which they put a number of red-hot stones, and then add some hemp seed.

Hemp grows in Scythia; it is very like flax, only that it is a much coarser and taller plant: some grows wild about the country, some is produced by cultivation. The Thracians make garments of it which closely resemble linen; so much so, indeed, that if a person has never seen hemp he is sure to think they are linen, and if he has, unless he is very experienced in such matters, he will not know of which material they are.

The Scythians, as I said, take some of this hemp seed, and creeping under the felt coverings, throw it upon the red-hot stones; immediately it smokes, and gives out such a vapor as no Grecian vapor bath can exceed: the Scyths, delighted, shout for joy, and this vapor serves them instead of a water bath—for they never by any chance wash their bodies with water. Their women make a mixture of cypress, cedar, and frankincense wood, which they pound into a paste upon a rough piece of stone, adding a little water to it. With this substance, which is of a thick consistency, they plaster their faces all over, and indeed their whole bodies. A sweet odor is thereby imparted to them, and when they take off the plaster on the day following, their skin is clean and glossy.

KING RHAMPSINITUS AND THE ROBBER

AN EGYPTIAN TALE

KING RHAMPSINITUS was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes his successors surpassed or even equaled his wealth. For the better custody of this money he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of

the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived as he was making the building to insert in this wall a stone which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick; when, finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons and related to them the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be comptrollers of the royal exchequer so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work: they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect and the fastenings of the room secure. Still, each time that he repeated his visits he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came as usual to the treasure chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognized, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon both. The other thief thought the advice good, and was persuaded to follow it; then, fitting the stone in its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marvelled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the

palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him to devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain; she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body, when pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses' sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften and recover his good humor, drove his asses aside of the road, and set to work to rearrange their burthens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded, and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down, and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night, and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

HEROISM OF ATHENS DURING THE PERSIAN INVASION

AND here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion which most men I know will dislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians from fear of the approaching danger quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case the course of events by land would have been the following: Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedæmonians, not by voluntary desertion but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedæmonians would at last have stood alone, and standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valor and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek State after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes, and thus either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the King had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviors of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was, who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes; and so, next to the gods, they repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land and await the coming of the foe.

When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god, when the Pythoness, Aristonica by name, thus prophesied:—

“Wretches, why sit ye here? Fly, fly to the ends of creation,
Quitting your homes, and the crags which your city crowns
with her circlet.

Neither the head nor the body is firm in its place, nor at bottom

Firm the feet, nor the hands, nor resteth the middle uninjured.

All—all ruined and lost, since fire, and impetuous Ares

Speeding along in a Syrian chariot, haste to destroy her.

Not alone shalt thou suffer: full many the towers he will level,

Many the shrines of the gods he will give to a fiery destruction.

Even now they stand with dark sweat horribly dripping,

Trembling and quaking for fear, and lo! from the high roofs
trickleth

Black blood, sign prophetic of hard distresses impending.

Get ye away from the temple, and brood on the ills that await
ye!"

When the Athenian messengers heard this reply they were filled with the deepest affliction; whereupon Timon the son of Androbulus, one of the men of most mark among the Delphians, seeing how utterly cast down they were at the gloomy prophecy, advised them to take an olive-branch, and entering the sanctuary again, consult the oracle as suppliants. The Athenians followed this advice, and going in once more, said, "O King, we pray thee reverence these boughs of supplication which we bear in our hands, and deliver to us something more comforting concerning our country. Else we will not leave thy sanctuary, but will stay here till we die." Upon this the priestess gave them a second answer, which was the following:—

"Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel.

Yet once more I address thee, in words than adamant firmer.

When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops

Holds within it, and all which divine Cithæron shelters,

Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athene:

Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.

Wait not the tramp of the horse, nor the footmen mightily
moving

Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.

Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.

Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,

When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down and went back with it to

Athens. When, however, upon their arrival they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put on it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them the citadel would escape, for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still, such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle:—

"Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

These words caused great disturbance among those who took the wooden wall to be the ships; since the interpreters understood them to mean that if they made preparations for a sea fight, they would suffer a defeat of Salamis.

Now, there was at Athens a man who had lately made his way into the first rank of citizens; his true name was Themistocles, but he was known more generally as the son of Neocles. This man came forward and said that the interpreters had not explained the oracle altogether aright: "For if," he argued, "the clause in question had really referred to the Athenians, it would not have been expressed so mildly; the phrase used would have been 'luckless Salamis' rather than 'holy Salamis,' had those to whom the island belonged been about to perish in its neighborhood. Rightly taken, the response of the god threatened the enemy much more than the Athenians." He therefore counseled his countrymen to make ready to fight on board their ships, since they were the wooden wall in which the god told them to trust. When Themistocles had thus cleared the matter, the Athenians embraced his view, preferring it to that of the interpreters. The advice of these last had been against engaging in a sea fight: "All the Athenians could do," they said, "was, without lifting a hand in their defense, to quit Attica and make a settlement in some other country."

Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laureium, were

about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution and build with the money two hundred ships, to help them in their war against the Æginetans. It was the breaking out of the Æginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece, for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that according to the advice of the god they would embark their whole force aboard their ships, and with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

“LOPPING THE TALL EARS”

THIS prince [Periander] at the beginning of his reign was of a milder temper than his father; but after he corresponded by means of messengers with Thrasybulus, tyrant of Miletus, he became even more sanguinary. On one occasion he sent a herald to ask Thrasybulus what mode of government it was safest to set up in order to rule with honor. Thrasybulus led the messenger without the city, and took him into a field of corn, through which he began to walk, while he asked him again and again concerning his coming from Corinth, ever as he went breaking off and throwing away all such ears of corn as overtopped the rest. In this way he went through the whole field, and destroyed all the best and richest part of the crop; then, without a word, he sent the messenger back. On the return of the man to Corinth, Periander was eager to know what Thrasybulus had counseled, but the messenger reported that he had said nothing; and he wondered that Periander had sent him to so strange a man, who seemed to have lost his senses, since he did nothing but destroy his own property. And upon this he told how Thrasybulus had behaved at the interview. Periander, perceiving what the action meant, and knowing that Thrasybulus advised the destruction of all the leading citizens, treated his

subjects from this time forward with the very greatest cruelty. Where Cypselus had spared any, and had neither put them to death nor banished them, Periander completed what his father had left unfinished.

CLOSE OF THE HISTORY

A WISE ANSWER OF CYRUS THE GREAT IS RECALLED IN THE HOUR OF PERSIAN HUMILIATION

IT WAS the grandfather of this Artayctes, one Artembares by name, who suggested to the Persians a proposal which they readily embraced, and thus urged upon Cyrus:—“Since Jove,” they said, “has overthrown Astyages and given the rule to the Persians, and to thee chiefly, O Cyrus,—come now, let us quit this land wherein we dwell; for it is a scant land and a rugged, and let us choose ourselves some other better country. Many such lie around us, some nearer, some further off: if we take one of these, men will admire us far more than they do now. Who that had the power would not so act? And when shall we have a fairer time than now, when we are lords of so many nations, and rule all Asia?”

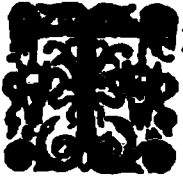
Then Cyrus, who did not greatly esteem the counsel, told them they might do so if they liked; but he warned them not to expect in that case to continue rulers, but to prepare for being ruled by others. “Soft countries gave birth to soft men. There was no region which produced very delightful fruits and at the same time men of a warlike spirit.” So the Persians departed with altered minds, confessing that Cyrus was wiser than they; and chose rather to dwell in a churlish land and exercise lordship, than to cultivate plains and be the slaves of others.

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ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591-1674)

HE "exquisite" Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in August 1591; the son of Nicholas Herrick, a goldsmith, who died in 1592. Little knowledge of Robert's life exists except through his poems. He went to Cambridge in 1614, and took his degree in 1620. From this date until 1629, when, having become a clergyman, he was given by Charles I. the living of Dean Prior, Devonshire, there is no record of his life. During this interval, or earlier, while he was apprenticed to his uncle, a goldsmith, he became familiar with London city life, and made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, whom in his verse he constantly lauds. One ode seems to show Herrick as belonging to the circle of wits who met to drink sack and spiced wine at the Mermaid or the Triple Tun. It is addressed to Ben Jonson, and begins:—

"Ah, Ben!
 Say, how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun?
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine!"

Herrick wrote most of his verses at Dean Prior, where he lived as an old bachelor in his rustic vicarage, hung with the honeysuckle that he loved so well. His companions were Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper; Tracy, a pet spaniel; Phil, a tame sparrow; a cat, a pet lamb, a goose, a few chickens, and a pig, which he taught to delight in the dregs of his ale jug. He commends Prudence in various verses for her loyalty, and when she dies, writes this epitaph:—

"In this little urn is laid
 Prudence Baldwin (once my maid),
 From whose happy spark here let
 Spring the purple violet."

Herrick does not like Devonshire; he laughs at the country folk in scraps of verse; and once he throws his sermon at his inattentive hearers, whom he calls—

“A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude, almost as rude as savages.”

He constantly sighs for London; he hates Cromwell, and though valuing his home, he will not subscribe to Puritanism, and is turned out of Dean Prior by the government. Returning to London in 1648, he drops his ecclesiastical habit and title and publishes ‘Hesperides.’ Perhaps his friends aid him; perhaps he lives in Bohemia, out at elbows but not unhappy. Whatever his estate, the good-natured Charles II. restored him in 1660 to Dean Prior, where he died in his eighty-fourth year, October 15th, 1674.

His portrait shows him in clerical garb with a Roman head, the profile of the voluptuous Roman emperors, and a broad bull-throat, which loved to quaff the blushing wine-cup or a tankard of frothing beer. He is at times an amatory poet, and at times a looker-on at country fairs and merrymakings, enjoying Twelfth Night revels, Christmas wassailings, Whitsun ales, May games, wakes, and bridals, morris dancers, mummers, and every manifestation of “nut-brown mirth.”

The gay old vicar seems never so light of heart as when inditing his tiny lyrics to those imaginary beauties whom he addresses as Corinna, Silvia, Anthea, Electra, Diamene, Perilla, and Perinna. Julia was a real love. Her lips are cherries, her teeth “quarelets of pearl,” her cheeks roses, her tears “the dew of roses,” her voice silver, while her very shadow “breathes of pomander.”* She is his “queen-priest”; when she is ill, the flowers wither in sympathy; and when he dies, he is sure the “myrrh of her breath” will be sufficient to embalm him. How splendid is her apparel! her azure petticoat sprinkled with golden stars, under which her little feet play bo-peep; her jeweled stomacher; her slashed sleeves; and her lawn neckerchief smelling of musk and ambergris. How her silks shimmer, clinging to her as she walks or blowing from her like a flame! How lovely are the “roses on her bosom,” her hair “filled with dew,” the golden net that binds her ringlets, her lacing-strings, her fillet, her ring, her ribbons, and her bracelet!

Just as Herrick loves the coquetry of dress, he loves the goodies his Prudence makes him: the custards, mince pies, almond paste, frumenty, wassail, Twelfth Night cakes, possets of wine. He encourages himself to hospitality:—

* From *pomme d'ambre*, a mixture of perfumes.

“Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
 Of singing Crickets by the fire;
 And the brisk Mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
 Till that the green-eyed Kitling comes.”

‘The Hesperides’ has been frequently compared to the ‘Carmina’ of Catullus; but Gosse in his sympathetic study of Herrick shows him as more like Martial. He points out also how much Herrick owes to Ben Jonson’s ‘Masques,’ a debt which the pupil acknowledges in a—

PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

WHEN I a verse shall make,
 Know I have prayed thee
 For old religion’s sake,
 Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth to me
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honoring thee on my knee,
 Offer my lyric!

Candles I’ll give to thee,
 And a new altar,
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my Psalter.

With a few exceptions, the ‘Noble Numbers’ are written in the same spirit. “Here,” says Gosse, “our pagan priest is seen despoiled of his vine wreath and his thyrsus, doing penance in a white sheet and with a candle in his hand. That rubicund visage, with its sly eye and prodigious jowl, looks ludicrously out of place in the penitential surplice; but he is evidently sincere, though not very deep in his repentance, and sings hymns of faultless orthodoxy with a loud and lusty voice to the old pagan airs.” It must be remembered that Herrick wrote some beautiful ‘Epithalamia,’ and that with him the poetic literature of England’s fairy lore, so choicely described in Drayton’s ‘Nymphidia,’ in Browne’s ‘Pastorals,’ and in Ben Jonson’s ‘Oberon,’ died, killed by the chill of Puritanism. In his own day his verses were greatly admired, and many of them were set to music. His first published poem was ‘Oberon’s Feast,’ which appeared in a ‘Description of the King and Queen of Fairies’ (1635). Half forgotten for two generations, Herrick was revived by Nichols in an article in the Gentleman’s Magazine in 1796, by a sketch in Dr. Drake’s ‘Literary Hours,’ and by a few selected poems issued by Dr. Nott in 1810. Many modern editions exist; that of Alfred Pollard, published in 1891, contains a fine critical preface by Swinburne.

A THANKSGIVING

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee:
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land;

All this, and better, dost thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance—that must be
O Lord, by thee.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

IS THIS a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire: or canst thou find
 A way to measure out the wind;
 Distinguish all those floods that are
 Mixt in the watery theatre;
 And taste thou them as saltless there
 As in their channel first they were;
 Tell me the people that do keep
 Within the kingdoms of the deep;
 Or fetch me back that cloud again,
 Beshivered into seeds of rain;
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
 Of corn, when Summer shakes his ears;
 Show me thy world of stars, and whence
 They noiseless spill their influence:
 This if thou canst: then show me Him
 That rides the glorious cherubim.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

 We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
 Has not as yet begun
 To make a seisure on the light,
 Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
 No shadows great appear;
 Nor doth the early shepherds'-star
 Shine like a spangle here.

Stay ye but till my Julia close
 Her life-begetting eye;
 And let the whole world then dispose
 Itself to live or die.

TO CARNATIONS

STAY while ye will, or go;
 And leave no scent behind ye;
 Yet trust me, I shall know
 The place where I may find ye:

Within my Lucia's cheek
 (Whose livery ye wear),
 Play ye at hide-and-seek,—
 I'm sure to find ye there.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
 Alas! ye have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of the blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warped, as we,
 Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like unto orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why

Ye droop and weep.

Is it for want of sleep,

Or childish lullaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet

The violet?

Or brought a kiss

From that sweetheart to this?

No, no; this sorrow, shown

By your tears shed,

Would have this lecture read:—

“That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.”

TO MEADOWS

YE HAVE been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours;

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like the spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with disheveled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honor:
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

THE NIGHT PIECE—TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee:
But on thy way
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER

UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS

AMONG the myrtles as I walkt,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalkt:
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where I may find my Shepherdess.
 Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
 In everything that's sweet, she is.
 In yond' carnation go and seek
 Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
 In that enameled pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;
 In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I; and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts an union;
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I stopt: said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee;
 For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
 And in the turning of an eye;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

ASWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
 A Lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction—
 An erring Lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson Stomacher—
 A Cuffe neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly—
 A winning wave (deserving Note)
 In the tempestuous petticoat—
 A careless shoestring, in whose tye
 I see a wild civility—
 Do more bewitch me, than when Art
 Is too precise in every part.

HENRIK HERTZ

(1798-1870)

THE literary activity of Henrik Hertz falls within the golden age of Danish literature. The opening years of the nineteenth century brought Oehlenschläger's first great poem, followed by his 'Poetical Writings' and tragedies. A little later, Hauch began writing his lyrics and romances in verse; Heiberg was taking his position as critic and as creator of the Danish vaudeville; Heiberg's mother, the Baroness Gyllembourg, was writing her popular novels, shielding her identity by signing them "By the Author of 'An Every-Day Story'" (her first successful novel); and finally, Hans Christian Andersen joined the ranks with his famous 'Fairy Tales.' On the threshold of the century stood Baggesen, who in spite of his sincere admiration for the rising school of romanticism had remained the representative of the classic school, and had fought a brave battle for form, when Oehlenschläger in the enthusiasm of a wider vision began to neglect it.

Continuing the line of Denmark's literary men of the first rank came Hertz, whose career at the outset had—temporarily—a direct connection with Baggesen. As distinguished among the greater Danish lyrical poets and the writers of his own time, he may be called the poet of passion, while Oehlenschläger stands as the poet of dignity, and Heiberg as the poet of form. Born of Jewish parents in Copenhagen, on August 25th, 1798, the boy was early orphaned, and brought up by a relative, an editor of a leading newspaper. A literary atmosphere thus became his natural element early in life; and it is not remarkable that he showed his preference for authorship and his gifts for it rather than for the bar, to which he was nevertheless called in 1825. He began his literary activity with three or four plays, including 'Buchardt and his Family' (1827), 'Love and Policy,' and 'Cupid's Strokes of Genius' (1830). But in the last-mentioned year, when Baggesen had been dead some four years, Copenhagen was startled by the publication of a satirical

HENRIK HERTZ

literary criticism, purporting to be the great poet's message and commentary from another world, under the title of 'Letters of a Ghost.' It exhibited Baggesen's ironical humor, critical insight, and finish of style; but all was blended with a wider sympathy and a broader tolerance than Baggesen had shown during his later years. The volume was by Henrik Hertz, who however did not acknowledge the authorship till later, though the book met with enormous success and was the talk of the town for a season. It may be noted in passing that the 'Letters' contained a cutting criticism of Hans Christian Andersen's earlier writings, severe enough to cause that sensitive author many an hour of depression; and that when Andersen met Hertz some years later in Rome, he had not yet conquered his dread of the critic. They became excellent friends; and when Andersen found his true field and held it, with his fairy tales, Hertz became one of his warmest admirers.

Continuing to devote himself to the stage, Hertz wrote 'The Savings Bank,' a comedy which had a great success, and still holds the stage to-day. In 1838 he advanced into the romantic drama in verse, 'Svend Dyring's House.' The subject of this piece he took from the old Danish folk-songs, and kept throughout their tone of simplicity and tenderness. We find in this drama the knightly lover cutting runes in an apple, that he may by their help win the love of the gentle Regisse. We have the wicked stepmother who tries to win the knight for her own unlovable daughter, cruelly neglecting Regisse and her little sisters. We have the ghost of the dead mother, who comes at night to give her own little children the motherly care they so sadly need. Finally, after much sorrow, the lovers are happily united. All is framed in the most exquisite verse, and presented with great literary charm and dramatic power. The subject was so essentially Danish, however, that it did not spread Hertz's fame outside of his own country.

To the foreign world, in fact, Henrik Hertz is principally known by one work, 'King René's Daughter,' a charming romantic drama, dated as late as 1845. It was read and acted with immediate and immense success in Denmark, where it is still in every repertory, and thence passed into the standard library of the cultivated world. In 1848 followed the author's tragedy of 'Ninon,' a high proof of his artistic and dramatic power; but 'Ninon' is not universally known like its charming predecessor. 'King René's Daughter,' the scene of which is laid in Provence, is of most simple texture. It is more like a pretty folk-tale than a drama, although its half-dozen personages include historical ones, and even its heroine, the gentle Iolanthe, is an idealized Princess Yolande, daughter of the real King René. It is full of the charm of innocence, pure love, and chivalric romance,

and a certain idyllic freshness exhales from every page and situation of it, like the perfume from the roses in the blind Iolanthe's garden. Sweet, almost pastoral and yet moving to a romantic climax, it is in touch with such things as Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale,' or some of those Provençal legends that the poets of Southern France have set in verse. The diction is beautiful, and rarely has so happy a balance between the play to read and the play to act been maintained. It has passed into translations everywhere; and, a distinctively Southern subject treated by a Northern poet, it stands for a kind of graft of palm on pine.

Hertz's life was his literary work; and the record of that is its most interesting element to the world. He died in Copenhagen, February 25th, 1870.

THE BLIND PRINCESS

From 'King René's Daughter'

[The Princess Iolanthe, a lovely maid, has been brought up in complete ignorance of the fact that her beautiful eyes have ever lacked the power of sight, and in entire inability to judge of what the faculty of sight may be to others. She has never heard of it, and is so free and unconstrained in all her movements as not to need such a sense for her further happiness. Count Tristan of Vaudemont makes his way to her garden retreat, and falls passionately in love with her, unaware of her misfortune; and so ensues this dialogue.]

TRISTAN — Pray give me one of yonder blushing roses,
That rear their petals, fairest 'mongst all flowers,
As though they were the counterfeit of thee!

Iolanthe — A rose? Oh, willingly! [*Plucks and gives him a white rose.*]

Tristan — Ah, it is white!

Give me the red one, that is fair as thou!

Iolanthe — What meanest thou? — a red one?

Tristan [*pointing*] — One of these.

Iolanthe — Take it thyself!

Tristan — No; let me keep the rose
Which thou hast chosen, which thy fair hand has gathered.
And in good sooth, I do applaud thy choice.
For the white rose, within whose calyx sleeps
A faint and trembling ruddiness, betypes
The dream-like beauty of this garden fair.
Give me another rose — a white one too;
Then with the twin flowers will I deck my cap,
And wear them as thy colors evermore.

Iolanthe [*plucks and gives him a red rose*—

Here is a rose: meanest thou one like this?

Tristan [*starts*]—I asked thee for a white rose.

Iolanthe—

Well, and this?

Tristan—Why this? [*Aside.*] What thought comes o'er me?

[*Aloud.*] Nay, then, tell me

[*Holds up the two roses, along with another which he has himself gathered*]

How many roses have I in my hand?

Iolanthe [*stretches out her hand towards them*]—

Give me them, then.

Tristan—

Nay, tell me without touching.

Iolanthe—How can I so?

Tristan [*aside*]—Alas! alas! she's blind!

[*Aloud, and with a faltering voice*]—

Nay, I am sure you know.

Iolanthe—

No; you mistake.

If I would know how anything is shaped,

Or what its number, I must touch it first.

Is not this clear?

Tristan [*confused*]—

Yes, certainly; you're right.

And yet sometimes—

Iolanthe—

Well, well?—sometimes? Speak! speak!

Tristan—I think there are—that there are certain things

Which we distinguish by their hues alone,

As various kinds of flowers, and various stuffs.

Iolanthe—Thou mean'st by this their character, their form—

Is it not so?

Tristan—

Nay, not exactly that.

Iolanthe—Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?

Are not the roses round and soft and fine,

Round to the feeling, as the zephyr's breath,

And soft and glowing as a summer's eve?

Are gilliflowers like roses? No; their scent

Bedizzies, like the wine I gave to thee.

And then a cactus—are its arrowy points

Not stinging, like the wind when frosts are keen?

Tristan [*aside*]—Amazement!

[*Aloud.*]

Have they never told thee, then,

That objects, things, can be distinguished, though

Placed at a distance,—with the aid—of—sight?

Iolanthe—At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know

The little bird that sits upon the roof,

And in like fashion, all men by their voice.

The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace,
And by his neigh. Yet—with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purpose?

Tristan [*aside*]— O Almighty powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind.

Iolanthe [*after a pause*]—

Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much
For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in.

Tristan— No, O thou sweet and gracious lady, no!
I cannot teach what thou art wanting in.

Iolanthe— Didst thou but choose, I do believe thou couldst.
They tell me I am tractable and apt.
Many who erewhile have been here have taught me
Now this, now that, which readily I learned.
Make but the trial! I am very sure
Thou hast me not. Thy tones are mild and gentle.
Thou wilt not say me nay, when I entreat.
Oh speak! I'm all attention when thou speakest.

Tristan— Alas! attention here will stead thee little.
Yet—tell me one thing. Thou hast surely learned
That of thy lovely frame there is no part
Without its purpose, or without its use.
Thy hand and fingers serve to grasp at much;
Thy foot, so tiny as it is, with ease
Transports thee wheresoe'er thy wishes point;
The sound of words, the tone, doth pierce the soul
Through the ear's small and tortuous avenues;
The stream of language gushes from thy lips;
Within thy breast abides the delicate breath,
Which heaves, unclogged with care, and sinks again.

Iolanthe— All this I've noted well. Prithee, go on.

Tristan— Then tell me, to what end dost thou suppose
Omnipotence hath gifted thee with eyes?
Of what avail to thee are those twin stars,
That sparkle with such wondrous brilliancy
They scorn to grasp the common light of day.

Iolanthe [*touches her eyes, then muses for a little*—

You ask of what avail?—how can you ask?
 And yet I ne'er have given the matter thought.
 My eyes! my eyes! 'Tis easy to perceive.
 At eve, when I am weary, slumber first
 Droops heavy on my eyes, and thence it spreads
 O'er all my body, with no thought of mine,
 As feeling vibrates from each finger's tip.
 Thus, then, I know my eyes avail me much.
 And hast not thou experience had enough,
 Wherein thine eyes can minister to thee?
 Only the other morn, as I was planting
 A little rosebush here, a nimble snake
 Leapt out and bit me in the finger; then
 With the sharp pain I wept. Another time,
 When I had pined for many tedious days,
 Because my father was detained from home,
 I wept for very gladness when he came!
 Through tears I gave my bursting heart relief,
 And at mine eyes it found a gushing vent.
 Then never ask me unto what avail
 Omnipotence hath gifted me with eyes.
 Through them when I am weary comes repose,
 Through them my sorrow's lightened; and through them
 My joy is raised to rapture.

Tristan—

Oh, forgive me!

The question was most foolish; for in thee
 Is such an inward radiancy of soul,
 Thou hast no need, of that which by the light
 We through the eye discern. Say, shall I deem
 That thou of some unheard-of race art sprung,
 Richly endowed with other powers than we?
 Thou livest lonely here; this valley, too,
 Seems conjured forth by magic 'mongst the hills.
 Hast thou come hither from the golden East,
 With Peris in thy train? or art thou one
 Of Brahma's daughters, and from Ind hast been
 Transported hither by a sorcerer?
 O beautiful unknown! if thou be'st sprung
 Of mortal men who call the earth their mother,
 Be thou to life's so transitory joys
 Susceptible as I, and deign to look
 With favor on a knight's devoted love!
 Hear this his vow: No woman shall efface

(Stand she in birth and beauty ne'er so high)
The image thou hast stamped upon my soul!

Iolanthe [after a pause]—

Thy words are laden with a wondrous power.
Say, from what master didst thou learn the art
To charm by words which yet are mysteries?
Meseemed as though I trod some path alone,
Which I had never trod before; and yet
All seems to me—all, all that thou hast said—
So godlike, so enchanting! Oh speak on—
Yet no,—speak not! rather let me in thought
Linger along the words which thou hast spoken,
That mingled pain and rapture in my soul!

Translation of Theodore Martin.

THE AWAKENING TO SIGHT

From 'King René's Daughter'

*Enter Ebn Jahia, the Moorish Physician, leading Iolanthe by the hand.
He beckons to the others to retire*

IOLANTHE— Where art thou leading me?
O God! where am I? Support me—oh, support me!

Ebn Jahia—

Calm thee, my child!

Iolanthe— Support me—oh, stand still!

I ne'er was here before—what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me it gives me pain.

Ebn Jahia—

Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!
That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile—
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.

Iolanthe—My garden—mine? Alas! I know it not.
The plants are terrible to see—take care!
They're falling on us!

Ebn Jahia—

Cease your fears, my child:
These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have been long known.

Iolanthe—

Ah, no!
Indeed, I know them not! [Raises her eyes toward the sky.
This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me—yon great vault,

That arches there above us—oh, how high!—
 What is it? Is it God? Is it his spirit,
 Which as you said pervades the universe?

Ebn Jahia—

Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.
 God is in it, like as he is in all.
 Yon blue profound that fills yon airy vault,
 It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,
 God hath set up his glorious dwelling-place.
 Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,
 To heaven's o'er-arching vault, to God—and pray!

Iolanthe—Ah, teach me, then, to pray to him as I ought.
 No one hath ever told me how I should
 Pray to this Deity who rules the world!

Ebn Jahia—

Then kneel thee down, my darling child, and say—
 "Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
 When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek thee
 In thy light's beams, that do illumine this world;
 Still, in the world, teach me to cling to thee!"

Iolanthe [*kneels*]—

Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
 When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek thee
 In thy light's beams, that do illumine this world;
 Still, in the world, teach me to cling to thee!—
 Yes, he hath heard me. I can feel he hath,
 And on me pours the comfort of his peace.
 He is the only one that speaks to me,
 Invisible and kindly, as before.

Ebn Jahia—

Arise! arise, my child, and look around.

Iolanthe—Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

Ebn Jahia—

Thou know'st them all.

Iolanthe—

Ah, no; I can know nothing.

René [*approaching Iolanthe*]—

Look on me, Iolanthe—me, thy father!

Iolanthe [*embracing him*]—

My father! Oh, my God! thou art my father!
 I know thee now—thy voice, thy clasping hand.
 Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
 I am so strange here in this world of light.
 They've taken all that I possessed away—
 All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.

René— I have culled out a guide for thee, my child.

Iolanthe — Whom mean'st thou?

René [*pointing to Tristan*] — See, he stands expecting thee.

Iolanthe — The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?
Is he the Angel of the light come down?

René — Thou knowest him — hast spoken with him. Think!

Iolanthe — With him? with him? [*Holds her hands before her eyes.*
Father, I understand.

In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard — gentle, yet strong;
The one sole voice that lives in nature's round.

[*To Tristan, who advances towards her*] —

Oh, but one word of what thou saidst before!

Tristan — O sweet and gracious lady!

Iolanthe — List, oh list!

With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.

Tristan [*embraces her*] —

Iolanthe! Dearest!


René — Blessings on you both

From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!

Translation of Theodore Martin.

HESIOD

(NINTH CENTURY B. C. ?)

OR as to Hesiod and Homer, I judge them to have been four hundred years before me, and not more. It was they who made a theogony for the Greeks, assigned names to the gods, distributed their honors and arts, and revealed their forms. The poets stated to have been before these really lived later than they, in my judgment." These words are from the credulous, shrewd, quaint father of history, Herodotus, and were written between 450 and 400 B. C. The two poets, then, are assigned to the ninth century B. C. As to the Homeric school, the latest investigations are in agreement with this early estimate of their age. Hesiod, however, is a younger member of that school; probably a century later than the chief author of the Iliad, whom he clearly imitates. Indeed, the use of the Ionic dialect and epic phrase at all, in an obscure Boeotian village, can hardly have any other explanation. He is, however, the first of Greek poets in another sense; for splendid as is the pageant of Trojan myth, the personality of the Homeric singer or singers evades us completely. The homely unheroic figure of Hesiod, dwelling in his humble village of Ascra under Helicon, is the earliest of the poets really visible to us.

Hesiod represents a back current of colonial Asiatic culture, returning to the yet rude undeveloped motherland. His father had emigrated from Kymè in Asia Minor, a chief centre of Trojan myth and epic, back to —

"Ascra, in winter vile, most villainous
In summer, and at no time glorious,"

as the ungrateful minstrel describes his birthplace! Hesiod actually pastured his sheep on Helicon, and his vision of the Muses has located them there forever.

The chief creation of Hesiod is called 'Works and Days'; *i. e.*, farmers' tasks, and lucky or fit days on which to do them. It is nowise like an almanac in form, however. The poem of a thousand hexameter verses is dedicated, as it were, to his ungracious brother Perses. The latter, we hear, had bribed the judges and so secured the lion's share of the family estate. Again reduced to poverty by sloth and waste, he has appealed to the poet, who has nothing for him but caustic advice. Moreover, Hesiod takes a pessimistic view

of human life. His own iron age is the worst among five successive periods, and life is hardly endurable. The only break, indeed, in the gradual decay from the golden through the silvern and brazen ages, is the interposition—between the latter and the poet's day of iron—of the nobler *heroic* age; and the sieges of Thebes and Troy are expressly mentioned, to point this reminiscence of Homeric song. Zeus has never forgiven men for Prometheus's theft of fire, and has "hidden the means of subsistence"; *i. e.*, has said to man, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The Pandora episode, also, is brought in to explain the manifold miseries that vex mortal life.

The transitions from one branch of this wide-ranging theme to another are rather stiff and awkward. Some parts of the poem are probably lost; and where it becomes, as often, a mere string of maxims, the temptation to interpolate similar apophthegms has haunted the copyists in every age. Altogether, the poem is more interesting piecemeal than as a whole. Still, in the main, it is a genuine production of a feebly inspired, rather prosy eighth-century rustic philosopher. In fact, it is our earliest didactic sermon in verse.

The other poem usually assigned to Hesiod—viz., the 'Theogony'—is the first connected attempt at tracing the origin of the Greek gods. It is no description of creation, much less an attempt to solve the mystery of existence. In the main we have a mere genealogy of the family sprung from Uranus and Gê (Heaven and Earth), who in turn are supplied with a sort of ancestry. Herodotus must not mislead us into thinking these strange figures are the creation of Hesiod, or whoever of his school left us the 'Theogony.' The poet does probably little more than to record, and in some degree to harmonize, tales already more or less generally current. Many stories of cannibalism and outrageous immorality among the gods must have come down from utterly savage forefathers. These uncanny heirlooms were never definitely discarded in pagan Greece. Some of the worst accounts of Divine wickedness were so entangled with beautiful and well-loved myths that they have been immortalized in the drama, in lyric, in works of plastic art, and cannot be ignored in any view of Greek life and thought. Philosophers, and even poets, did indeed make fearless protest against the ascription of any grievous wickedness to Deity. Yet it must be confessed that from Homer's song downward, the gods are altogether inferior in motive and action to the truly heroic men and women, either of myth and poetry or of historic record. And this crude and ignoble popular mythology was fixed and nationalized above all by the Hesiodic 'Theogony.' Even so pure, devout, and original a poet as Æschylus, in the 'Prometheus' copies Hesiod in many details, though he is probably combating directly the elder poet's view of Zeus's purpose and character.

It will be evident, then, that the works of Hesiod are of extreme interest and value, not chiefly as poetry, but as an early record of man's gropings about the roots of mystery. The moral philosopher, the student of mythology, even the historian of agriculture, may find here more inspiration than the poet.

Every historian of Greek literature gives a careful chapter to Hesiod. The literal version in the Bohn Library, Elton's metrical renderings reprinted in the same volume, even the complete prose translation of poems and fragments by Mair (Oxford, 1908) with its scholarly notes, and Professor Paley's annotated Greek text, are now largely displaced by Hugh G. Evelyn-White's (Hesiod, the Homeric Hymns, and Homérica.) This well-planned and well-packed volume of the Loeb Classical Library contains the Greek text as well as a translation, and numerous tantalizing fragments from lost Hesiodic works, recovered in Egypt during recent years, are here first conveniently accessible.

PANDORA

From the 'Works and Days'

ZEUS in the wrath of his heart hath hidden the means of subsistence,
Wrathful because he once was deceived by the wily Prometheus.

Therefore it was he devised most grievous troubles for mortals.
Fire he hid; yet that, for men, did the gallant Prometheus
Steal, in a hollow reed, from the dwelling of Zeus the Adviser;
Nor was he seen by the ruler of gods, who delights in the thunder.
Then, in his rage at the deed, cloud-gathering Zeus did address him:

"Iapetionides, in cunning greater than any,
Thou in the theft of the fire, and deceit of me, art exulting,—
Source of grief for thyself, and for men who shall be hereafter.
I in the place of fire will give them a bane, so that all men
May in spirit exult, and find in their misery comfort!"
Speaking thus, loud laughed he, the father of gods and of mortals.
Then he commanded Hephaistos, the cunning artificer, straightway
Mixing water and earth, with speech and force to endow it,
Making it like in face to the gods whose life is eternal.
Virginal, winning, and fair was the shape; and he ordered Athenè
Skillful devices to teach her, the beautiful works of the weaver.
Then did he bid Aphroditè the golden endow her with beauty,
Eager desire, and passion that wasteth the bodies of mortals.
Hermes, guider of men, the destroyer of Argus, he ordered,
Lastly, a shameless mind to accord her, and treacherous nature.
So did he speak. They obeyed Lord Zeus, who is offspring of Kronos.
Straightway out of the earth the renowned Artificer fashioned
One like a shamefaced maid, at the will of the Ruler of heaven.

Girdle and ornaments added the bright-eyed goddess Athenè,
 Over her body the Graces divine and noble Persuasion
 Hung their golden chains, and the Hours with beautiful tresses
 Wove her garlands of flowers that bloom in the season of springtime.
 All her adornment Pallas Athenè fitted upon her;
 Into her bosom Hermes the guide, the destroyer of Argus,
 Falsehood, treacherous thoughts, and a thievish nature imparted,—
 Such was the will of Zeus who heavily thunders; and lastly
 Hermes, herald of gods, endowed her with speech, and the woman
 Named Pandora, because all gods who dwell in Olympus
 Gave to her gifts that would make her a fatal bane unto mortals.
 When now Zeus had finished this snare so deadly and certain,
 Famous Argus-slayer, the herald of gods he commanded,
 Leading her thence, as a gift to bestow her upon Epimetheus.
 He then failed to remember Prometheus had bidden him never
 Gifts to accept from Olympian Zeus, but still to return them
 Straightway, lest some evil befall thereby unto mortals.
 So he received her—and then, when the evil befell, he remembered.
 Till that time, upon earth were dwelling the races of mortals
 Free and secure from trouble, and free from wearisome labor;
 Safe from painful diseases that bring mankind to destruction
 (Since full swiftly in misery age unto mortals approacheth).
 Now with her hands Pandora the great lid raised from the vessel,
 Letting them loose; and grievous the evil for men she provided.
 Only Hope was left, in the dwelling securely imprisoned,
 Since she under the edge of the cover had lingered, and flew not
 Forth; too soon Pandora had fastened the lid of the vessel,—
 Such was the will of Zeus, cloud-gatherer, lord of the ægis.
 Numberless evils beside to the haunts of men had departed;
 Full is the earth of ills, and full no less are the waters.
 Freely diseases among mankind by day and in darkness
 Hither and thither may pass, and bring much woe upon mortals,—
 Voiceless, since of speech high-counseling Zeus has bereft them.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,' by William C.
 Lawton

TARTARUS AND THE STYX

From the 'Theogony'

THE hollow-sounding palaces
 Of subterraneous gods there in the front
 Ascend, of mighty Pluto and his queen
 Awful Persephone. A grisly dog,

Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes,
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong, and stern Persephone,
For them with marking eye he lurks; on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.

There, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
Inhabits, reflux Ocean's eldest born:
She from the gods apart for ever dwells
In mansions known to fame, with arching roofs
O'erhung, of loftiest rock, and all around
The silver columns lean upon the skies.

Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and 'midst the gods dissension sown.
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down,
To bear from far in ewer of gold the wave
Renowned; that from the 'summit of a rock
Steep, lofty, cold distills. Beneath wide Earth
Abundant from the sacred parent flood,
Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian branch
Of Ocean flows; a tenth of all the streams
To the dread oath allotted. In nine streams,
Round and around earth and the ocean broad
With silver whirlpools mazy-rolled, at length
It falls into the main; one stream alone
Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals that inhabit still
Olympus topt with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast;
But still reclines on the spread festive couch,
Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
O'erwhelms him; but, his malady absolved
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From ever-living deities remote
His lot is cast; in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full;

The tenth again he mingles with the blest
 In synod, who th' Olympian mansions hold.
 So great an oath the deities of heaven
 Decreed the waters incorruptible,
 Ancient, of Styx.

Translation of Elton.

MAXIMS

From the 'Works and Days'

NEVER a man hath won him a nobler prize than a woman,
 If she be good; but again there is naught else worse than a
 bad one.

EVEN the potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman;
 Even the beggar is grudging to beggar, and poet to poet!

BUT do thou store these matters away in thy memory, Perses!
 Let not contention, the lover of mischief, withhold thee from labor,
 While in the market-place thou art hearkening, eager for quarrels.

ONCE we our heritage shared already. Cajoling the rulers,—
 Men who were greedy for bribes, and were willing to grant you the
 judgment,—

You then plundered and carried away far more than your portion.
 Fools were they, unaware how the whole by a half is exceeded;
 Little they know how great is the blessing with mallow and lentils.

TRULY, the gods keep hid from mortals the means of subsistence;
 Else in a single day thou well mightst win by thy labor
 What would suffice for a year, although thou idle remainest.
 Ended then were the labors of toilsome mules and of oxen.

EVIL he worketh himself who worketh ill to another.

BUT remembering still my injunction,
Work, O Perses sprung from the gods, that Famine may ever
 Hate you, and dear may you be to Demeter of beautiful garlands,—
 Awesome one,—and still may she fill thy garner with plenty.

WORK is no disgrace; but the shame is, not to be working:
 If you but work, then he who works not will envy you quickly,
 Seeing your wealth increase; with wealth come honor and glory.

SUMMON the man who loves thee to banquet; thy enemy bid not.
 Summon him most of all who dwells most closely beside thee;

Since if aught that is strange or evil chance to befall thee,
Neighbors come ungirt, but kinsmen wait to be girded.

TAKE your fill when the cask is broached and when it is failing.
Midway spare; at the lees 'tis not worth while to be sparing.

CALL — with a smile — for a witness, although 'tis your brother you
deal with.

GET thee a dwelling first, and a woman, and ox for the plowing:
Buy thou a woman, not wed her, that she may follow the oxen.

THIS shall the remedy be, if thou art belated in plowing:
When in the leaves of the oak is heard the voice of the cuckoo
First, that across the unbounded earth brings pleasure to mortals,
Three days long let Zeus pour down his rain without ceasing,
So that the ox-hoof's print it fills, yet not overflows it:
Then may the plowman belated be equal with him who was timely.

PASS by the seat at the forge, and the well-warmed tavern, in winter.
That is the time when the man not slothful increases his substance.

SHUN thou seats in the shade, nor sleep *till the dawn* (!) in the season
When it is harvest-time, and your skin is parched in the sunshine.

SEEK thou a homeless thrall, and a serving-maid who is childless.

PRAISE thou a little vessel; bestow thy freight in a large one.

DO NOT stow in the hollowed vessel the whole of thy substance;
Leave thou more behind, and carry the less for a cargo.
Hateful is it to meet with a loss on the watery billows;
Hateful too if, loading excessive weight on a wagon,
Thou shouldst crush thine axle and so thy burden be wasted.
Keep thou due moderation; all things have a fitting occasion.

CLOSING LINES

DIFFERENT men praise different days: they are rare who do know
them.

Often a day may prove as a stepmother, often a mother:
Blessèd and happy is he who, aware of all that concerns them,
Wisely works his task, unblamed in the sight of immortals,
Judging the omens aright, and succeeds in avoiding transgression.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,' by William C
Lawton

PAUL HEYSE

(1830-1914)



PAUL HEYSE stands among the foremost modern German writers, and his reputation is not confined to his native land. A cultured cosmopolitan of literature, there is much in his work to appeal to all who are sensitive to the presentation of life in artistic form, with grace, charm, and power.

Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse—to give him his full baptismal name—was born at Berlin, March 15th, 1830, the son of a distinguished philologist of that city, both father and grandfather being scholars of importance. By blood he was half Jew. At first he studied classical philology at the Berlin University under Böckh and Lachmann; but in 1849 at Bonn took up the study of the Romance languages and literatures. His dissertation in 1852 for his doctorate, on the subject of the refrain in Troubadour poetry, shows his early literary leanings. Next came the "grand tour," so fruitful in rounding out and ripening the education of a young man of gifts. The libraries of Italy and Switzerland were ransacked for books bearing on his Romance studies. In 1854 he was called to Munich to join the circle of writers gathered there by King

PAUL HEYSE

Max, and he decided to make that centre of art and music his permanent home. By 1850, at the age of twenty, he was writing poems and plays and had begun to publish his long list of works, which in 1910 numbered over seventy volumes. Of these, twenty-four are collections of short tales and novelettes, characterized by artistic beauty, delicate sentiment, picturesque description, and poetic feeling, often tinged with melancholy, and at times sensuous beyond the limits of current usage. Excellent examples of these short stories—to some, Heyse's best literary endeavor—may be found in *The Book of Friendship*. A tale as widely known outside of Germany as any he has written is *L'Arrabbiata*, a charming Italian idyl of peasant life. His early poems—lyric, epic, and dramatic—testify to his culture, warmth of temperament, and inventive power; and he never ceased to do

work of this sort, though it is minor compared with his fiction. His best known epic is perhaps 'Thekla,' published in 1858. Many of his plays have had more or less vogue on the stage: by his 'Sabine Women' in 1859 he won the dramatic prize offered by King Maximilian; and 'Hans Lange,' which the eminent Danish critic Brandes calls both "beautiful" and "national," is regarded as a drama of high merit. In other leading plays Heyse treats historical subjects in a romantic manner, making them pleasing and impressive. In 1884 he received from the Kaiser for his dramatic compositions the Schiller prize, a much coveted honor. In 1905 his dramatic works extended to some forty volumes. He was ennobled in 1910 and received the Nobel prize in 1911. His last years were occupied with the publication of the reminiscences of his youth.

It is likely that Heyse has been most widely enjoyed, and has appealed to the greatest number of readers, by his short stories. It is quite true that they represent him in many of his most delightful moods. Yet for depth and power his two "purpose" novels, 'Children of the World' and 'In Paradise,' are more typical and have helped to give him international fame. Few modern works of fiction have aroused so much interest. Many editions have appeared, many translations been made. These novels were early examples of a type which has developed rapidly under the present literary creed of realism. Such works propound grim problems, or preach reform, or attack social abuses. Contemporary examples in English are Sarah Grand's 'The Heavenly Twins' and Mrs. Ward's 'Robert Elsmere.' A common trait of this "purpose" literature, as it is called, is its power, seriousness, and frequent sadness. It is a later phase of the intellectual and moral storm and stress which earlier in the century, and under the influence of the romantic spirit, breathed from the lyrics of Heine and the plays of Goethe. When 'Children of the World' appeared in 1873, it made a sensation, because of both its ability and its teaching. It was warmly praised, bitterly attacked; but its spiritual significance and artistic charm were generally conceded. 'In Paradise,' which followed two years later in 1875, also recognized as having great strength and fine art, called out a storm of protest for its conception of life: it cries up the hedonism which makes personal happiness the aim and test of action. Individual freedom, liberty to grow in spite of the conventions of society or politics or religion, is the keynote in both novels. "There is but one real nobility," Heyse makes some one say: "to be true to one's best self." This is the individualistic note of Ibsen. Heyse's motto is, "Follow nature."

Comparing the two books, 'Children of the World' may be preferred for its healthier tone, better construction and taste, and more pleasing solution. It is full of capitally drawn scenes of Bohemian

student life: the art, literature, and philosophy of the day are reflected in its pages; and the character-drawing and situations have compelling interest. The hero is conducted through an unconventional, emotional love experience, to find peace and happiness at last. The story thus avoids the disagreeable extreme of too many "purpose" novels.

Heyse is what the Germans call a *dichter*. This does not mean poet in the narrow English sense, which makes the word denote the writer of literature in verse form; but rather a writer who, whether in prose or poetry, and perhaps never penning a line of formal verse, has in his work the qualities of romance, imagination, artistic beauty. There is something of the feminine in Heyse's glowing, plastic work. A critic has said that he is to German imaginative literature what Mendelssohn is to German music,—of a lyric rather than dramatic genius.

The selection is made from one of the long stories, as being more satisfactory than any excerpt from the shorter tales could be.

BALDER'S PHILOSOPHY

From 'Children of the World'

ONE beautiful sunny day in November, Edwin had set out on his daily walk to the university, and Franzelius was preparing to read aloud from a translation of Sophocles, when Balder, who was reclining near the window in a comfortable arm-chair sent by Frau Valentin, suddenly laid his pale slender hand on the book and said:—"We won't read to-day, Franzelius: I'd rather talk about all sorts of things with you. I feel so well that it's not the least exertion to speak, and the sun is shining so brightly in the clear sky! Only to see that, is such an incomparable happiness that to enjoy it one would gladly endure all the evils of this life. Don't you think so?"

"I can't look at it without thinking that it shines equally on the just and the unjust, and beholds much more misery than happiness," replied the printer, looking almost defiantly toward the sky. "I wish it would die out once for all, and with it this whole motley lie which we call life."

"No, Franzel," said Balder quietly, "you are wrong. Even if the sun knew what it was doing in creating and sustaining life, there is no cause for shame in such a work. Why do you call existence a lie, Franzel? Because its end is so abrupt? But your existence had its beginning as well, and did that beginning

ever bespeak a promise of perpetuity? On the contrary, my dear fellow, there is much honesty in human life: it promises so little and yet yields us so much. Will you censure it because it can't be all that we visionary or dissatisfied or unjust people demand?"

"There's no joy to me in living," muttered the other gloomily, covering his eyes with his broad hands. "As soon as one need is satisfied, another takes its place; and he who ventures to differ from the opinions held by mankind in general never finds repose."

"And would life be worth the living if we were sunk in repose? Is sleeping, living? Or absorption in a dull dream of existence, such as the beetle has when it climbs up the blade of grass to reach a dew-drop,—is that leading a worthy life? My dear fellow, if you drive necessity out of the world, how unnecessary it would be to live!"

"You're playing upon words."

"No, I speak in sober earnest. A short time ago I read a stanza in Voltaire, which, like many things he says to the masses, is drawn from his deep hoard of knowledge and contains a pure gem of truth:—

‘Oh! who could bear the burden of his life,
The sad remembrance of the whilom strife,
The threat'ning ills that hover round his way,
If the dear God, to ease man of his pain,
Had not so made him thoughtless, careless, vain,
That he might be less wretched in his day?’

Don't growl at the poor translation; it's a hasty improvisation which I ventured upon because I know you can't bear French. The sense is faithfully rendered, and it's a sense admirably suited to the senseless. I know of but one way that leads to real unhappiness, and that's when a person is vain and frivolous. And those lines contain much wisdom; for it is just those people who lack the strength to endure sorrowful recollections of the past and anxiety concerning their futures, that are so deeply indebted to Nature for the ability of thoughtlessly and unconsciously enjoying their pitiful present. This will not bring them happiness, it will only make them less miserable; for the real bliss of living they will never learn to know. He only can understand that who is capable of quiet reflection, or, if you will, who

is able to grasp the meaning of both past and future at once. Perhaps, though you're exactly the opposite of vain and frivolous, even you won't wholly understand life for a long time as I've understood it. I have always been best able to enjoy life by retrospection: and whenever I wished to thoroughly enjoy existence, I have only needed to awake in myself a vivid remembrance of the various periods of my life; of my laughing frolicsome childhood, when I was in the glow of perfect health; then the first dawn of thought and feeling, the first sorrows of youth when they came to me, the perception of what a full, healthful existence must be, and yet at the same time the resignation to my fate which is usually easy only to men advanced in years. Don't you believe that one who can experience whenever he wishes such a fullness of life in himself, to whom for this purpose everything lends its aid,—sorrow and joy, loss and gain, each showing him a new side of his own nature,—don't you believe, my dear fellow, that such a fortunate man must consider it a mistaken conclusion, even if a philosopher gave it utterance, that it would be better not to be born? To be sure, no one can deny that there are times when sorrow stifles the desire for existence, and excites an overwhelming longing for mere unconsciousness. But oftentimes the greatest sorrow brings an increase of our life experience: how could we otherwise understand the triumphant delight which martyrs have felt under torture by fire and rack? They felt that their torment only confirmed their confidence in the strength of their own souls, pervaded as they were by an illusion or a truth that their tormentors sought to tear out or kill. The worst that could be inflicted upon them served to develop the highest enjoyment of their personality. And so all the tragedy of life which a shallow philosophy pronounces to be the misery of the world, is merely another, higher form of enjoying life, peculiar to lofty souls. When death steps in at last, it's like the sleep that comes after a holiday, when people have been so long in an ecstasy of delight that they are weary at last and have no strength for future enjoyments."

He was silent a moment and wore a rapt expression. Then he suddenly said:—

"If the festival is over for me, Franzel, you must hold fast to Edwin."

"What nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed the other. "You've never been on a fairer way toward recovery than now. Your sickness was a crisis: Marquard said so himself."

"Yes, it was a crisis," replied the invalid, smiling. "It will decide, indeed has already decided something. Life has pronounced judgment upon this not very durable structure, and written down its defects in red ink. Do you really suppose that Marquard does not know as well as I that the drama is played out? The slightest agitation, the least imprudence—"

"Balder! what are you saying! These are mere fancies, perhaps a passing weakness—"

"You think so because I can speak of the end so quietly? You ought long ago to have credited me with as much strength as was needed for that. I know how few are willing to rise from the table just when the viands are most tempting. And indeed, Franzel, life never seemed to me so fair as now. How many kind friends I have gained during these last weeks, how much beautiful poetry and lofty and profound thoughts I have enjoyed! But all that's of no avail: man must live and let live, and there are doubtless others waiting to take their turn. If you are sad, Franzel, I must wait for another time to make my last request; though I do not know how long I may have to linger. But come, be sensible. You know I love you dearly; indeed, next to Edwin you have the first place in my heart. But I do not need to take leave of my brother. My whole life during the last few years has been only one long farewell. We knew we should not always remain together,—I at least was fully aware of it,—so we have enjoyed all our happiness, as it were, on account. But when the end comes, I know how it will be: at first he'll be unable to reconcile himself. And that's why I want to beg you to keep near him. His needs are great, and there are not many who can fulfill them."

"And that is the first thing you ask?" cried the honest friend, with an emotion he vainly endeavored to repress. "But for heaven's sake, Balder, what sort of talk is this? You—you really believe—I—we—" He started up and rushed desperately around the little table in the centre of the room, so that the leaves of the palms trembled.

"You scarcely understand as yet all that I mean," continued the invalid quietly. "That you'll always remain his friend is a matter of course. But to give me any real comfort, you will have to make a sacrifice."

"A sacrifice? As if I would not—do you know me so little?"

"I know you to be the most unselfish man under the sun," said Balder, smiling. "But it is just this very habit of never

thinking of yourself, that for his sake and mine you must lay aside, at least so far as you can do so without being faithless to yourself. Do you know what will happen if you go on as you have been doing? In two years, in spite of your friendship, you'll not set foot in the tun."

"I? But tell me —"

"It's a very simple matter: because you'll be thinking of your friends either behind prison bars or in America. Dear Franzel, must I tell you why you're not fond of living? Because you believe that a man only truly lives when he becomes a martyr to his convictions. I have always loved you for this belief, and yet I believe it a mistaken one. Test it awhile: say to yourself that you aid many more by living than you could by your martyrdom, and you will see that a man can guard his post very bravely and self-sacrificingly, without foolhardily summoning the enemy by alarm shots. It would be an inexpressible comfort to me if you would promise for two years to let alone all 'agitation' and see how affairs really are. There are currents in which it's a useless waste of strength to row, because the boat floats onward of its own accord. I know what it will cost you to do this. But it would be a great joy if this last wish —"

"Say no more," cried the other, suddenly pausing before his friend, with his tearful eyes turned toward him: "Balder, is it possible that you—that you are about to leave us? And can you believe if that should happen, that I could continue my life as if nothing had occurred? When men can no longer behold the sun—do you suppose I could—that I would—" Words failed him; he turned abruptly away, and stood motionless beside the turning-lathe.

"I did not mean that I thought you could live on the same as before," said Balder in a lower voice. "But you need a substitute for what you resign. You must learn to be glad to live, and I think I know how you would learn to do so most quickly. You must take a wife, Franzel!"

"I? What can you be thinking about? How came such an idea into your head? Just at this time, too —"

"Because it will soon be too late for me to earn a *kuppelpelz** from you. True, I shall scarcely need it. I shall not feel cold where I lie. But I should like to know of your being warmly

* Reward for match-making.

sheltered. And I know from experience—I've been 'married' to Edwin—that the world looks much brighter seen with four eyes than with two."

"You see," he continued, as his friend still stood motionless, boring a hole in the bench with the point of a file, "Edwin will find a wife in time who will make him happy: then you would be left again with nothing but mankind to clasp to your heart; and beautiful and sublime as the idea is, it's not all you need—and that's why you get over-excited, and the thought of martyrdom overcomes your judgment. So I think a little wife who would know how to love and value you, would by her mere presence instruct you every day in the doctrine that Edwin has so often represented to you in vain, that you should husband your energies for the future, and not prematurely sacrifice your life without cause. There is no danger of your becoming faithless to your convictions from mere selfish pleasure in your home. And then, how can a socialist who knows nothing except from hearsay of family life, upon which basis the whole structure of society rests, who knows nothing of where the shoe pinches the father of a family, talk to married men about what they owe to themselves and others?"

As he uttered these words a bewitchingly cunning expression sparkled in the sick boy's beautiful eyes. He almost feared that Franzelius would turn, and looking in his face penetrate the secret design, the purpose of attacking him on his weakest side; so, rising, he limped to the stove and put in a few sticks of wood. While thus employed, he continued in a tone of apparent indifference:—

"You mustn't suppose I'm saying all this at random. No, my dear fellow, I've a very suitable match in view for you: a young girl who's as well adapted to your needs as if I'd invented or ordered her expressly for you. Young, very pretty, with a heart as true as gold, fond of work and fond of life too, as she ought to be, if she is to wed with one who doesn't care to live; not a princess, but a child of working people. Haven't you guessed her name yet? Then I must help you: she writes it Reginchen."

"Balder! You're dreaming! No, no, I beseech you, say no more about that: you've too long—"

"I am astonished," continued the youth, rising as he spoke and moving toward the bed, "that you didn't understand me readily and meet me half-way. Where have your eyes been, that

you've not seen that you have stood high in the dear girl's favor for years? Even I have noticed it! I tell you, Franzel, the little girl is a treasure. I have known her all these years, and love her as dearly as a sister, and the man to whom I don't begrudge her I must love like a brother. Therefore, blind dreamer, I wanted to open your eyes, that I may close mine in peace. To be sure, I'm by no means certain that you've not already bestowed your heart elsewhere, and my brotherly hint may be too late. At any rate, whatever you do you should do quickly, for the young girl's sake. She seems to have taken your long absence to heart: her mother says she is by no means well yet, and eats and sleeps very little. I should like to see my little sister well and happy again before I —"

He could not finish the sentence. He had been seated on the bed while speaking; and now he laid his head on the pillow and closed his eyes, as if wearied with the unusual exertion of conversing. Suddenly he felt his hands seized; Franzelius had meant to embrace him, but instead he threw himself down beside the bed, and with his head resting on Balder's knees, he gave way to such violent and uncontrollable emotion that the youth was obliged to make every exertion to soothe him into composure.

At last he rose. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. "You—you're—oh! Heaven forgive me, forgive me! I'm not worthy!" was all he could stammer. Then he started up and rushed out of the room.

Balder had sunk back on the bed and closed his eyes again. His pale face was almost transfigured; he looked like a hero resting after a victory, and for the moment did not even feel the pain in his chest. The room was perfectly still; the sunlight played amid the palm leaves; the mask of the youthful prisoner, suffused with a rosy light which came from the open door of the stove, seemed to breathe and whisper to its image on the narrow couch: "Die!—your death shall be painless!" But a sudden thought roused Balder from this anticipation of eternal repose. He rose and dragged himself to the turning-lathe, where with a trembling hand he unlocked the drawer. "It's fortunate that I thought of it!" he murmured. "What if they had found it!"

He drew out the portfolio in which he kept his collection of verses. On how many pages was the image of the child whom he secretly loved, described with all the exaggerated charms his solitary yearning had invested her with; to how much imaginary

happiness these simple sheets bore witness! And yet he could now let them slide through his fingers without bitterness. Had not his feelings been sacred and consoling to him at the time? What had happened which could strip the bloom and fragrance of this spring from his heart? There would be no summer, but did that make less beautiful the season of blossoming? He read a verse here and there in an undertone, now and then altering a word that no longer satisfied him, and smiling at himself for polishing verses which no human eye had seen or ever would see. Many he had quite forgotten, and now found them beautiful and touching. When he had turned the last page, he took the pencil and wrote on a loose scrap of paper that he laid in the drawer in place of the volume of poems, the following lines, which he wrote without effort and without revision:—

GOOD-NIGHT, thou lovely world, good-night:
 Have I not had a glorious day?
 Unmurmuring, though thou leav'st my sight,
 I to my couch will go away.

Whate'er of loveliness thou hast,
 Is it not mine to revel in?
 Though many a keen desire does waste
 My heart, it ne'er alone has been.

Delusion's veil of error blind
 Fell quite away from soul and eye;
 Clearer my path did upward wind
 To where life's sunny hill-tops lie.

No idol false is there adored;
 Humanity's eternal powers,
 O'er which the light of Heaven is poured,
 Stand self-contained in passion's hours.

High standing on the breeze-swept peak,
 Below may I with rapture see
 The land whereof no man may speak
 Save him who fares there wearily.

This is the rich inheritance
 The children of the world shall own,
 When crossed the wearisome expanse,
 And fate's supreme decrees are known.

O brother, who art seeking still
 For love and joy where I have sought,
 I would your path with blessings fill
 When to its end my life is brought.

Ah! brother, could we two aspire
 Together to the glorious height—
 Hence, tears! some part of my desire
 Is thine. Thou lovely world, good-night!

COUNTESS TOINETTE SETS OUT FOR "THE PROMISED LAND"

From 'Children of the World'

THE note inclosed in the doctor's letter ran as follows:—

"You will be alarmed, my dear friend, that I already write you again. But fear nothing: it is for the last time, and means little more than the card inscribed P. P. C. which we leave with our friends before a long separation. I am going away on a journey, dear friend, far enough away to enable you to feel perfectly secure from any molestation on my part. How this has come about is a long story. Suffice it to say, that it is not envy of the laurels won by my beautiful fair-haired sister-in-law—I mean those she will undoubtedly win as a high-born, intellectual, and pious traveler—that induces me also to seek a change of air. If that which I breathe were but conducive to my health,—if I could but sleep and wake, laugh and weep, like other men and women,—I certainly would not stir from the spot. But even my worst enemy could hardly fail to understand that matters cannot go on any longer as they are; so I prefer to go. The 'promised land' has long allured me. I should have set out for it before, if I had not had much to expect, to hope, and to wait for, and been hindered by a multitude of—as I now see—very superfluous scruples, which are at last successfully conquered.

"Do you know that since I saw you I have made the acquaintance of your dear wife? A very, very pleasant acquaintance; if I had only made it a few years sooner, it might have been very useful to me. Well, even now it is not too late to rejoice that you have what you need, the happiness you desire, in such a noble, wise, and loving life companion. Give my kindest remembrances to her. In my incognito I may have behaved strangely.

But the idea of assuming it flashed upon me so suddenly, and with the help of my faithful maid it was carried so quickly into execution, that I had no time to consider what rôle I should play; so everything was done on the spur of the moment. To be sure, I had at first a vague idea of proposing that you should accompany me on the great journey. But one glance into your home quickly told me that you must be happiest there; that your 'promised land' is the room where your desk and the artist table of your wife stand so quietly and peacefully side by side.

"Farewell, 'dear friend'! I should like to talk with you still longer,—to philosophize, as we used to call it; but what would be the use? Or has any sage ever given a satisfactory answer to the question, of how the commandment that the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children can be made to harmonize with the idea of a just government of the world? Why should a freak of nature, an abnormal creation, be expected to fulfill all the grave and normal demands we are justified in making upon ordinary human beings? Or why are we usually punished by the gratification of our wishes, and allowed to perceive what we ought to have desired, only when it cannot be attained?

"A fool, you know, can propound more questions than ten philosophers can answer. Perhaps I shall receive special enlightenment in the 'promised land.' My memory is stored with much that is beautiful; even many a trial that I have experienced in the gray twilight of this strange, cold, inhospitable world was not borne wholly without recompense. I would not give up even my sorrows for the dull happiness of commonplace wiseacres, who in their limited sphere think all things perfectly natural, and cling closely to their clod.

"Farewell, my dear friend. Let me hope that you will always, wherever I may be, remember me with as much sympathy as the great and pure happiness you enjoy will allow, and that you will wish a pleasant journey to

TOINETTE."

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(15—?—16—?)

WE HAVE Thomas Heywood's own word that he was the author of the whole or chief part of two hundred and twenty plays. For years he wrote his dramas and acted in them with Henslowe's company, or that of the Lord Admiral, or at the theatre of the Red Bull in London; and composed, too, many of the Lord Mayor's pageants. Yet so modest was he about his own achievements, and so careless of fame, that he made no effort to preserve his work, and now we have only twenty-three plays and a variety of scattered fragments. From these we may gather many hints of his genial and gifted mind; but of his actual life we know little. There is evidence that he was of good family, a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and remarkably well read; and that he early went to London. Even the dates of his birth and death are lost; but he was probably about ten years younger than "mellifluous Will" Shakespeare, and must have known him well and many other celebrities of that brilliant period.

He too felt the spirit of the English Renaissance, and wrote under the influence of its overwhelming, sometimes rude, vigor and spontaneity. As a popular actor he must have been kept busy; yet for years he found time to write something every day, scribbling off what occurred to him wherever he might be, and often on the blank side of his tavern bills. He watched the ardent city life with more critical vision than was common in that simpler-minded time; took note of all, as his prose writing shows; and was, as Symonds says, "among our earliest professional *littérateurs*."

The anthology of poets of all ages and lands, which he planned but never finished, has been much regretted by scholars. He himself was primarily a poet, and scattered through his plays are dainty, breezy lyrics of "April morning freshness," which show an easy mastery of metre. But he is best known as a dramatist; and his readers must admire his eloquent expression of deep feeling, and a delicacy of taste often lacking in his contemporaries.

He first tried historical plays; but although these contain fine passages, they are less satisfactory than his later work. There is a suggestion of the realist in Heywood; for he seldom left home for his subjects, but sought them in English men and women of his time.

He excelled in strong and simple situations, and in able touches which depicted character and developed a homely every-day atmosphere; but his work is very uneven, showing many technical faults of uneven metre and interrupted rhyme, and his finest passages are sometimes followed by jagged doggerel unworthy a schoolboy. He wrote too rapidly to take much heed of form, and when not mastered by an emotional instinct for the fitting expression, he was careless of minor points.

Among his best known plays are 'The English Traveller,' a study of character; 'The Fair Maid of the West,' which has an adventurous ring much like that of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho'; and 'A Woman Killed with Kindness.' The last is well sustained, and in its capable character-drawing and eloquent blank verse is considered his masterpiece. Henslowe records in his diary that he paid Heywood three pounds for it. The slight plot—the story of a faithless wife whose husband sends her to a manor-house where she must live separated from him and from her children, although in comfort, and who dies there of her bitter repentance—is of less interest than the naturalness of the emotion, and the lofty moral feeling for which Heywood is especially noteworthy.

SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

COME, list and hark;
 The bell doth toll
 For some but now
 Departing soul.
 And was not that
 Some ominous fowl,
 The bat, the night-
 Crow, or screech-owl?
 To these, I hear
 The wild wolf howl,
 In this black night
 That seems to scowl.
 All these my black
 Book shall enroll,
 For hark! still, still
 The bell doth toll
 For some but now
 Departing soul.

APULEIUS'S SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day;
 With night we banish sorrow:
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow:
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
 Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
 Sing, birds, in every furrow;
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow—
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

HARVEST SONG

From 'The Silver Age'

WITH fair Ceres, Queen of grain,
 The reaped fields we roam, roam, roam!
 Each country peasant, nymph, and swain
 Sing their harvest home, home, home!
 Whilst the Queen of plenty hallowes
 Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Echo double all our lays,
 Make the Champions found, found, found,
 To the Queen of harvest praise
 That sows and reaps our ground, ground, ground.
 Ceres, Queen of plenty, hallowes
 Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Tempest hence, hence winds and hails,
 Tares, cockles, rotten flowers, flowers, flowers;

Our song shall keep time with our flails—
 When Ceres sings none lowers, lowers, lowers.
 She it is whose godhood hallowes
 Growing fields as well as fallowes.

SONG

From 'The Fair Maid of the Exchange'

YE LITTLE birds that sit and sing
 Amidst the shady valleys,
 And see how Phyllis sweetly walks,
 Within her garden alleys;
 Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
 Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
 Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tell her through your chirping bills,
 As you by me are bidden;
 To her is only known my love,
 Which from the world is hidden.
 Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
 See that your notes strain not too low,
 For still methinks I see her frown:
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tune your voices' harmony,
 And sing, I am her lover;
 Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note
 With sweet content may move her.
 And she that hath the sweetest voice
 Tell her I will not change my choice;
 Yet still, methinks, I see her frown:
 Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
 Into a pretty slumber!
 Sing round about her rosy bed,
 That waking she may wonder.
 Say to her, 'tis her lover true
 That sendeth love to you, to you:
 And when you hear her kind reply,
 Return with pleasant warbling.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY

From 'A Woman Killed with Kindness'

O GOD! O God! that it were possible
 To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
 That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
 To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
 Or that the sun
 Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward,—
 Take from the account of time so many minutes,
 Till he had all these seasons called again,
 These minutes and these actions done in them.

HIERARCHY OF ANGELS

MELLIFLUOUS Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
 Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
 And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
 Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
 Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
 None of the meanest, was but Jack;
 Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
 And he's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

SHEPHERDS' SONG

WE THAT have known no greater state
 Than this we live in, praise our fate;
 For courtly silks in cares are spent,
 When country's russet breeds content.
 The power of sceptres we admire,
 But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
 Simple and low is our condition,
 For here with us is no ambition:
 We with the sun our flocks unfold,
 Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
 Our music from the birds we borrow,
 They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.
 Our habits are but coarse and plain,
 Yet they defend from wind and rain;
 As warm too, in an equal eye,
 As those bestained in scarlet dye.

The shepherd, with his homespun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

(1824-1911)



THE LITERARY life, such as it has been," wrote Colonel Higginson, "affords no lesson greatly worth recording, unless it be the facility with which a taste for books may be transmitted and accumulated from one generation to another, and then developed into a lifelong pursuit by a literary environment. To go no further back, my paternal ancestors in America were Puritan clergymen, who wrote many books, a few of which are still quoted. . . . My father wrote several pamphlets, and my mother some children's books, in one or two of which I figured; my eldest brother wrote a little book against slavery. All this must surely have been enough to guarantee a little infusion of printer's ink into my blood. Then as to externals: my father, having lost a moderate fortune by Jefferson's embargo, came to Cambridge [Massachusetts] and became steward—or, as it is now called, bursar—of Harvard College. He built a house, in which I was born, at the head of a street then called Professors' Row, because so many professors lived on it. . . .

"I was thus born and cradled within THOMAS W. HIGGINSON the college atmosphere, and amid a world of books and bookish men, the list of these last including many since famous who were familiar visitors at our house. . . . My first nurse, if not a poet, was the theme of poetry, being one Rowena Pratt, the wife of Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith'; and no doubt her singing made the heart of her young charge rejoice, as when she sang in that Paradise to which the poet has raised her. Later I 'tumbled about in a library,' as Holmes recommends, and in the self-same library where he practiced the like gymnastics. . . . At home the process could be repeated in a comfortable library of Queen Anne literature in delightful little old-fashioned editions, in which I began to browse as soon as the period of 'Sandford and Merton' and Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank' had passed.

"It passed early, for it was the custom in those days to teach children to read, and sometimes to write, before they were four years

old—a practice now happily discontinued. Another more desirable custom prevailed in the household, for my mother read aloud a great deal in the evening; and I thus became familiar with Scott's novels, as I sat gazing in the fire or lay stretched in delicious indolence upon the hearth-rug. . . . Lowell and Story were my schoolmates, though five years older; and when to all this early circle of literary persons was added the unconscious weight of academic influence behind, with all the quaint bookish characteristics of that earlier Cambridge, it will be seen that merely to have lived in such a *milieu* was the beginning of a literary training. This must be my justification for dwelling on items which would otherwise be without interest to any one but myself: they indicate the class of influences which not only made a writer out of me, but accomplished a similar result for Hedge, Holmes, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, and Norton. . . .

"My father's financial losses secured for me a valuable combination of circumstances—the tradition of social refinement united with the practice of economy. This last point was further emphasized by his death when I was ten years old; and I, as the youngest of a large family, was left to be brought up mainly by women, and fortunately by those whom I was accustomed to seeing treated with intellectual respect by prominent men. Their influence happily counteracted a part of that received from an exceedingly rough school to which I was sent at eight years old. . . .

"At thirteen I entered Harvard College, being already very tall for my age and of mature appearance, with some precocity of intellect and a corresponding immaturity of character. . . . I graduated at about the time when young men now enter college—seventeen and a half years; and spent two years in teaching before I came back for post-graduate studies to Cambridge. Those two years were perhaps the most important in my life. Most of them were passed in the family of a cousin. . . . All my experience of college instructors had given me no such personal influence as that of my cousin, and it so fell in with the tendencies of that seething period—the epoch of Brook Farm, of receding Transcendentalism, of dawning Fourierism—that it simply developed more methodically what would probably have come at any rate. . . . When I came to him I had begun the study of the law, and all my ambition lay that way; but his unconscious attrition, combined with the prevailing tendencies of the time, turned me from that pursuit and from all 'bread-studies,' as they used to be called, toward literature and humanitarian interests. . . .

"I came back to Cambridge expecting to fit myself for some professorship in philology, or metaphysics, or natural science. Not knowing exactly what the result would be, I devoted two happy

years to an immense diversity of reading, in which German literature on the whole predominated. . . . Circumstances and influences drew me at last aside to the liberal ministry; a thing which I have never regretted, though it occupied me only temporarily, and I gravitated back to literature at last."

These fragments of a sketch which Colonel Higginson wrote for the Forum in 1886 clearly forecast the general character of his life; but they do not adequately indicate the humanity and the benevolent sympathy with the oppressed which ever gave that life its crowning grace. After leaving the theological school in 1847, he was settled over the first religious society of Newburyport. He became not long after—in 1850—a candidate for Congress on the Free Soil ticket. After his defeat, his antislavery principles having become distasteful to his parish, he resigned his charge and undertook the ministry of the Free Church at Worcester. The year following this settlement,—that is, in 1853,—he was at the head of the body of men who attacked the Boston court-house for the rescue of Anthony Burns the fugitive slave. He played a manful part throughout the political imbroglio which preceded the Civil War, and in 1856 assisted in forming Free State emigrant parties for Kansas. Journeying to the very heart of the turbulent district, he served as a soldier with the free settlers against the pro-slavery invaders from Missouri. In 1858 he retired from the ministry and devoted himself to literature. 'Thalatta,' a collection of verse relating to the sea, to which he contributed and which he in part edited, was published in 1853.

Immediately following the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Higginson recruited several companies of Massachusetts volunteers, and in 1862 organized the regiment of South Carolina volunteers, the first regiment of blacks mustered into the Federal service. With such crude soldiery he made raids into the interior, at one time penetrating so far south as Florida, and capturing Jacksonville. In 1864 he retired from service on account of general debility caused by a wound. Some years later he removed from Newport to his birth-place, Cambridge, where he established a permanent home. In 1880-81 he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1889 was made State military and naval historian.

Higginson's identification with nearly every movement of his time looking to the amelioration of human life was most complete, and he was never once backward in declaring his adherence during the unpopular phases of the questions; such, for instance, as concern slavery, and the right of women to make the most of themselves always and everywhere. His sympathies with the questions involved in the latter issue, in fact,—the justice of giving to women higher education, equal opportunities with men in the business world, and political

enfranchisement,—gave rise to very many of his happiest and most popular essays. It is as an essayist that he is best known. The elegance of his style, the precision and finish of his diction, and his high obedience to art, are not unfair evidence that Addison and his *Spectator* had a permanent influence over the youthful mind, in the comfortable library of Queen Anne literature of which he speaks in the fragments quoted above. His amenity of manner, grace of feeling, and gleaming humor, belong wholly to our own half of the nineteenth century; and the very essence of Queen Anne's age of wigs—an artificiality that covered and concealed nature—is replaced in him by a sane and simple naturalness.

Colonel Higginson's published volumes are numerous; but nearly all are collections of essays, in which literature, outdoor life, history, and heroic philanthropy in a wide sense, furnish the chief themes. 'Army Life in a Black Regiment' may be regarded as a chapter of autobiography, or as a memorable leaf in the story of the great Civil War. His romance 'Malbone' is largely a transcript from actual life, the chief character being drawn from the same friend of Higginson who figures as Densdeth in Winthrop's 'Cecil Dreeme.' The 'Life of Margaret Fuller,' again, was a labor of love, a tribute of loyalty to a woman who had most vitally influenced his early years. His translation of Epictetus may be explained in a somewhat similar fashion. The volume of his verse is small, and includes no ambitious creative work. He is lyric in quality, and has a tenderness, purity, and simplicity which endear his verse to some readers for whom his exquisitely elaborated prose is less effective.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1897 Colonel Higginson published his memoirs, under the title 'Cheerful Yesterdays.' He died May 9, 1911.

MY OUTDOOR STUDY

From 'Outdoor Papers.' Copyright 1863, by Ticknor & Fields. Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, New York

EVERY summer I launch my boat to seek some realm of enchantment beyond all the sordidness and sorrow of earth, and never yet did I fail to ripple with my prow at least the outskirts of those magic waters. What spell has fame or wealth to enrich this midday blessedness with a joy the more? Yonder barefoot boy, as he drifts silently in his punt beneath the drooping branches of yonder vine-clad bank, has a bliss which no Astor can buy with money, no Seward conquer with votes,—which yet

is no monopoly of his, and to which time and experience only add a more subtile and conscious charm. The rich years were given us to increase, not to impair, these cheap felicities. Sad or sinful is the life of that man who finds not the heavens bluer and the waves more musical in maturity than in childhood. Time is a severe alembic of youthful joys, no doubt: we exhaust book after book, and leave Shakespeare unopened; we grow fastidious in men and women; all the rhetoric, all the logic, we fancy we have heard before; we have seen the pictures, we have listened to the symphonies: but what has been done by all the art and literature of the world towards describing one summer day? The most exhausting effort brings us no nearer to it than to the blue sky which is its dome; our words are shot up against it like arrows, and fall back helpless. Literary amateurs go the tour of the globe to renew their stock of materials, when they do not yet know a bird or a bee or a blossom beside their homestead door; and in the hour of their greatest success they have not a horizon to their life so large as that of yon boy in his punt. All that is purchasable in the capitals of the world is not to be weighed in comparison with the simple enjoyment that may be crowded into one hour of sunshine. What can place or power do here? "Who could be before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a cliff of Rhodes, watched the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens?"

It is pleasant to observe a sort of confused and latent recognition of all this in the instinctive sympathy which is always rendered to any indication of outdoor pursuits. How cordially one sees the eyes of all travelers turn to the man who enters the railroad station with a fowling-piece in hand, or the boy with water-lilies! There is a momentary sensation of the freedom of the woods, a whiff of oxygen for the anxious money-changers. How agreeable sounds the news—to all but his creditors—that the lawyer or the merchant has locked his office door and gone fishing! The American temperament needs at this moment nothing so much as that wholesome training of semi-rural life which reared Hampden and Cromwell to assume at one grasp the sovereignty of England, and which has ever since served as the foundation of England's greatest ability. The best thoughts and purposes seem ordained to come to human beings beneath the open sky, as the ancients fabled that Pan found the goddess

.

Ceres when he was engaged in the chase, whom no other of the gods could find when seeking seriously. The little I have gained from colleges and libraries has certainly not worn so well as the little I learned in childhood of the habits of plant, bird, and insect. That "weight and sanity of thought" which Coleridge so finely makes the crowning attribute of Wordsworth, is in no way so well matured and cultivated as in the society of Nature.

There may be extremes and affectations, and Mary Lamb declared that Wordsworth held it doubtful if a dweller in towns had a soul to be saved. During the various phases of transcendental idealism among ourselves in the last twenty years, the love of Nature has at times assumed an exaggerated and even a pathetic aspect, in the morbid attempts of youths and maidens to make it a substitute for vigorous thought and action,—a lion endeavoring to dine on grass and green leaves. In some cases this mental chlorosis reached such a height as almost to nauseate one with Nature, when in the society of the victims; and surfeited companions felt inclined to rush to the treadmill immediately, or get chosen on the board of selectmen, or plunge into any conceivable drudgery, in order to feel that there was still work enough in the universe to keep it sound and healthy. But this, after all, was exceptional and transitory; and our American life still needs beyond all things else the more habitual cultivation of outdoor habits.

Probably the direct ethical influence of natural objects may be overrated. Nature is not didactic, but simply healthy. She helps everything to its legitimate development, but applies no goads, and forces on us no sharp distinctions. Her wonderful calmness, refreshing the whole soul, must aid both conscience and intellect in the end, but sometimes lulls both temporarily, when immediate issues are pending. The waterfall cheers and purifies infinitely, but it marks no moments, has no reproaches for indolence, forces to no immediate decision, offers unbounded to-morrows; and the man of action must tear himself away when the time comes, since the work will not be done for him. "The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove our indolence."

And yet, the more bent any man is upon action, the more profoundly he needs this very calmness of Nature to preserve his equilibrium. The radical himself needs nothing so much as fresh air. The world is called conservative, but it is far easier to

impress a plausible thought on the complaisance of others than to retain an unfaltering faith in it for ourselves. The most dogged reformer mistrusts himself every little while, and says inwardly, like Luther, "Art thou alone wise?" So he is compelled to exaggerate, in the effort to hold his own. The community is bored by the conceit and egotism of the innovators; so it is by that of poets and artists, orators and statesmen: but if we knew how heavily ballasted all these poor fellows need to be, to keep an even keel amid so many conflicting tempests of blame and praise, we should hardly reproach them. But the simple enjoyments of outdoor life, costing next to nothing, tend to equalize all vexations. What matter if the governor removes you from office? he cannot remove you from the lake; and if readers or customers will not bite, the pickerel will. We must keep busy, of course; yet we cannot transform the world except very slowly, and we can best preserve our patience in the society of Nature, who does her work almost as imperceptibly as we.

And for literary training especially, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. Under the present educational systems, we need grammars and languages far less than a more thorough outdoor experience. On this flowery bank, on this ripple-marked shore, are the true literary models. How many living authors have ever attained to writing a single page which could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical perfection: but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the outdoor standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guideboards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a lifetime one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent; and such a literary artist would fall short of Nature's standard in quantity only, not in quality.

It is one sign of our weakness, also, that we commonly assume Nature to be a rather fragile and merely ornamental thing, and suited for a model of the graces only. But her seductive softness

is the last climax of magnificent strength. The same mathematical law winds the leaves around the stem and the planets around the sun. The same law of crystallization rules the slight-knit snowflake and the hard foundations of the earth. The thistle-down floats secure upon the summer zephyrs that are woven into the tornado. The dewdrop holds within its transparent cell the same electric fire which charges the thunder-cloud. In the softest tree or the airiest waterfall, the fundamental lines are as lithe and muscular as the crouching haunches of a leopard; and without a pencil vigorous enough to render these, no mere mass of foam or foliage, however exquisitely finished, can tell the story. Lightness of touch is the crowning test of power.

Yet Nature does not work by single spasms only. That chestnut spray is not an isolated and exhaustive effort of creative beauty: look upward and see its sisters rise with pile above pile of fresh and stately verdure, till tree meets sky in a dome of glorious blossom, the whole as perfect as the parts, the least part as perfect as the whole. Studying the details, it seems as if Nature were a series of costly fragments with no coherency; as if she would never encourage us to do anything systematically, would tolerate no method but her own, and yet had none of her own; were as abrupt in her transitions from oak to maple as the heroine who went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie: while yet there is no conceivable human logic so close and inexorable as her connections. How rigid, how flexible are, for instance, the laws of perspective! If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon line; his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heavens,—what more bracing tonic could literary culture demand? As it is, Art misses the parts, yet does not grasp the whole.

Literature also learns from Nature the use of materials: either to select only the choicest and rarest, or to transmute coarse to fine by skill in using. How perfect is the delicacy with which the woods and fields are kept throughout the year! All these millions of living creatures born every season, and born to die; yet where are the dead bodies? We never see them. Buried beneath the earth by tiny nightly sextons, sunk beneath the waters, dissolved into the air, or distilled again and again as food for other organizations,—all have had their swift resurrection.

Their existence blooms again in these violet-petals, glitters in the burnished beauty of these golden beetles, or enriches the veery's song. It is only out of doors that even death and decay become beautiful. The model farm, the most luxurious house, have their regions of unsightliness; but the fine chemistry of Nature is constantly clearing away all its impurities before our eyes, and yet so delicately that we never suspect the process. The most exquisite work of literary art exhibits a certain crudeness and coarseness when we turn to it from Nature, as the smallest cambric-needle appears rough and jagged when compared through the magnifier with the tapering fineness of the insect's sting.

Once separated from Nature, literature recedes into metaphysics or dwindles into novels. How ignoble seems the current material of London literary life, for instance, compared with the noble simplicity which, a half-century ago, made the Lake Country an enchanted land forever! Is it worth a voyage to England to sup with Thackeray in the Pot Tavern? Compare the "enormity of pleasure" which De Quincey says Wordsworth derived from the simplest natural object, with the serious protest of Wilkie Collins against the affectation of caring about Nature at all. "Is it not strange," says this most unhappy man, "to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amidst which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in joy and sympathy in trouble, only in books. . . . What share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? . . . There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it."

THE SCENES AND THE ACTORS

From 'Mademoiselle's Campaigns,' in 'Atlantic Essays.' Copyright 1871, by J. R. Osgood & Co. Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, New York.

THE heroine of this tale is one so famous in history that her proper name never appears in it. The seeming paradox is the soberest fact. To us Americans, glory lies in the abundant display of one's personal appellation in the newspapers. Our heroine lived in the most gossiping of all ages, herself its greatest gossip; yet her own name, patronymic or

baptismal, never was talked about. It was not that she sunk that name beneath high-sounding titles; she only elevated the most commonplace of all titles till she monopolized it and it monopolized her. Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Souveraine de Dombes, Princesse Dauphine d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, is forgotten, or rather was never remembered; but the great name of MADEMOISELLE, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, gleams like a golden thread shot through and through that gorgeous tapestry of crimson and purple which records for us the age of Louis Quatorze.

In May of the year 1627, while the slow tide of events was drawing Charles I. toward his scaffold,—while Sir John Eliot was awaiting in the Tower of London the summoning of the Third Parliament,—while the troops of Buckingham lay dying, without an enemy, upon the Isle of Rhé,—at the very crisis of the terrible siege of Rochelle, and perhaps during the very hour when the Three Guardsmen of Dumas held that famous bastion against an army, the heroine of our story was born. And she, like the Three Guardsmen, waited till twenty years after for a career.

The twenty years are over. Richelieu is dead. The strongest will that ever ruled France has passed away; and the poor broken King has hunted his last badger at St. Germain, and then meekly followed his master to the grave, as he has always followed him. Louis XIII., called Louis le Juste, not from the predominance of that particular virtue (or any other) in his character, but simply because he happened to be born under the constellation of the Scales, has died like a Frenchman, in peace with all the world except his wife. That beautiful and queenly wife, called Anne of Austria (though a Spaniard),—no longer the wild and passionate girl who fascinated Buckingham and embroiled two kingdoms,—has hastened within four days to defy all the dying imprecations of her husband, by reversing every plan and every appointment he has made. The little prince has already shown all the Grand Monarque in his childish “Je suis Louis Quatorze,” and has been carried in his bib to hold his first Parliament. That Parliament, heroic as its English contemporary, though less successful, has reached the point of revolution at last. Civil war is impending. Condé, at twenty-one the greatest general in Europe, after changing sides a hundred times in a week is fixed at last. Turenne is arrayed against him. The

young, the brave, the beautiful cluster around them. The performers are drawn up in line, the curtain rises,—the play is 'The Wars of the Fronde,'—and into that brilliant arena, like some fair circus equestrian, gay, spangled, and daring, rides Mademoiselle.

Almost all French historians, from Voltaire to Cousin (St. Aulaire being the chief exception), speak lightly of the Wars of the Fronde. "La Fronde n'est pas sérieuse." Of course it was not. Had it been wholly serious, it would not have been wholly French. Of course French insurrections, like French despotisms, have always been tempered by epigrams; of course the people went out to the conflicts in ribbons and feathers; of course over every battle there pelted down a shower of satire, like the rain at the Eglinton tournament. More than two hundred pamphlets rattled on the head of Condé alone, and the collection of *Mazarinades*, preserved by the Cardinal himself, fills sixty-nine volumes in quarto. From every field the first crop was glory, the second a *bon-mot*. When the dagger of De Retz fell from his breast pocket, it was "our good archbishop's breviary"; and when his famous Corinthian troop was defeated in battle, it was "the First Epistle to the Corinthians." While, across the Channel, Charles Stuart was listening to his doom, Paris was gay in the midst of dangers, Madame de Longueville was receiving her gallants in mimic court at the Hôtel de Ville, De Retz was wearing his sword-belt over his archbishop's gown, the little hunchback Conti was generalissimo, and the starving people were pillaging Mazarin's library, in joke, "to find something to gnaw upon." Outside the walls, the maids of honor were quarreling over the straw beds which annihilated all the romance of martyrdom, and Condé, with five thousand men, was besieging five hundred thousand. No matter,—they all laughed through it, and through every succeeding turn of the kaleidoscope; and the "Anything may happen in France," with which La Rochefoucauld jumped amicably into the carriage of his mortal enemy, was not only the first and best of his maxims, but the keynote of French history for all coming time.

But behind all this sport, as in all the annals of the nation, were mysteries and terrors and crimes. It was the age of cabalistic ciphers, like that of De Retz, of which Guy Joli dreamed the solution; of inexplicable secrets, like the Man in the Iron Mask, whereof no solution was ever dreamed; of poisons, like

that diamond dust which in six hours transformed the fresh beauty of the Princess Royal into foul decay; of dungeons, like that cell at Vincennes which Madame de Rambouillet pronounced to be "worth its weight in arsenic." War or peace hung on the color of a ball dress, and Madame de Chevreuse knew which party was coming uppermost by observing whether the binding of Madame de Hautefort's prayer-book was red or green. Perhaps it was all a little theatrical, but the performers were all Rachels.

And behind the crimes and the frivolities stood the Parliaments, calm and undaunted, with leaders like Molé and Talon, who needed nothing but success to make their names as grand in history as those of Pym and Hampden. Among the Brienne Papers in the British Museum there is a collection of the manifestoes and proclamations of that time; and they are earnest, eloquent, and powerful, from beginning to end. Lord Mahon alone among historians, so far as my knowledge goes, has done fit and full justice to the French Parliaments; those assemblies which refused admission to the foreign armies which the nobles would gladly have summoned in, but fed and protected the banished princesses of England, when the court party had left those descendants of the Bourbons to die of cold and hunger in the palace of their ancestors. And we have the testimony of Henrietta Maria herself, the only person who had seen both revolutions near at hand, that "the troubles in England never appeared so formidable in their early days, nor were the leaders of the revolutionary party so ardent or so united." The character of the agitation was no more to be judged by its jokes and epigrams, than the gloomy glory of the English Puritans by the grotesque names of their saints, or the stern resolution of the Dutch burghers by their guilds of rhetoric and symbolical melodrama.

But popular power was not yet developed in France, as it was in England; all social order was unsettled and changing, and well Mazarin knew it. He knew the pieces with which he played his game of chess: the king powerless, the queen mighty, the bishops unable to take a single straightforward move, and the knights going naturally zigzag; with a host of plebeian pawns, every one fit for a possible royalty, and therefore to be used shrewdly, or else annihilated as soon as practicable. True, the game would not last forever; but after him the Deluge.

Our age has forgotten even the meaning of the word "Fronde"; but here also the French and Flemish histories run parallel, and the Frondeurs, like the Gueux, were children of a sarcasm. The Counselor Bachaumont one day ridiculed insurrectionists as resembling the boys who played with slings (*frondes*) about the streets of Paris, but scattered at the first glimpse of a policeman. The phrase organized the party. Next morning all fashions were *à la fronde*,—hats, gloves, fans, bread, and ballads; and it cost six years of civil war to pay for the Counselor's facetiousness.

That which was, after all, the most remarkable characteristic of these wars might be guessed from this fact about the fashions. The Fronde was pre-eminently "the War of the Ladies." Educated far beyond the Englishwomen of their time, they took a controlling share, sometimes ignoble, often noble, always powerful, in the affairs of the time. It was not merely a courtly gallantry which flattered them with a hollow importance. De Retz, in his 'Memoirs,' compares the women of his age with Elizabeth of England. A Spanish ambassador once congratulated Mazarin on obtaining temporary repose. "You are mistaken," he replied: "there is no repose in France, for I have always women to contend with. In Spain, women have only love affairs to employ them; but here we have three who are capable of governing or overthrowing great kingdoms,—the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse Palatine, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse." And there were others as great as these; and the women who for years outwitted Mazarin and outgeneraled Condé are deserving of a stronger praise than they have yet obtained, even from the classic and courtly Cousin.

What men of that age eclipsed or equaled the address and daring of those delicate and high-born women? What a romance was their ordinary existence! The Princesse Palatine gave refuge to Madame de Longueville when that alone saved her from sharing the imprisonment of her brothers Condé and Conti,—then fled for her own life, by night, with Rochefoucauld. Madame de Longueville herself, pursued afterwards by the royal troops, wished to embark in a little boat, on a dangerous shore, during a midnight storm so wild that not a fisherman could at first be found to venture forth; the beautiful fugitive threatened and implored till they consented; the sailor who bore her in his arms to the boat let her fall amid the furious surges; she was dragged senseless to the shore again, and on the instant of reviving,

demanded to repeat the experiment; but as they utterly refused, she rode inland beneath the tempest, and traveled for fourteen nights before she could find another place of embarkation.

Madame de Chevreuse rode with one attendant from Paris to Madrid, fleeing from Richelieu, remaining day and night on her horse, attracting perilous admiration by the womanly loveliness which no male attire could obscure. From Spain she went to England, organizing there the French exiles into a strength which frightened Richelieu; thence to Holland, to conspire nearer home; back to Paris, on the minister's death, to form the faction of the Importants; and when the Duke of Beaufort was imprisoned, Mazarin said, "Of what use to cut off the arms while the head remains?" Ten years from her first perilous escape, she made a second: dashed through La Vendée, embarked at St. Malo for Dunkirk, was captured by the fleet of the Parliament, was released by the governor of the Isle of Wight, unable to imprison so beautiful a butterfly, reached her port at last, and in a few weeks was intriguing at Liège again.

The Duchesse de Bouillon, Turenne's sister, purer than those we have named, but not less daring or determined, after charming the whole population of Paris by her rebel beauty at the Hôtel de Ville, escaped from her sudden incarceration by walking through the midst of her guards at dusk, crouching in the shadow of her little daughter, and afterwards allowed herself to be recaptured rather than desert that child's sick-bed.

Then there was Clémence de Maille, purest and noblest of all, niece of Richelieu and hapless wife of the cruel ingrate Condé, his equal in daring and his superior in every other high quality. Married while a child still playing with her dolls, and sent at once to a convent to learn to read and write, she became a woman the instant her husband became a captive; while he watered his pinks in the garden at Vincennes, she went through France and raised an army for his relief. Her means were as noble as her ends. She would not surrender the humblest of her friends to an enemy, nor suffer the massacre of her worst enemy by a friend. She threw herself between the fire of two hostile parties at Bordeaux, and while men were falling each side of her, compelled them to peace. Her deeds rang through Europe. When she sailed from Bordeaux for Paris at last, thirty thousand people assembled to bid her farewell. She was loved and admired by all the world, except that husband for whom she dared

so much—and the Archbishop of Caen. The respectable archbishop complained that “this lady did not prove that she had been authorized by her husband,—an essential provision, without which no woman can act in law.” And Condé himself, whose heart, physically twice as large as other men’s, was spiritually imperceptible, repaid this stainless nobleness by years of persecution, and bequeathed her as a lifelong prisoner to his dastard son.

Then on the royal side there was Anne of Austria, sufficient unto herself,—Queen Regent, and every inch a queen (before all but Mazarin) from the moment when the mob of Paris filed through the chamber of the boy king, during his pretended sleep, and the motionless and stately mother held back the crimson draperies with the same lovely arm that had waved perilous farewells to Buckingham, to the day when the news of the fatal battle of Gien came to her in her dressing-room, and “she remained undisturbed before the mirror, not neglecting the arrangement of a single curl.”

In short, every woman who took part in the Ladies’ War became heroic,—from Marguerite of Lorraine, who snatched the pen from her weak husband’s hand and gave De Retz the order for the first insurrection, down to the wife of the commandant of the Porte St. Roche, who, springing from her bed to obey that order, made the drums beat to arms and secured the barrier; and fitly, amid adventurous days like these, opened the career of Mademoiselle.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN

GRANDCHILD of Henri Quatre, niece of Louis XIII., cousin of Louis XIV., first princess of the blood, and with the largest income in the nation (500,000 livres) to support these dignities, Mademoiselle was certainly born in the purple. Her autobiography admits us to very gorgeous company; the stream of her personal recollections is a perfect Pactolus. There is almost a surfeit of royalty in it; every card is a court card, and all her counters are counts. “I wore at this festival all the crown jewels of France, and also those of the Queen of England.” “A far greater establishment was assigned to me than any *fille de France* had ever had, not excepting any of my aunts, the Queens of England and of Spain, and the Duchess of Savoy.” “The Queen, my grandmother, gave me as a governess the same lady who had

been governess to the late King." Pageant or funeral, it is the same thing. "In the midst of these festivities we heard of the death of the King of Spain; whereat the queens were greatly afflicted, and we all went into mourning." Thus, throughout, her 'Memoirs' glitter like the coat with which the splendid Buckingham astonished the cheaper chivalry of France: they drop diamonds.

But for any personal career Mademoiselle found at first no opportunity, in the earlier years of the Fronde. A gay, fearless, flattered girl, she simply shared the fortunes of the court; laughed at the festivals in the palace, laughed at the ominous insurrections in the streets; laughed when the people cheered her, their pet princess; and when the royal party fled from Paris, she adroitly secured for herself the best straw bed at St. Germain, and laughed louder than ever. She despised the courtiers who flattered her; secretly admired her young cousin Condé, whom she affected to despise; danced when the court danced, and ran away when it mourned. She made all manner of fun of her English lover, the future Charles II., whom she alone of all the world found bashful; and in general she wasted the golden hours with much excellent fooling. Nor would she perhaps ever have found herself a heroine, but that her respectable father was a poltroon.

Lord Mahon ventures to assert that Gaston, Duke of Orléans, was "the most cowardly prince of whom history makes mention." A strong expression, but perhaps safe. Holding the most powerful position in the nation, he never came upon the scene but to commit some new act of ingenious pusillanimity; while, by some extraordinary chance, every woman of his immediate kindred was a natural heroine, and became more heroic through disgust at him. His wife was Marguerite of Lorraine, who originated the first Fronde insurrection; his daughter turned the scale of the second. Yet personally he not only had not the courage to act, but had not the courage to abstain from acting: he could no more keep out of parties than in them, but was always busy, waging war in spite of Mars and negotiating in spite of Minerva.

And when the second war of the Fronde broke out, it was in spite of himself that he gave his name and his daughter to the popular cause. When the fate of the two nations hung trembling in the balance, the royal army under Turenne advancing on Paris, and almost arrived at the city of Orléans, and that city

likely to take the side of the strongest,—then Mademoiselle's hour had come. All her sympathies were more and more inclining to the side of Condé and the people. Orléans was her own hereditary city. Her father, as was his custom in great emergencies, declared that he was very ill and must go to bed immediately: but it was as easy for her to be strong as it was for him to be weak; so she wrung from him a reluctant plenipotentiary power,—she might go herself and try what her influence could do. And so she rode forth from Paris one fine morning, March 27th, 1652,—rode with a few attendants, half in enthusiasm, half in levity, aiming to become a second Joan of Arc, secure the city, and save the nation. "I felt perfectly delighted," says the young girl, "at having to play so extraordinary a part."

The people of Paris had heard of her mission, and cheered her as she went. The officers of the army, with an escort of five hundred men, met her half-way from Paris. Most of them evidently knew her calibre, were delighted to see her, and installed her at once over a regular council of war. She entered into the position with her natural promptness. A certain grave M. de Rohan undertook to tutor her privately, and met his match. In the public deliberation there were some differences of opinion. All agreed that the army should not pass beyond the Loire: this was Gaston's suggestion, and nevertheless a good one. Beyond this all was left to Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle intended to go straight to Orléans. "But the royal army had reached there already." Mademoiselle did not believe it. "The citizens would not admit her." Mademoiselle would see about that. Presently the city government of Orléans sent her a letter, in great dismay, particularly requesting her to keep her distance. Mademoiselle immediately ordered her coach, and set out for the city. "I was naturally resolute," she naïvely remarks.

Her siege of Orléans was one of the most remarkable military operations on record. She was right in one thing,—the royal army had not arrived: but it might appear at any moment; so the magistrates quietly shut all their gates, and waited to see what would happen.

Mademoiselle happened. It was eleven in the morning when she reached the Porte Bannière, and she sat three hours in her state carriage without seeing a person. With amusing politeness, the governor of the city at last sent her some confectionery,—agreeing with John Keats, who held that young women were

beings fitter to be presented with sugar-plums than with one's time. But he took care to explain that the bonbons were not official, and did not recognize her authority. So she quietly ate them, and then decided to take a walk outside the walls. Her council of war opposed this step, as they did every other; but she coolly said (and the event justified her prediction) that the enthusiasm of the populace would carry the city for her, if she could only get at them.

So she set out on her walk. Her two beautiful ladies of honor, the Countesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac, went with her; a few attendants behind. She came to a gate. The people were all gathered inside the ramparts. "Let me in," demanded the imperious young lady. The astonished citizens looked at one another and said nothing. She walked on,—the crowd inside keeping pace with her. She reached another gate. The enthusiasm was increased. The captain of the guard formed his troops in line and saluted her. "Open the gate," she again insisted. The poor captain made signs that he had not the keys. "Break it down, then," coolly suggested the daughter of the House of Orléans; to which his only reply was a profusion of profound bows, and the lady walked on.

Those were the days of astrology; and at this moment it occurred to our Mademoiselle that the chief astrologer of Paris had predicted success to all her undertakings from the noon of this very day until the noon following. She had never had the slightest faith in the mystic science, but she turned to her attendant ladies, and remarked that the matter was settled: she should get in. On went the three until they reached the bank of the river, and saw opposite the gates which opened on the quay. The Orléans boatmen came flocking round her; a hardy race, who feared neither queen nor Mazarin. They would break down any gate she chose. She selected one, got into a boat, and sending back her terrified male attendants, that they might have no responsibility in the case, she was rowed to the other side. Her new allies were already at work, and she climbed from the boat upon the quay by a high ladder, of which several rounds were broken away. They worked more and more enthusiastically, though the gate was built to stand a siege, and stoutly resisted this one. Courage is magnetic; every moment increased the popular enthusiasm, as these high-born ladies stood alone among the boatmen; the crowd inside joined in the attack upon

the gate; the guard looked on; the city government remained irresolute at the Hôtel de Ville, fairly beleaguered and stormed by one princess and two maids of honor.

A crash, and the mighty timbers of the Porte Brûlée yield in the centre. Aided by the strong and exceedingly soiled hands of her new friends, our elegant Mademoiselle is lifted, pulled, pushed, and tugged between the vast iron bars which fortify the gate; and in this fashion, torn, splashed, and disheveled generally, she makes entrance into her city. The guard, promptly adhering to the winning side, present arms to the heroine. The people fill the air with their applauses; they place her in a large wooden chair, and bear her in triumph through the streets. "Everybody came to kiss my hands, while I was dying with laughter to find myself in so odd a situation."

Presently our volatile lady told them that she had learned how to walk, and begged to be put down; then she waited for her countesses, who arrived bespattered with mud. The drums beat before her as she set forth again; and the city government, yielding to the feminine conqueror, came to do her homage. She carelessly assured them of her clemency. She "had no doubt that they would soon have opened the gates, but she was naturally of a very impatient disposition, and could not wait." Moreover, she kindly suggested, neither party could now find fault with them; and as for the future, she would save them all trouble, and govern the city herself,—which she accordingly did.

By confession of all historians, she alone saved the city for the Fronde, and for the moment secured that party the ascendancy in the nation. Next day the advance guard of the royal forces appeared—a day too late. Mademoiselle made a speech (the first in her life) to the city government; then went forth to her own small army, by this time drawn near, and held another council. The next day she received a letter from her father (whose health was now decidedly restored), declaring that she had "saved Orléans and secured Paris, and shown yet more judgment than courage." The next day Condé came up with his forces, compared his fair cousin to Gustavus Adolphus, and wrote to her that "her exploit was such as she only could have performed, and was of the greatest importance."

Mademoiselle stayed a little longer at Orléans, while the armies lay watching each other, or fighting the battle of Bléneau, of

which Condé wrote her an official bulletin, as being generalissimo. She amused herself easily, went to mass, played at bowls, received the magistrates, stopped couriers to laugh over their letters, reviewed the troops, signed passports, held councils, and did many things "for which she should have thought herself quite unfitted, if she had not found she did them very well." The enthusiasm she had inspired kept itself unabated, for she really deserved it. She was everywhere recognized as head of affairs; the officers of the army drank her health on their knees when she dined with them, while the trumpets sounded and the cannons roared; Condé, when absent, left instructions to his officers, "Obey the commands of Mademoiselle as my own;" and her father addressed a dispatch from Paris to her ladies of honor, as field-m Marshals in her army: "À Mesdames les Comtesses Maréchales de Camp dans l'Armée de ma Fille contre le Mazarin."

«SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED»


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"Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain;
The life they own is not the life we see;
Love's single moment is eternity:
Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain.

RICHARD HILDRETH

(1807-1865)

 ONE who begins to study Hildreth's 'History of the United States' is alternately divided by feelings of impatience and admiration. The latter will predominate in the end, provided the student is not too impetuous. The reason care must be taken in assimilating Hildreth is that at times he becomes so intolerably dry that his reader is liable to desert him forever, before once discovering the excellences which have given him an assured place among American historians. Though Bancroft's History is more stimulating and more interesting to the general reader, Hildreth's has the advantage of covering a much longer period, all of which he treats exhaustively and with perfect accuracy in the presentation of facts. Moreover, he shows such voluminous and discriminating research, and in general so unbiased a judgment, that his achievement grows more valuable in its results as the years go by.

The period which Hildreth covers so completely begins with the discovery of America, and ends with the close of President Monroe's first administration. The first three volumes bring us to the adoption of the Constitution. In his preface to these, he states that his object is "to set forth the personages of our Colonial and Revolutionary history such as they really were in their own day and generation, their faults as well as their virtues." He carries out this purpose, narrating events truthfully and candidly, and without trying to bend them to any theory. He treats of old colonial days in a sombre sort of way, quite disheartening to the lover of picturesque anecdote and legend, and he appears to have imbibed to the full the prim and severe Puritan spirit of which he wrote. Life was a serious thing with the colonists of Massachusetts Bay, and Hildreth was guilty of no attempt to brighten their annals or to turn any part of their records into a history of merry-making. And thus, in those first three volumes, one looks utterly in vain for the picturesque or the amusing.

RICHARD HILDRETH

The last three volumes (written several years later), which deal almost entirely with the growth of the Constitution and the political forces at work, are more vivid and at the same time much more valuable to the student. The facts are absolutely accurate (unless where new records have come to light since), and have been gathered with much care from the original public documents and State papers. He is, on the whole wonderfully free from prejudice; his tone is one of calm and clear conviction, and produces the same attitude in the reader. His characterization of individuals is the best example: few things of the kind have been better done. His criticism of men and motives is sometimes most scathing, yet his manner is so quiet and restrained that a full assent is instinctively given to his opinions, without the critical hesitation which a more vehement style would call forth. Nothing, for instance, could be further from the verdict which posterity has passed on John Quincy Adams, than Hildreth's portrayal of him as a crafty and self-seeking political soldier of fortune; but Hildreth's judicial manner and tone of severe impartiality still produce much effect.

Hildreth was a writer of some repute before his History appeared. Born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1807, and educated at Harvard, he did a good deal of newspaper and editorial work in his younger days, and wrote papers on a variety of subjects. His work on 'Banks, Banking, and Paper Currency,' published in 1837, is said to have had considerable influence in fostering the growth of the free-banking system; and his other papers also attracted a gratifying attention. He was also the author of a tale called 'The Slave; or, Memoir of Archy Moore,' later re-named 'The White Slave; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive,'—which has the distinction of being the first American anti-slavery novel published. His literary career, however, may be said to have closed with the appearance of his History. Appointed consul at Trieste, Italy, in 1861, he at once entered zealously upon his duties. His health failed, however, and he removed to Florence, where in 1865 he died.

Richard Hildreth's name will be remembered chiefly from his 'History of the United States,' and the solid and judicial qualities of that work will make it endure for many years to come. He will never be popular with the general reader, however. His narrative is too prosy, not vivid enough for a moment to enwrap the attention of the casual reader; and his occasional attempts at picturesqueness or descriptions of pageantry are very painful. The historian never arouses us with his enthusiasm, nor makes people and events live anew for us by the power of his inspiration. Nor is his writing in the least philosophical. Other historians make us see clearly the great sweeps and curves of the nation in its onward march, and they point

out how its various trendings have led hither and thither. But Hildreth leaves us to trace out for ourselves the great highway, while he stops to explore some undiscovered and overgrown by-path, bestowing upon it the same painstaking research that he gives to conspicuous and important events.

Yet in spite of all these negatives, Hildreth will always—and rightly—command attention and admiration. His work is full of purpose, and has in it the energy of a forceful and zealous student. It is direct, untrammelled, and courageous. If it grows dull for the casual reader, it is a delight to the close student. The primitive historical instinct in its most finished state filled him; for in spite of its surface faults, his narration, in straightforwardness, accuracy, and firmness, is an admirable work of high and solid merit.

CUSTOMS OF THE COLONISTS

From the 'History of the United States'

ACCORDING to the system established in Massachusetts, the Church and State were most intimately blended. The magistrates and General Court, aided by the advice of the elders, claimed and exercised a supreme control in spiritual as well as temporal matters; while even in matters purely temporal, the elders were consulted on all important questions. The support of the elders, the first thing considered in the first Court of Assistants held in Massachusetts, had been secured by a vote to build houses for them, and to provide them a maintenance at the public expense. This burden, indeed, was spontaneously assumed by such of the plantations as had ministers. In some towns a tax was levied; in others a contribution was taken up every Sunday, called voluntary, but hardly so in fact, since every person was expected to contribute according to his means. This method of contribution, in use at Plymouth, was adopted also at Boston; but in most of the other towns the taxing system obtained preference, and subsequently was established by law. Besides the Sunday services, protracted to a great length, there were frequent lectures on week-days,—an excess of devotion unreasonable in an infant colony, and threatening the interruption of necessary labor; so much so, that the magistrates presently found themselves obliged to interfere by restricting them to one a week in each town. These lectures, which people went from town to town to attend; an annual fast in the spring, corresponding to Lent;

and a Thanksgiving at the end of autumn, to supersede Christmas,—stood in place of all the holidays of the papal and English churches, which the colonists soon came to regard as no better than idolatrous, and any disposition to observe them—even the eating of mince pies on Christmas Day—as superstitious and wicked. In contempt of the usage of those churches, marriage was declared no sacrament, but a mere civil contract, to be sanctioned not by a minister but a magistrate. The magistrates also early assumed the power of granting divorces, not for adultery only, but in such other cases as they saw fit. Baptism, instead of being dispensed to all, as in the churches of Rome and England, was limited, as a special privilege, to church members and their “infant seed.” Participation in the sacrament of the Supper was guarded with still greater jealousy, none but full church members being allowed to partake of it.

Besides these religious distinctions, there were others of a temporal character, transferred from that system of semi-feudal English society in which the colonists had been born and bred. A discrimination between “gentlemen” and those of inferior condition was carefully kept up. Only gentlemen were entitled to the prefix of “Mr.”; their number was quite small, and deprivation of the right to be so addressed was inflicted as a punishment. “Goodman” or “good woman,” by contraction “goody,” was the address of inferior persons. Besides the indented servants sent out by the company, the wealthier colonists brought others with them. But these servants seem in general to have had little sympathy with the austere manners and opinions of their masters, and their frequent transgressions of Puritan decorum gave the magistrates no little trouble.

The system of manners which the founders of Massachusetts labored to establish and maintain was indeed exceedingly rigorous and austere. All amusements were proscribed; all gayety seemed to be regarded as a sin. It was attempted to make the colony, as it were, a convent of Puritan devotees,—except in the allowance of marriage and money-making,—subjected to all the rules of the stricter monastic orders.

Morton of Merry Mount, who had returned again to New England, was seized and sent back, his goods confiscated, and his house burned,—as the magistrate alleged, to satisfy the Indians; but this according to Morton was a mere pretext. A similar fate happened to Sir Christopher Gardiner, a Knight, or

pretended Knight, of the Holy Sepulchre,—an ambiguous character, attended by a young damsel and two or three servants. Suspected as the agent of some persons who claimed a prior right to some parts of Massachusetts Bay, he was charged with having two wives in England, and with being a secret Papist. He fled to the woods, but was delivered up by the Indians and sent home, as were several others whom the magistrates pronounced “unfit to inhabit there.” Walford the smith, the old settler at Charlestown, banished for “contempt of authority,” retired to Piscataqua, which soon became a common asylum of refugees from Massachusetts. The sociable and jolly disposition of Maverick — described by Josselyn, an early traveler, as “the only hospitable man in the colony”—gave the magistrates an abundance of trouble, and subjected Maverick himself to frequent fines and admonitions. Others who slandered the government or churches, or wrote home discouraging letters, were whipped, cropped of their ears, and banished.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ

From the ‘History of the United States’

DURING Washington’s absence at Hartford [for his interview with Rochambeau in September 1780], a plot came to light for betraying the important fortress of West Point and the other posts of the Highlands into the hands of the enemy; the traitor being no other than Arnold, the most brilliant officer and one of the most honored in the American army. The qualities of a brilliant soldier are unfortunately often quite distinct from those of a virtuous man and a good citizen. Arnold’s arrogant, overbearing, reckless spirit, his disregard of the rights of others, and his doubtful integrity, had made him many enemies; but his desperate valor at Behmus’s Heights, covering up all his blemishes, had restored him to the rank in the army which he coveted. Placed in command at Philadelphia, his disposition to favor the disaffected of that city had involved him, as has been mentioned already, in disputes with Governor Reed and the Pennsylvania Council.

Arnold’s vanity and love of display overwhelmed him with debts. He had taken the best house in the city, that formerly occupied by Governor Penn. He lived in a style of extravagance

far beyond his means, and he endeavored to sustain it by entering into privateering and mercantile speculations, most of which proved unsuccessful. He was even accused of perverting his military authority to purposes of private gain. The complaints on this point made to Congress by the authorities of Pennsylvania had been at first unheeded; but being presently brought forward in a solemn manner, and with some appearance of offended dignity on the part of the Pennsylvania Council, an interview took place between a committee of that body and a committee of Congress, which had resulted in Arnold's trial by a court-martial. Though acquitted of the more serious charges, on two points he had been found guilty, and had been sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief.

Arnold claimed against the United States a large balance, growing out of the unsettled accounts of his Canada expedition. This claim was greatly cut down by the treasury officers, and when Arnold appealed to Congress, a committee reported that more had been allowed him than was actually due.

Mortified and soured, and complaining of public ingratitude, Arnold attempted, but without success, to get a loan from the French minister. Some months before, he had opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton under a feigned name, carried on through Major André, adjutant-general of the British army. Having at length made himself known to his correspondents, to give importance to his treachery he solicited and obtained from Washington, who had every confidence in him, the command in the Highlands, with the very view of betraying that important position into the hands of the enemy.

To arrange the terms of the bargain, an interview was necessary with some confidential British agent; and André, though not without reluctance, finally volunteered for that purpose. Several previous attempts having failed, the British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, with André on board, ascended the Hudson as far as the mouth of Croton River, some miles below King's Ferry. Information being sent to Arnold under a flag, the evening after Washington left West Point for Hartford he dispatched a boat to the *Vulture*, which took André on shore for an interview on the west side of the river, just below the American lines. Morning appeared before the arrangements for the betrayal of the fortress could be definitely completed, and André was reluctantly persuaded to come within the American lines, and to remain till

the next night at the house of one Smith, a dupe or tool of Arnold's, the same who had been employed to bring André from the ship. For some reason not very clearly explained, Smith declined to convey André back to the Vulture, which had attracted the attention of the American gunners, and in consequence of a piece of artillery brought to bear upon her had changed her position, though she had afterward returned to her former anchorage.

Driven thus to the necessity of returning by land, André laid aside his uniform, assumed a citizen's dress, and with a pass from Arnold in the name of John Anderson, a name which André had often used in their previous correspondence, he set off toward sunset on horseback, with Smith for a guide. They crossed King's Ferry, passed all the American guards in safety, and spent the night near Crom Pond with an acquaintance of Smith's. The next morning, having passed Pine's Bridge across Croton River, Smith left André to pursue his way alone. The road led through a district extending some thirty miles above the island of New York, not included in the lines of either army, and thence known as the "Neutral Ground"; a populous and fertile region, but very much infested by bands of plunderers called "Cow-Boys" and "Skinners." The "Cow-Boys" lived within the British lines, and stole or bought cattle for the supply of the British army. The rendezvous of the "Skinners" was within the American lines. They professed to be great patriots, making it their ostensible business to plunder those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the State of New York. But they were ready in fact to rob anybody, and the cattle thus obtained were often sold to the Cow-Boys in exchange for dry-goods brought from New York. By a State law, all cattle driven toward the city were lawful plunder when beyond a certain line; and a general authority was given to anybody to arrest suspicious travelers.

The road to Tarrytown, on which André was traveling, was watched that morning by a small party on the lookout for cattle or travelers; and just as André approached the village, while passing a small brook a man sprang from among the bushes and seized the bridle of his horse. He was immediately joined by two others; and André, in the confusion of the moment, deceived by the answers of his captors, who professed to belong to the "Lower" or British party, instead of producing his pass avowed himself a British officer, on business of the highest importance.

Discovering his mistake, he offered his watch, his purse, anything they might name, if they would suffer him to proceed. His offers were rejected; he was searched, suspicious papers were found in his stockings, and he was carried before Colonel Jameson, the commanding officer on the lines.

Jameson recognized in the papers, which contained a full description of West Point and a return of the forces, the handwriting of Arnold; but unable to realize that his commanding officer was a traitor, while he forwarded the papers by express to Washington at Hartford, he directed the prisoner to be sent to Arnold, with a letter mentioning his assumed name, his pass, the circumstances of his arrest, and that papers of "a very suspicious character" had been found on his person. Major Talmadge, the second in command, had been absent while this was doing. Informed of it on his return, with much difficulty he procured the recall of the prisoner; but Jameson persisted in sending forward the letter to Arnold. Washington, then on his return from Hartford, missed the express with the documents; his aides-de-camp, who preceded him, were breakfasting at Arnold's house when Jameson's letter arrived. Pretending an immediate call to visit one of the forts on the opposite side of the river, Arnold rose from table, called his wife up-stairs, left her in a fainting-fit, mounted a horse which stood saddled at the door, rode to the river-side, threw himself into his barge, passed the forts waving a handkerchief by way of flag, and ordered his boatman to row for the Vulture. Safe on board, he wrote a letter to Washington, asking protection for his wife, whom he declared ignorant and innocent of what he had done.

Informed of Arnold's safety, and perceiving that no hope of escape existed, André in a letter to Washington avowed his name and true character. A board of officers was constituted to consider his case, of which Greene was president and Lafayette and Steuben were members. Though cautioned to say nothing to criminate himself, André frankly told the whole story, declaring however that he had been induced to enter the American lines contrary to his intention, and by the misrepresentations of Arnold. Upon his own statements, without examining a single witness, the board pronounced him a spy, and as such doomed him to speedy death.

Clinton, who loved André, made every effort to save him. As a last resource, Arnold wrote to Washington, stating his view of

the matter, threatening retaliation, and referring particularly to the case of Gadsden and the other South Carolina prisoners at St. Augustine. The manly and open behavior of André, and his highly amiable private character, created no little sympathy in his behalf; but martial policy was thought to demand his execution. He was even denied his last request to be shot instead of hanged. Though in strict accordance with the laws of war, André's execution was denounced in England as inexorable and cruel. It certainly tended to aggravate feelings already sufficiently bitter on both sides.

JAMES MADISON

From the 'History of the United States'

SO FAR as Madison was concerned, had the majority for Calhoun's [internal improvements] bill been more decided and more Southern, his scruples might perhaps have been less.

The political character of the retiring President sprang naturally enough from his intellectual temperament and his personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and an ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whichever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having been, in the course of a long career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support, escaping thereby much of that searching criticism so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals.

Those ultra-Federal Democrats who rose, by his compliance, upon the ruins of the old Republican party, subscription to and

applause of whose headlong haste in plunging the country into the war with England became for so many years the absolute test of political orthodoxy, found it their policy to drop a pious veil over the convenient weaknesses of a man who, in consenting against his own better judgment to become in their hands a firebrand of war, was guilty of the greatest political wrong and crime which it is possible for the head of a nation to commit. Could they even fail to load with applauses one whose Federalism served as an excuse for theirs?

Let us however do Madison the justice to add, that as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, become of late almost the only class, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite ideas or measures of their own, put up their talents, like mercenary lawyers as too many of them are, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing on every question that side which for the moment seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.

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THOMAS HOBBES

THOMAS HOBBS

(1588-1679)

THOMAS HOBBS, whose name in the history of English philosophy is a large one, was the son of a Wiltshire vicar, and was born April 5th, 1588. His mother, who was of yeoman stock, gave birth to him prematurely, upon hearing the news of the Spanish Armada. The father is represented as a man of violent temper and small education. Hobbes began his schooling at the age of four, and when six was engaged with Greek and Latin, translating Euripides into Latin iambics before he was fourteen, and showing himself to be a youth of unusual thoughtfulness. The schools at Malmesbury and Westport gave him his preliminary training, and in 1602 or 1603 he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford. At this time the old scholastic methods obtained, and disputes between Churchmen and Puritans were rife. This state of things was distasteful to the young Hobbes, and he neglected his studies and read in a desultory fashion. He took his degree in 1607.

After his college days, Hobbes became tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, later Earl of Devonshire, and was attached to this family for many years, teaching the Cavendishes, father and son, traveling with them abroad, and being pensioned by them in his old age. This life brought him into contact with people of gifts and station, both in England and on the Continent; and gradually Hobbes, by study and conversation with leaders of thought, developed his theory of psychology and of the State. He lived for years at a time in Paris, when he feared to remain in his own land because of the hostility excited by his works on 'Human Nature' and 'De Corpore Politico.' In 1661, at the age of seventy-three, he returned to England and made his headquarters at the Cavendishes' town and country houses, rounding out his philosophical system, and enjoying the friendship of such men as Selden of 'Table Talk' fame, and Harvey the scholar. Always a controversialist, seldom free from an intellectual quarrel with members of the Royal Society, his last days were no exception; and he no doubt wasted much time, better spent upon his main philosophical treatises, in bickerings about mathematics and other abstruse matters, keeping this up until his death at the rare old age of ninety-one. He died December 4th, 1679, at Hardwicke Hall.

Hobbes maintained his intellectual and physical powers to the very end. His health was poor in his youth; but improved in middle life. He wrote his autobiography at eighty-four, and when eighty-six translated Homer. In person he is described as over six feet in height, erect, keen-eyed, with black hair. He had a contempt for physicians, was regular in his dietary and other habits; used tobacco, and states gravely that during his long life he calculated he had been drunk one hundred times. After he was sixty he took no wine. At seventy-five he played tennis. Intellectually audacious, he had personal timidity; charges of time-serving made against him have not been substantiated, however, as even so harsh a critic as Cunningham confesses. That Hobbes was a man of marked social attraction can be inferred easily. His friendships with Descartes, Bacon, Lord Herbert, Ben Jonson, and many other typical great men of his day, indicate it, and there was much in his experience to develop that side of his character.

Hobbes's fame as thinker and writer rests solidly on two great works: 'Human Nature: or, The Fundamental Principles of Policy concerning the Faculties and Passions of the Human Soul' (1650); and 'Leviathan: or, The Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil' (1651). The former states his philosophical, the latter his political views. In the 'Human Nature' his materialistic conception of the origin of man's faculties is developed: he regarded matter in motion as an ultimate fact, and upon it built up his psychology, deriving all the higher faculties from the senses. "There is no conception in a man's mind," said he, "which hath not at first, totally or by parts, been begotten upon the organ of sense." And he assumed selfishness as the motor power of human conduct, and made his explanation of right and wrong to rest upon purely utilitarian reasons. The modernness of this position may be seen at a glance. It anticipates nineteenth-century psychology and the tenets of a Spencer. In one passage where he speaks of the incomprehensibility of God to a human faculty, latter-day agnosticism is foreshadowed. In the 'Leviathan' we get his equally radical views of the State. He conceives that in a state of nature, men war upon each other without restraint. For mutual benefit and protection in the pursuit of their own interests, the social compact is made, and the powers of rule relegated to some one best fitted to exercise it. That some one, in Hobbes's opinion, should be and is the king as an embodiment of the State; hence he preaches an absolute monarchy as the ideal form of government, the leviathan of the human deep. And he would have ecclesiastical as well as other authority subservient to the State. Very briefly stated, these are the cardinal points of his two great works.

Of course, Hobbes's theories were bitterly assailed. Because of his ethics he was dubbed "atheist"; and his opponents included thinkers like Clarendon, Cudworth, Henry More, and Samuel Clarke. He was one of the best hated men of his time. His teaching in the 'Leviathan' naturally brought the clergy about his ears, and the work was burned at Oxford after his death. But his principles made much stir, especially abroad; and looking back upon Hobbes from the present vantage-point, it is plain that he is part of the great movement for thought expansion in which Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, and Descartes are other parts. Locke probably was little influenced by Hobbes; but the Dutch Spinoza and the German Leibnitz were, and in France, Diderot, Rousseau, and De Maistre felt his thought.

Comparing his two main works, Hobbes is most satisfactory in his political philosophy. His psychology is deduced, rather than established by the Baconian method of induction, and his reading was not wide enough for such an inquiry. As an explanation of man, his philosophy is too fragmentary and too subjective, though brilliant, original, often logical. But the 'Leviathan' is a complete exposition from certain premises, and a wonderful example of philosophic thinking. Moreover, it is by far the most attractive of his writings as literature. Its style is terse, weighty, at times scintillating with sarcastic humor, again impressive with stately eloquence. Among works in its field it is remarkable for these qualities.

Thomas Hobbes overthrew scholasticism, showed the error in the argument for innate ideas, prepared the way for Locke. He was a pioneer of thought in the seventeenth century; a liberalizing influence, however much it is necessary to modify his notions concerning human nature and the State. The standard edition of his works is that by Sir William Molesworth (1839-45), in sixteen volumes, five of them in Latin. The 'Leviathan' is included in the Cambridge English Classics, and there are modern studies of his philosophy by Leslie Stephen (1904) and E. A. Taylor (1909).

OF LOVE

From 'Human Nature'

LOVE, by which is understood the joy man taketh in the fruition of any present good, hath been already spoken of in the first section, chapter seven, under which is contained the love men bear to one another or pleasure they take in one another's company; and by which nature men are said to be sociable. But there is another kind of love which the Greeks

call Eros, and is that which we mean when we say that a man is in love: forasmuch as this passion cannot be without diversity of sex, it cannot be denied but that it participateth of that indefinite love mentioned in the former section. But there is a great difference betwixt the desire of a man indefinite and the same desire limited *ad hunc*: and this is that love which is the great theme of poets; but notwithstanding their praises, it must be defined by the word *need*, for it is a conception a man hath of his need of that one person desired. The cause of this passion is not always nor for the most part beauty, or other quality in the beloved, unless there be withal hope in the person that loveth; which may be gathered from this, that in great difference of persons the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner, but not contrary. And from hence it is that for the most part they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built on something in their person than those that trust to their expressions and service; and they that care less than they that care more: which not perceiving, many men cast away their services as one arrow after another, till in the end, together with their hopes they lose their wits.

CERTAIN QUALITIES IN MEN

From 'Leviathan'

HAVING showed in the precedent chapters that sense proceedeth from the action of external objects upon the brain, or some internal substance of the head; and that the *passions* proceed from the alterations there made, and continued to the heart: it is consequent in the next place (seeing the diversity of degrees of knowledge in divers men to be greater than may be ascribed to the divers tempers of their brain) to declare what other causes may produce such odds and excess of capacity as we daily observe in one man above another. As for that difference which ariseth from sickness, and such accidental distempers, I omit the same, as impertinent to this place; and consider it only in such as have their health, and organs well disposed. If the difference were in the natural temper of the brain, I can imagine no reason why the same should not appear first and most of all in the senses; which being equal both in the wise and less wise, infer an equal temper in the common organ (namely the brain) of all the senses.

But we see by experience that joy and grief proceed not in all men from the same causes, and that men differ very much in the constitution of the body; whereby that which helpeth and furthereth vital constitution in one, and is therefore delightful, hindereth it and crosseth it in another, and therefore causeth grief. The difference therefore of wits hath its original from the different passions, and from the ends to which the appetite leadeth them.

And first, those men whose ends are sensual delight, and generally are addicted to ease, food, onerations and exonerations of the body, must needs be the less thereby delighted with those imaginations that conduce not to those ends; such as are imaginations of honor and glory, which, as I have said before, have respect to the future. For sensuality consisteth in the pleasure of the senses, which please only for the present, and take away the inclination to observe such things as conduce to honor; and consequently maketh men less curious and less ambitious, whereby they less consider the way either to knowledge or other power: in which two consisteth all the excellency of power cognitive. And this is it which men call *dullness*; and proceedeth from the appetite of sensual or bodily delight. And it may well be conjectured that such passion hath its beginning from a grossness and difficulty of the motion of the spirit about the heart.

The contrary hereunto is that quick ranging of mind described Chap. iv., Sect. 3, which is joined with curiosity of comparing the things that come into the mind, one with another: in which comparison a man delighteth himself either with finding unexpected similitude of things otherwise much unlike (in which men place the excellency of fancy, and from whence proceed those grateful similes, metaphors, and other tropes, by which both poets and orators have it in their power to make things please and displease, and show well or ill to others, as they like themselves), or else in discerning suddenly dissimilitude in things that otherwise appear the same. And this virtue of the mind is that by which men attain to exact and perfect knowledge; and the pleasure thereof consisteth in continual instruction, and in distinction of places, persons, and seasons, and is commonly termed by the name of *judgment*: for to judge is nothing else but to distinguish or discern; and both fancy and judgment are commonly comprehended under the name of *wit*, which seemeth to be a tenuity and agility of spirits, contrary to that restiness of the spirits supposed in those that are dull.

There is another defect of the mind, which men call *levity*, which betrayeth also mobility in the spirits, but in excess. An example whereof is in them that in the midst of any serious discourse have their minds diverted to every little jest or witty observation; which maketh them depart from their discourse by a parenthesis, and from that parenthesis by another, till at length they either lose themselves, or make their narration like a dream, or some studied nonsense. The passion from whence this proceedeth is curiosity, but with too much equality and indifference; for when all things make equal impression and delight, they equally throng to be expressed.

The virtue opposite to this defect is *gravity*, or steadiness; in which the end being the great and master delight, directeth and keepeth in the way thereto all other thoughts.

The extremity of dullness is that natural folly which may be called *stolidity*; but the extreme of levity, though it be natural folly distinct from the other, and obvious to every man's observation, I know not how to call it.

There is a fault of the mind called by the Greeks *amathia*, which is *indocibility*, or difficulty in being taught; the which must needs arise from a false opinion that they know already the truth of what is called in question: for certainly men are not otherwise so unequal in capacity, as the evidence is unequal between what is taught by the mathematicians and what is commonly discoursed of in other books; and therefore if the minds of men were all of white paper, they would almost equally be disposed to acknowledge whatsoever should be in right method and by right ratiocination delivered to them. But when men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authentical records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly upon a paper already scribbled over. The immediate cause therefore of *indocibility* is prejudice; and of prejudice, false opinion of our own knowledge.

Another and a principal defect of the mind is that which men call *madness*; which appeareth to be nothing else but some imagination of some such predominacy above the rest, that we have no passion but from it: and this conception is nothing else but excessive vain-glory, or vain dejection; which is most probable by these examples following, which proceed in appearance every one of them from pride, or some dejection of mind. As first, we have had the example of one that preached in Cheapside from a

cart there, instead of a pulpit, that he himself was Christ, which was spiritual pride or madness. We have had also divers examples of learned madness, in which men have manifestly been distracted upon any occasion that hath put them in remembrance of their own ability. Amongst the learned men may be remembered (I think also) those that determine of the time of the world's end, and other such the points of prophecy. And the gallant madness of Don Quixote is nothing else but an expression of such height of vain-glory as reading of romance may produce in pusillanimous men. Also rage, and madness of love, are but great indignations of them in whose brains is predominant contempt from their enemies or their mistresses. And the pride taken in form and behavior hath made divers men run mad, and to be so accounted, under the name of fantastic.

And as these are the examples of extremities, so also are there examples too many of the degrees, which may therefore be well accounted follies: as it is a degree of the first for a man, without certain evidence, to think himself to be inspired, or to have any other effect of God's holy spirit than other godly men have; of the second, for a man continually to speak his mind in a cento of other men's Greek or Latin sentences; of the third, much of the present gallantry in love and duel. Of rage, a degree is *malice*; and of fantastic madness, *affectation*.

As the former examples exhibit to us madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from the excess of self-opinion, so also there be other examples of madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from too much vain fear and dejection; as in those melancholy men that have imagined themselves brittle as glass, or have had some other like imagination: and degrees hereof are all those exorbitant and causeless fears which we commonly observe in melancholy persons.

OF ALMIGHTY GOD

From 'Leviathan'

HITHERTO of the knowledge of things *natural*, and of the passions that arise naturally from them. Now forasmuch as we give names not only to things natural but also to *supernatural*, and by all names we ought to have some meaning and conception, it followeth in the next place to consider what thoughts and imaginations of the mind we have, when we take


into our mouths the most blessed name of God, and the names of those virtues we attribute unto him; as also, what image cometh into the mind at hearing the name of *spirit*, or the name of *angel*, good or bad.

And forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and consequently all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, excepting only this, That there is a God. For the effects we acknowledge naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that again by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all powers, and first Cause of all causes: and this is it which all men conceive by the name of God, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider, may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

And whereas we attribute to God Almighty *seeing, hearing, speaking, knowing, loving*, and the like, by which names we understand something in men to whom we attribute them,—we understand nothing by them in the nature of God. For, as it is well reasoned, *Shall not the God that made the eye, see, and the ear, hear?* so it is also, if we say, Shall God, which made the eye, not see without the eye; or that made the ear, not hear without the ear; or that made the brain, not know without the brain; or that made the heart, not love without the heart? The attributes, therefore, given unto the Deity are such as signify either our *incapacity* or our *reverence*: our incapacity, when we say Incomprehensible and Infinite; our reverence, when we give him those names which amongst us are the names of those things we most magnify and commend, as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Just, Merciful, etc. And when God Almighty giveth those names to himself in the Scriptures, it is but anthropopathos,—that is to say, by descending to our manner of speaking; without which we are not capable of understanding him.

ERNST THEODOR WILHELM HOFFMANN

(1776-1822)

 OFFMANN's character is one of the most singular and contradictory in all that eccentric group of German Romanticists. His sarcastic wit and flashes of humor made him popular with his companions, and his society was much sought after; but he inspired rather fear than love, for he was reckless in his indiscretions and ruthless in giving offense. Of all art he took a serious view,—“There is no art which is not sacred,” he said,—and yet he felt a repugnance to looking at things from their serious side: “These are *odiosa*” was one of his familiar phrases. In his character as in his work there is much that suggests Poe, and the quality of his weird and often delicate fancy reminds one of Hawthorne. The unquestioned mastery of language and description that he displays is weakened by his uncontrolled mannerisms, and his wayward imagination often injures his finest flights of fancy. He delighted to make his studies of men in the borderlands between reason and madness; for him the step was always a short one into the misty realm of ghosts and doubles and startling visions. This love of the marvelous increased as he grew older. And yet, as Professor Kuno Francke has said, “Hoffmann with all his somnambulism and madness was at the same time a master of realistic description and of psychological analysis.”

E T. W. HOFFMANN

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was born at Königsberg on January 24th, 1776. The unpleasant relations subsisting between his parents led to their separation when he was still a child; and to the lack of happy home influences he attributed much of the misery which his habits brought upon him in later years. He adopted the legal profession, in which his father had distinguished himself, and he began his career under promising auspices. He served a term as assessor in Posen, in the then newly acquired Polish provinces; but in consequence of a thoughtless bit of folly he was transferred to the remote little town of Plozk, whither he went with his young Polish

wife in 1802, and where he gave himself up to wild and extravagant gayety. Life seemed to open up brightly before him once more when he received an appointment to Warsaw; but his career in that "motley world" was brought to an abrupt end in 1806 by the troops of Napoleon.

The bit of folly which led to Hoffmann's removal to Plozk reveals incidentally his remarkable versatility. He was an excellent draughtsman, and some of the best remembered caricatures of Napoleon were made by him. It was a series of witty caricatures of prominent men in Posen that gave offense to certain high officials there, upon whose complaint he was removed. Throughout his life Hoffmann continued to practice this art: during his "martyr years" in Bamberg he eked out his scanty income by painting family portraits, and he acted as scene-painter for a theatrical company with which he subsequently became connected.

But his professional work in Bamberg was of quite a different character. In the period of penury and hardship that followed the loss of his government post, Hoffmann had gone to Berlin and cast about for any employment that would afford him support. He secured the position of musical director of the theatre at Bamberg. Hoffmann was a composer of no mean talent. His work had sufficient merit to win and hold the esteem of Weber, although in the strife between the Italian school and the new national German school, of which the 'Freischütz' was the symbol and example, Hoffmann sided with Spontini and the Italians. Nevertheless he was an ardent admirer of the genius of Beethoven, for whose work he made propaganda, and in his passionate admiration of Mozart he went so far as to adopt the name of Amadeus instead of his own Wilhelm. Indeed, to most of his readers, perhaps, he is known as E. T. A. rather than E. T. W. Hoffmann. His masterly analysis of 'Don Giovanni' is a choice piece of musical criticism, not without value to-day.

In his management of the Bamberg theatre Hoffmann was guided by high artistic ideals; through his influence several of Calderon's plays were produced. But the incubus of the Napoleonic wars rested upon every enterprise, and the theatre had to be closed. Hoffmann still held the post of correspondent of the Musical Gazette of Leipzig, but had no adequate income. He led a wretched life as musical director of a troupe which played alternately in Leipzig and in Dresden. He was in Dresden during the siege, and while the bullets flew thick around him he wrote with enthusiastic exaltation one of his best tales, 'Der Goldene Topf' (The Golden Pot), which Carlyle translated for his collection of German romances. It was during this period also that he set Fouqué's 'Undine' to music, and the opera was produced at the Berlin opera-house.

All this is aside from Hoffmann's literary work, upon which his fame is solely founded. His early years, with their varied experiences in strange places and amid exciting scenes, supplied his pen with inexhaustible material. His first characteristic contribution to literature was the 'Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier' (Fantasy-pieces in the style of Callot). These were a collection of his articles that had been published in the Musical Gazette; striking pen sketches in the manner of the celebrated and eccentric French engraver of the early seventeenth century, Jacques Callot. In the following year, 1815, appeared 'Die Elixire des Teufels' (The Devil's Elixir). This work made his literary reputation sure. Among the most widely known of his numerous books is the collection of tales bearing the general title of 'Die Serapionsbrüder' (The Serapion Brethren). The name was derived from an association of kindred spirits in Berlin, which happened to hold its first meeting on the night of the anniversary of St. Serapion. Among the occasional guests of this coterie was Oehlenschläger, who in introducing a young countryman of his wrote to Hoffmann: "Dip him also a little into the magic sea of your humor, respected friend, and teach him how a man can be a philosopher and seer of the world under the ironical mantle of the madhouse, and what is more, an amiable man as well." These words admirably characterize the peculiar quality of Hoffmann's strange blending of wit, wisdom, and madness. His amiability appears probably most conspicuously in the 'Kater Murr' (Tom-Cat Murr's Views of Life). The satire is keen but genial, and of the author's more ambitious works this is his most finished production. But it is in the shorter tales that the artist displays his highest excellence: the serious philosopher in the garb of a madman, and the tender-hearted poet telling quaint fairy tales. Spiritually he is related to Jean Paul, but missed his depth and greatness. The lyric swing, the wild imagination, the serious undercurrent beneath the sprightly wit, the biting satire, and the playful fancy, assure him generations of readers among his countrymen, and numerous translations attest his popularity in England and America.

The rest of the story of Hoffmann's sad life is soon told. After the peace which concluded the Napoleonic wars he was restored to his official position in 1816, this time in the high tribunal of Berlin; and his seniority was acknowledged as if he had served without a break. Here he found himself in the midst of a choice and congenial circle: Hitzig his biographer, Fouqué, Chamisso. His dissolute ways, however, never completely abandoned, led finally to the disease which terminated in his death. He died literally inch by inch, though eager to live in what pitiable condition soever; and to the end, when his vital functions were almost suspended, his mind and imagination remained unimpaired. He died on June 25th, 1822.

Hoffmann's writings, like himself, are full of strange contradictions. He was an epicurean to the point of weakness and a stoic to the point of heroic endurance. At the very portals of death he continued to write in his own fantastic vein; and at the same time was inspired to compose a tale, 'Des Vetters Eckfenster' (The Cousin's Corner Window), which is so unlike his usual style that lovers of Émile Souvestre would take pleasure in its serene and grave philosophy. "He preferred to remain a riddle to himself, a riddle which he always dreaded to have solved," wrote a friend; and he demanded that he should be regarded as a "sacred inexplicable hieroglyph."

FROM 'THE GOLDEN POT'

STIR not the emerald leaves of the palm-trees in soft sighing and rustling, as if kissed by the breath of the morning wind?

Awakened from their sleep, they move, and mysteriously whisper of the wonders which from the far distance approach like tones of melodious harps! The azure rolls from the walls, and floats like airy vapor to and fro; but dazzling beams shoot through it; and whirling and dancing, as in jubilee of childlike sport, it mounts and mounts to immeasurable height, and vaults itself over the palm-trees. But brighter and brighter shoots beam on beam, till in boundless expanse opens the grove where I behold Anselmus. Here glowing hyacinths and tulips and roses lift their fair heads; and their perfumes in loveliest sound call to the happy youth: "Wander, wander among us, our beloved; for thou understandest us! Our perfume is the longing of love; we love thee, and are thine for evermore!" The golden rays burn in glowing tones: "We are fire, kindled by love. Perfume is longing; but fire is desire; and dwell we not in thy bosom? We are thy own!" The dark bushes, the high trees, rustle and sound: "Come to us, thou loved, thou happy one! Fire is desire; but hope is our cool shadow. Lovingly we rustle round thy head; for thou understandest us, because love dwells in thy breast!" The brooks and fountains murmur and patter: "Loved one, walk not so quickly by; look into our crystal! Thy image dwells in us, which we preserve with love, for thou hast understood us." In the triumphal choir, bright birds are singing: "Hear us! Hear us! We are joy, we are delight, the rapture of love!" But anxiously Anselmus turns his eyes to the glorious temple which rises behind him in the distance. The fair pillars seem trees,

and the capitals and friezes acanthus leaves, which in wondrous wreaths and figures form splendid decorations. Anselmus walks to the temple; he views with inward delight the variegated marble, the steps with their strange veins of moss. "Ah, no!" cries he, as if in the excess of rapture, "she is not far from me now; she is near!" Then advances Serpentina, in the fullness of beauty and grace, from the temple; she bears the golden pot, from which a bright lily has sprung. The nameless rapture of infinite longing glows in her meek eyes; she looks at Anselmus and says, "Ah! dearest, the lily has sent forth her bowl; what we longed for is fulfilled. Is there a happiness to equal ours?" Anselmus clasps her with the tenderness of warmest ardor; the lily burns in flaming beams over his head. And louder move the trees and bushes; clearer and gladder play the brooks; the birds, the shining insects dance in the waves of perfume; a gay, bright, rejoicing tumult, in the air, in the water, in the earth, is holding the festival of love! Now rush sparkling streaks, gleaming over all the bushes; diamonds look from the ground like shining eyes; strange vapors are wafted hither on sounding wings; they are the spirits of the elements, who do homage to the lily, and proclaim the happiness of Anselmus. Then Anselmus raises his head, as if encircled with a beamy glory. Is it looks? Is it words? Is it song? You hear the sound: "Serpentina! Belief in thee, love of thee has unfolded to my soul the inmost spirit of nature! Thou hast brought me the lily, which sprung from gold, from the primeval force of the world, before Phosphorus had kindled the spark of thought; this lily is knowledge of the sacred harmony of all beings; and in this do I live in highest blessedness for evermore. Yes, I, thrice happy, have perceived what was highest; I must indeed love thee forever, O Serpentina! Never shall the golden blossoms of the lily grow pale; for, like belief and love, this knowledge is eternal."

Carlyle's Translation.

NUTCRACKER AND THE KING OF MICE

From 'The Serapion Brethren'

As soon as Marie was alone, she set rapidly to work to do the thing which was chiefly at her heart to accomplish, and which, though she scarcely knew why, she somehow did not like to set about in her mother's presence. She had been holding Nutcracker, wrapped in the handkerchief, carefully in her arms all this time; and she now laid him softly down on the table, gently unrolled the handkerchief, and examined his wounds.

Nutcracker was very pale, but at the same time he was smiling with a melancholy and pathetic kindness which went straight to Marie's heart.

"O my darling little Nutcracker!" said she very softly, "don't you be vexed because brother Fritz has hurt you so: he didn't mean it, you know; he's only a little bit hardened with his soldiering and that; but he's a good nice boy, I can assure you; and I'll take the greatest care of you and nurse you till you're quite, quite better and happy again. And your teeth shall be put in again for you, and your shoulder set right; godpapa Drosselmeier will see to that; he knows how to do things of the kind—"

Marie could not finish what she was going to say, because at the mention of godpapa Drosselmeier, friend Nutcracker made a most horrible ugly face. A sort of green sparkle of much sharpness seemed to dart out of his eyes. This was only for an instant, however; and just as Marie was going to be terribly frightened, she found that she was looking at the very same nice, kindly face, with the pathetic smile, which she had seen before, and she saw plainly that it was nothing but some draught of air making the lamp flicker that had seemed to produce the change.

"Well!" she said, "I certainly am a silly girl to be so easily frightened, and think that a wooden doll could make faces at me! But I'm too fond really of Nutcracker, because he's so funny, and so kind and nice; and so he must be taken the greatest care of, and properly nursed till he's quite well."

With which she took him in her arms again, approached the cupboard, and kneeling down beside it, said to her new doll:—

"I'm going to ask a favor of you, Miss Clara: that you will give up your bed to this poor, sick, wounded Nutcracker, and make yourself as comfortable as you can on the sofa here. Remember that you're quite well and strong yourself, or you

wouldn't have such fat red cheeks, and that there are very few dolls indeed who have as comfortable a sofa as this to lie upon."

Miss Clara, in her Christmas full dress, looked very grand and disdainful, and said not so much as "Muck!"

"Very well," said Marie, "why should I make such a fuss, and stand on any ceremony?"—took the bed and moved it forward; laid Nutcracker carefully and tenderly down on it; wrapped another pretty ribbon, taken from her own dress, about his hurt shoulder, and drew the bed-clothes up to his nose.

"But he shan't stay with that nasty Clara," she said, and moved the bed, with Nutcracker in it, up to the upper shelf, so that it was placed near the village in which Fritz's hussars had their cantonments. She closed the cupboard and was moving away to go to bed, when—listen, children!—there began a low soft rustling and rattling, and a sort of whispering noise, all round, in all directions, from all quarters of the room,—behind the stove, under the chairs, behind the cupboards. The clock on the wall "warned" louder and louder, but could not strike. Marie looked at it, and saw that the big gilt owl which was on the top of it had drooped its wings so that they covered the whole of the clock, and had stretched its cat-like head, with the crooked beak, a long way forward. And the "warning" kept growing louder and louder, with distinct words: "Clocks, clock-ies, stop ticking. No sound, but cautious 'warning.' Mousey king's ears are fine. Prr-prr. Only sing 'poom, poom'; sing the olden song of doom! prr-prr; poom, poom. Bells go chime! Soon rings out the fated time!" And then came "Poom! poom!" quite hoarsely and smothered, twelve times.

Marie grew terribly frightened, and was going to rush away as best she could, when she noticed that godpapa Drosselmeier was up on the top of the clock instead of the owl, with his yellow coat-tails hanging down on both sides like wings. But she manned herself, and called out in a loud voice of anguish:—

"Godpapa! godpapa! what are you up there for? Come down to me, and don't frighten me so terribly, you naughty, naughty godpapa Drosselmeier!"

But then there began a sort of wild kicking and queaking, everywhere, all about, and presently there was a sound as of running and trotting, as of thousands of little feet behind the walls and thousands of little lights began to glitter out between

the chinks of the woodwork. But they were not lights; no, no! little glittering eyes; and Marie became aware that everywhere mice were peeping and squeezing themselves out through every chink. Presently they were trotting and galloping in all directions over the room; orderly bodies, continually increasing, of mice, forming themselves into regular troops and squadrons, in good order, just as Fritz's soldiers did when manœuvres were going on. As Marie was not afraid of mice (as many children are), she could not help being amused by this; and her first alarm had nearly left her, when suddenly there came such a sharp and terrible piping noise that the blood ran cold in her veins. Ah! what did she see then? Well, truly, kind reader, I know that your heart is in the right place, just as much as my friend Field Marshal Fritz's is, itself: but if you had seen what now came before Marie's eyes, you would have made a clean pair of heels of it; nay, I consider that you would have plumped into your bed, and drawn the blankets further over your head than necessity demanded.

But poor Marie hadn't it in her power to do any such thing, because, right at her feet, as if impelled by some subterranean power, sand and lime and broken stone came bursting up, and then seven mouse-heads, with seven shining crowns upon them, rose through the floor, hissing and piping in a most horrible way. Quickly the body of the mouse which had those seven crowned heads forced its way up through the floor, and this enormous creature shouted, with its seven heads, aloud to the assembled multitude, squeaking to them with all the seven mouths in full chorus; and then the entire army set itself in motion, and went trot, trot, right up to the cupboard—and in fact, to Marie who was standing beside it.

Marie's heart had been beating so with terror that she had thought it must jump out of her breast, and she must die. But now it seemed to her as if the blood in her veins stood still. Half fainting, she leant backwards, and then there was a "klirr, klirr, prr," and the pane of the cupboard, which she had broken with her elbow, fell in shivers to the floor. She felt for a moment a sharp, stinging pain in her arm, but still this seemed to make her heart lighter; she heard no more of the queaking and piping. Everything was quiet; and though she didn't dare to look, she thought the noise of the glass breaking had frightened the mice back to their holes.

But what came to pass then? Right behind Marie a movement seemed to commence in the cupboard, and small faint voices began to be heard, saying:—

“Come, awake, measures take;
Out to the fight, out to the fight;
Shield the right, shield the right;
Arm and away,—this is the night.”

And harmonica bells began ringing as prettily as you please.

“Oh! that’s my little peal of bells!” cried Marie, and went nearer and looked in. Then she saw that there was bright light in the cupboard, and everything busily in motion there; dolls and little figures of various kinds all running about together, and struggling with their little arms. At this point, Nutcracker rose from his bed, cast off the bedclothes, and sprung with both feet on to the floor (of the shelf), crying out at the top of his voice:—

“Knack, knack, knack,
Stupid mousey pack,
All their skulls we’ll crack.
Mousey pack, knack, knack,
Mousey pack, crick and crack,
Cowardly lot of schnack!”

And with this he drew his little sword, waved it in the air, and cried:—

“Ye, my trusty vassals, brethren and friends, are ye ready to stand by me in this great battle?”

Immediately three scaramouches, one pantaloon, four chimney-sweeps, two zither-players, and a drummer, cried in eager accents:—

“Yes, your Highness: we will stand by you in loyal duty; we will follow you to the death, the victory, and the fray!” And they precipitated themselves after Nutcracker (who in the excitement of the moment had dared that perilous leap) to the bottom shelf. Now *they* might well dare this perilous leap; for not only had they got plenty of clothes on, of cloth and silk, but besides, there was not much in their insides except cotton and sawdust, so that they plumped down like little wood-sacks. But as for poor Nutcracker, he would certainly have broken his arms and legs; for, bethink you, it was nearly two feet from where he had stood to the shelf below, and his body was as fragile as if

he had been made of elm-wood. Yes, Nutcracker would have broken his arms and legs had not Miss Clara started up from her sofa at the moment of his spring, and received the hero, drawn sword and all, in her tender arms.

"O you dear good Clara!" cried Marie, "how I did misunderstand you! I believe you were quite willing to let dear Nutcracker have your bed."

But Miss Clara now cried, as she pressed the young hero gently to her silken breast:—

"O my lord! go not into this battle and danger, sick and wounded as you are. See how your trusty vassals—clowns and pantaloons, chimney-sweeps, zithermen, and drummer—are already arrayed below; and the puzzle figures, in my shelf here, are in motion and preparing for the fray! Deign, then, O my lord, to rest in these arms of mine, and contemplate your victory from a safe coign of vantage."

Thus spoke Clara. But Nutcracker behaved so impatiently, and kicked so with his legs, that Clara was obliged to put him down on the shelf in a hurry. However, he at once sank gracefully on one knee, and expressed himself as follows:—

"O lady! the kind protection and aid which you have afforded me will ever be present to my heart, in battle and in victory!"

On this, Clara bowed herself so as to be able to take hold of him by his arms, raised him gently up, quickly loosed her girdle, which was ornamented with many spangles, and would have placed it about his shoulders. But the little man drew himself swiftly two steps back, laid his hand upon his heart, and said with much solemnity:—

"O lady! do not bestow this mark of your favor upon me; for—" He hesitated, gave a deep sigh, took the ribbon with which Marie had bound him from his shoulders, pressed it to his lips, put it on as a cognizance for the fight, and waving his glittering sword, sprang like a bird over the ledge of the cupboard down to the floor.

You will observe, kind reader, that Nutcracker, even before he really came to life, had felt and understood all Marie's goodness and regard, and that it was because of his gratitude and devotion to her that he would not take, or wear even, a ribbon of Miss Clara's, although it was exceedingly pretty and charming. This good, true-hearted Nutcracker preferred Marie's much commoner and more unpretending token.

But what is going to happen further, now? At the moment when Nutcracker sprang down, the queaking and piping commenced again worse than ever. Alas! under the big table the hordes of the mouse army had taken up a position, densely massed, under the command of the terrible mouse with the seven heads. So what is to be the result?

THE BATTLE

"BEAT the *Générale*, trusty vassal drummer!" cried Nutcracker very loud; and immediately the drummer began to roll his drum in the most splendid style, so that the windows of the glass cupboard rattled and resounded. Then there began a cracking and a clattering inside, and Marie saw all the lids of the boxes in which Fritz's army was quartered bursting open, and the soldiers all came out and jumped down to the bottom shelf, where they formed up in good order. Nutcracker hurried up and down the ranks, speaking words of encouragement.

"There's not a dog of a trumpeter taking the trouble to sound a call!" he cried in a fury. Then he turned to the pantaloon (who was looking decidedly pale), and wobbling his long chin a good deal, said in a tone of solemnity:—

"I know how brave and experienced you are, General! What is essential here is a rapid comprehension of the situation, and immediate utilization of the passing moment. I intrust you with the command of the cavalry and artillery. You can do without a horse; your own legs are long, and you can gallop on them as fast as is necessary. Do your duty!"

Immediately Pantaloon put his long lean fingers to his mouth, and gave such a piercing crow that it rang as if a hundred little trumpets had been sounding lustily. Then there began a tramping and a neighing in the cupboard; and Fritz's dragoons and cuirassiers—but above all, the new glittering hussars—marched out, and then came to a halt, drawn up on the floor. They then marched past Nutcracker by regiments, with *guidons* flying and bands playing; after which they wheeled into line, and formed up at right angles to the line of march. Upon this, Fritz's artillery came rattling up, and formed action-front in advance of the halted cavalry. Then it went "boom-boom!" and Marie saw the sugar-plums doing terrible execution amongst the thickly massed mouse battalions, which were powdered quite white by them, and

greatly put to shame. But a battery of heavy guns, which had taken up a strong position on mamma's footstool, was what did the greatest execution; and "poom-poom-poom!" kept up a murderous fire of gingerbread nuts into the enemy's ranks with most destructive effect, mowing the mice down in great numbers. The enemy, however, was not materially checked in his advance, and had even possessed himself of one or two of the heavy guns, when there came "pr-r-pr-r!" and Marie could scarcely see what was happening, for smoke and dust; but this much is certain, that every corps engaged fought with the utmost bravery and determination, and it was for a long time doubtful which side would gain the day. The mice kept on developing fresh bodies of their forces, as they were advanced to the scene of action; their little silver balls—like pills in size—which they delivered with great precision (their musketry practice being specially fine) took effect even inside the glass cupboard. Clara and Gertrude ran up and down in utter despair, wringing their hands and loudly lamenting.

"Must I—the very loveliest doll in all the world—perish miserably in the very flower of my youth?" cried Miss Clara.

"Oh! was it for this," wept Gertrude, "that I have taken such pains to *conserver* myself all these years? Must I be shot here in my own drawing-room after all?"

On this they fell into each other's arms, and howled so terribly that you could hear them above all the din of the battle. For you have no idea of the hurly-burly that went on now, dear auditor! It went pr-r-pr-r-poof, piff-schnetterdeng—schnetterdeng—boom-booroom—boom-booroom—boom—all confusedly and higgledy-piggledy; and the mouse king and the mice squeaked and screamed; and then again Nutcracker's powerful voice was heard shouting words of command and issuing important orders, and he was seen striding along amongst his battalions in the thick of the fire.

Pantaloon had made several most brilliant cavalry charges, and covered himself with glory. But Fritz's hussars were subjected—by the mice—to a heavy fire of very evil-smelling shot, which made horrid spots on their red tunics: this caused them to hesitate, and hang rather back for a time. Pantaloon made them take ground to the left, in *echelon*; and in the excitement of the moment, he, with his dragoons and cuirassiers, executed a somewhat analogous movement. That is to say, they brought up the

right shoulder, wheeled to the left, and marched home to their quarters. This had the effect of bringing the battery of artillery on the footstool into imminent danger; and it was not long before a large body of exceedingly ugly mice delivered such a vigorous assault on this position that the whole of the footstool, with the guns and gunners, fell into the enemy's hands. Nutcracker seemed much disconcerted, and ordered his right wing to commence a retrograde movement. A soldier of your experience, my dear Fritz, knows well that such a movement is almost tantamount to a regular retreat, and you grieve with me, in anticipation, for the disaster which threatens the army of Marie's beloved little Nutcracker. But turn your glance in the other direction, and look at this left wing of Nutcracker's, where all is still going well, and you will see that there is yet much hope for the commander-in-chief and his cause.

During the hottest part of the engagement, masses of mouse cavalry had been quietly debouching from under the chest of drawers, and had subsequently made a most determined advance upon the left wing of Nutcracker's force, uttering loud and horrible queakings. But what a reception they met with! Very slowly, as the nature of the *terrain* necessitated (for the ledge at the bottom of the cupboard had to be passed), the regiment of motto figures, commanded by two Chinese emperors, advanced and formed square. These fine, brilliantly uniformed troops, consisting of gardeners, Tyrolese, Tungoses, hair-dressers, harlequins, Cupids, lions, tigers, unicorns, and monkeys, fought with the utmost courage, coolness, and steady endurance. This *bataillon d'élite* would have wrested the victory from the enemy had not one of his cavalry captains, pushing forward in a rash and foolhardy manner, made a charge upon one of the Chinese emperors and bitten off his head. This Chinese emperor, in his fall, knocked over and smothered a couple of Tungoses and a unicorn; and this created a gap, through which the enemy effected a rush which resulted in the whole battalion being bitten to death. But the enemy gained little advantage by this; for as soon as one of the mouse cavalry soldiers bit one of these brave adversaries to death, he found that there was a small piece of printed paper sticking in his throat, of which he died in a moment. Still, this was of small advantage to Nutcracker's army, which, having once commenced a retrograde movement, went on retreating farther and farther, suffering greater and greater loss.

• So that the unfortunate Nutcracker found himself driven back close to the front of the cupboard, with a very small remnant of his army.

"Bring up the reserves! Pantaloon! Scaramouch! Drummer! where the devil have you got to?" shouted Nutcracker, who was still reckoning on reinforcements from the cupboard. And there did, in fact, advance a small contingent of brown gingerbread men and women, with gilt faces, hats, and helmets; but they laid about them so clumsily that they never hit any of the enemy, and soon knocked off the cap of their commander-in-chief, Nutcracker himself. And the enemy's chasseurs soon bit their legs off, so that they tumbled topsy-turvy, and killed several of Nutcracker's companions-in-arms into the bargain.

Nutcracker was now hard pressed, and closely hemmed in by the enemy, and in a position of extreme peril. He tried to jump the bottom ledge of the cupboard, but his legs were not long enough. Clara and Gertrude had fainted; so they could give him no assistance. Hussars and heavy dragoons came charging up at him, and he shouted in wild despair:—

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

At this moment two of the enemy's riflemen seized him by his wooden cloak, and the king of the mice went rushing up to him, squeaking in triumph out of all his seven throats.

Marie could contain herself no longer. "O my poor Nutcracker!" she sobbed; took off her left shoe without very distinctly knowing what she was about, and threw it as hard as she could into the thick of the enemy, straight at their king.

Instantly everything vanished and disappeared. All was silence. Nothing to be seen. But Marie felt a more stinging pain than before in her left arm, and fell on the floor insensible.

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

(1874-)

BY BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

BORN into a wealthy Jewish family, and surrounded from childhood with the peculiar cultural influences of the Austrian capital — an age-long civilization, an almost Italian love of beauty, a truly Southern lightheartedness in facing the problems of life — Hofmannsthal remained wholly untouched by the wave of naturalism that swept over North Germany in the early nineties. Indeed, his own literary beginnings were made in an exclusive circle of very eager young *précieux*, with the poet Stefan George as their chief mentor, whose entire work represented the most emphatic protest against the principles of the naturalistic school. «True poetry,» they insisted, «does not describe: it merely awakens or suggests with the aid of indispensable words.» Hofmannsthal himself stresses «words,» and asserts that «a new and bold combination of words is the most wondrous of gifts for the soul.» So these literary goldsmiths, as they have been called, have carried almost to its highest perfection the art of linking human speech, and Hofmannsthal is by many regarded as the greatest living exponent of exquisiteness in German style. Perhaps no other writer of German could have equalled his *tour de force* in the adaptation of the old English morality play (Everyman,) for which he created a most fitting linguistic dress by combining with the phraseology of Luther's Bible certain Austrian dialect forms. Always he has a sure instinct for the correct word or phrase, and his prose and verse are alike characterized by flawless form, beauty of imagery, and perfect euphony. His style has the quality that distinguishes Kipling at his best, a felicity that causes us to linger over his sentences as the gourmet allows some particularly delicious tidbit to melt on his tongue. Such an art has its finest fruition in the lyric, and although Hofmannsthal's production in this field is not large, he has written almost nothing that is not of distinguished excellence. Unlike many ultra-moderns, he employs no unusual means in his lyrics, but secures his effects by the perfect symmetry and balance of simple elements in euphonious combination.

The bulk of Hofmannsthal's work is in the field of drama, where he evinces a considerable versatility. Two tendencies, however, can be traced through all his dramatic works. His fellow-craftsmen had once declared: «We purpose not the invention of stories, but the

reproduction of moods, not contemplation but delineation, and we desire not to entertain but to leave an impression.» This is essentially the function of the lyric poet, and Hofmannsthal's plays abound in passages which are essentially lyric in spirit if not in form, and which alone give these works their permanence. Such a classic as *(Death and the Fool)*, for example, which still perhaps represents the high-water mark of his achievement, is but little more than a series of lyric moods of great beauty and charm.

The other tendency may be gathered from Hofmannsthal's remark that, «no direct road leads from poetry into life, none from life into poetry.» So we find him, like the Romanticists with whom his spirit most closely allies him, choosing his themes by preference in a far-away age or clime. Now it is classic Greece that attracts him, as in *(Œdipus and the Sphinx)* — a superb study of a man born to rule — and *(Electra)* — a particularly vivid, yet gruesome and overdrawn, psychological picture. Again, it is Italy of the sensuous beauty that he uses for background, in an adaptation of Otway's *(Venice Preserved)*, — where he attempts a psychological interpretation of the hero-traitor, Jaffier, — in *(Christina's Homeward Journey)*, a comedy, and in *(The Adventurer and the Singer)*. For *(The Marriage of Sobeide)* he chooses ancient Persia for his romantic setting, while his *(Rose Cavalier)* — a brilliant comedy, chiefly known through Richard Strauss's use of it as a libretto — gains color from the courtly costumes of an earlier day.

Dramatically, Hofmannsthal's greatest successes so far are perhaps *(The Marriage of Sobeide)* and *(The Adventurer and the Singer)*. The former just falls short of greatness by a straining both of probability and poetic truth in the second act, yet has lines of imperishable beauty, and the third act is quite perfect in its kind. The other verse-drama, founded on an episode in the life of Casanova, succeeds to an extraordinary degree in re-creating the atmosphere of luxury-loving Venice; and the chief figures are poignantly true.

Hofmannsthal matured very early, and in some respects he has not fulfilled the high promise of his first published work, a dramatic sketch written at the age of seventeen. Yet there is surely no other dramatist in Germany to-day whose work holds out such hope for the future as that of Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

THE MEETING

From (The Adventurer and the Singer)

[Baron Weidenstamm, the adventurer, returns to Venice after long years of absence, and is recognized in the opera-house by Vittoria, the opera-singer, who has loved him and has a son by him. After the performance she finds her way to him.]

BARON — Tell more about thyself, yet more.

Vittoria [with growing animation] —

Hast thou not heard
 Me sing? They say the air grows darker
 And lighter in the largest churches
 When I am singing.
 They say my voice is like a singing bird
 That sits upon a twig in heavenly glory.
 They say that when I sing, there mingle joyful
 Two streams, the golden stream of sweet oblivion,
 The silver stream of blissful recollection.
 Within my voice there floats the highest rapture
 On golden summits; and the golden chasm
 Of deepest anguish quivers in my singing.
 This is my all, for I am just as hollow
 As any vaulted body of a lute,
 A nothing, that but harbors worlds of dreams:
 And all of it's from thee, thine own, thy splendor. . . .

Baron — How should I be the cause of all these wonders?

Vittoria — O, simply, love. For this is how it came:
 When thou forsookst me, in my utter darkness
 Just like a bird that flutters on dark branches
 My voice sped out and searched the world for thee.
 Thou wast alive, that was enough for me.
 I sang and thou wast near, I know not how,
 And oft and oft I thought thou wast quite near
 And that my voice could fetch thee from the air
 As if it had the talons of the eagle.
 I 'stablished islands in the air, and it was here
 Thou layest when I sang. And always, always
 I felt as if I clamored: It is he
 Inspiring all these raptures, all these torments!
 Heed not my voice! 'Tis he that moves you so!
 And my complaints descended far and far
 Like endless stairways, gates beneath me thundered
 And closed with distant rumbling, all the world
 My voice embraced, the world and more: thyself —
 Thou wast in it.

Baron — Be mine again, Vittoria.

Vittoria — I cannot. No. I will not!

Baron — Who forbids it?

Vittoria — Who? [*Pauses.*] Oh, people — too.

Baron — Thy husband?

Vittoria — My whole fate

Forbids it utterly. Dost thou not feel it? . . .

Baron — Belong to me again! Recall the past!

Vittoria — I do recall it. There's no fibre in me
But knows it well. And therefore let me be.
But thou recall. Think how the horror came,
When we had fain, with sinful, impious finger,
Stirred up the dying flame. . . .

Baron — Oh, what a fool

Was I, to torture thee, what miscreant
And fool! And all about the presents!

Vittoria [*quite perplexed*] —
The presents?

Baron — Which the marquis—

Vittoria [*repeats*] — Marquis — me?

Baron — Grimaldi —

Vittoria [*dully*] —

What?

Baron — Who built your country-house —

Vittoria — My country-house?

Baron — Yes, with the nut-pine grove.

Vittoria — I know no country-house, and there was never
A present that could make thee torture me!
The name Grimaldi never touched my ear!
No word of him!

Baron — And could I have confounded
So much at once, the place and person both?

Vittoria — He has confounded it! he could forget it,
As 'twere the content of a wretched farce,
As 'twere a tavern's name, a dancer's face!

[*She weeps.*]

And if so much he could forget, then what
Forgot he not? [*Pauses.*]
He has forgot! — Fool, fool! So this is life. —
Now I am calm. Before, seest thou, I was
Just like a silly child, and so have spoiled
Our pleasant chat, thy quiet narrative.

THE FAREWELL

Closing scene of the same play

[The Baron is introduced into Vittoria's house by her husband, whom he has met by chance, and sees there his son, her supposed brother Cesarino. But being warned of danger if he remains in Venice, he takes hurried leave in order to enjoy one more amour before his time in Venice is up. The closing lines follow.]

BARON — Farewell.
Vittoria —
Farewell.

[She turns once more, advances to him; with altered voice.]

Antonio, thou knowst how yesternight
I came to thee? That memory shall be thine:
I came, so much the slave of an enchantment
That issued from thee — and yet not from thee —
That I was scarce the mother of thy child,
No longer I myself, the prima donna,
But thine to hold, thy silly artless creature,
The little, long since dead Vittoria.
How glad I am that thou perceived it not,
And now hast giv'n me to myself again.
I might be grateful too, that, thanks to thee,
Once more I still could feel so —

Baron [advancing] —

O Vittoria!

Vittoria [rebuffing him with a slight gesture, softly] —
Too late.

[The servant comes from the rear.]

Vittoria [nodding to the servant, with a smile, aloud] —

Your gondola, I see, is waiting,
Sir Baron!

[She bends her head, the Baron bows low. Both pass off. The Baron disappears in the background with the servant. Vittoria remains standing at the door and looks after him until he disappears.]

Vittoria — What really going? Can he? Yes, he's going!
He's going. Why should I weep? A kindly fate
Is bringing all things to a gentle ending,

And I keep all I have, for he is going
 From out whose mouth the lightning might have fallen:
 For now he's prancing to a dancer's piping,
 Aye, and the lodestone, where his rotten bark
 Will one day yield its bolts and go to pieces,
 Is any dwelling from whose open windows
 Thin, painted lips smile down upon the pavements.

*[She sits in a chair, claps her hands to her face, and weeps.
 After a time she rises and walks up and down.]*

He goes and does not even turn his head
 To see the house in which his child is dwelling.
 Methinks I wished that it might happen so!
 Or have I lied and duped my very self?
 How lightly, gayly all this found its end!
 Had I not seen him as I did yestre'en,
 I never could have played my part this morning.
 And then again: were something of that ore
 That in the title «Father» peals and rings
 But mingled with his nature's plastic clay,
 He had not thus departed from this threshold.
 Upon what cobweb or what heavy chain
 Of iron dost thou hang our little fates,
 O Master? *[Pause.]*

Well, I see that this is so.
 The streams of life, they take a certain course,
 And who made music — soon there comes a day
 When he knows her no more, and turns away
 And leaves her: even so it happened here.
 Am I then not the music that he made,
 I and my child? Is there no fire in us,
 That once was flaming fire in his soul?
 Whatever kindling set the fire to burning:
 The flame's from God, to God again returning!

[With light tread she passes from the stage.]

*[The stage remains empty a moment. Then Cesarino
 enters. He calls.]*

Cesarino — Vittoria! Vittoria!

*[He stands listening with growing intentness in the middle
 of the stage. Then he runs to the door, listens, and cries
 with quivering voice:]*

Lorenzo, quick! she's singing wondrously,
It makes my blood stand still in every vein!
She's singing Ariadne's glorious song,
That she would never sing for years and years:
The lovely aria, you know, where she is standing
On Bacchus' chariot! Come, Lorenzo, come!

[*Curtain.*]

DAWN OF SPRING

THERE floats the breath of spring
Through desolate trees;
Many a strange thing
Is in his breeze.

He gently lingers
Mid tears and care,
And wreathes his fingers
In dishevelled hair.

He lavishly spreads
Acacia bloom
And cools the heads
That burn in the gloom.

Through the sighing
Desolate trees
Send the breeze
Shadows flying,

And the scent
Is wafted light
From whence he came
Since yesternight.

Faces smiling
He has caressed,
And waked the beguiling
Meads in his quest.

He sped through the flute
As a sob and a cry,
And the red dawn was mute
As he flitted by.

In silence he came
Through the murmuring hall,
And blew to its fall
The slender flame.

BALLAD OF THE OUTER LIFE

AND children wake to life in deep-eyed wonder,
And ignorant in living as in dying,
And all we men our several ways must travel.

And bitter fruits are turned to sweet, and flying
Like stricken birds they fall on earth, to cheer it,
But spoil ungathered in a few days lying.

And evermore the zephyr blows, we hear it
And ceaseless speak with all our little graces,
And feel both joy and weariness of spirit.

And pathways wander through the grass, and places
With trees and ponds, where torches oft assemble;
With threatening, or deathly withered faces. . . .

Why are so many built, and why resemble
Each other never, countless and unending?
Why alternately weep and laugh and tremble?


What profits us all this and such contending,
Since lifelong loneliness our manhood grips,
And to no goal our erring feet are wending?

What profits us such life, though far we roam?
And yet how much he says, who «Evening» says:
A word whence pensiveness and sadness drips
Like heavy honey from the hollow comb.

Translated by Dr. Morgan for the Library of the World's Best Literature.

JAMES HOGG

(1770-1835)

NE of the great names in modern Scottish Border poetry is James Hogg, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd; a child of nature, nourished in the Border glens and beside Border streams, on the stories and traditions of Scotland. Born in 1770 in Ettrick, which is situated in one of the most mountainous and picturesque districts in the South of Scotland, when he was thirty he had had but half a year's schooling; for he was sent to fold the sheep when but seven years old, and at sixteen attained to the dignity of shepherd, in which capacity he remained until he met Sir Walter Scott (1801), who felt that in him he had found "a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his power," and advised him to publish his poems.

At this time Hogg is described by the son of his master as

"above middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; his face was round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gayety, glee, and good-humor. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light-brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday, he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back and fell almost to his loins. And every female eye was upon him, as with light step he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat."

JAMES HOGG

From 1810 to 1816 he lived in Edinburgh, but then went back to Eltrive Lake in Yarrow, where his best verse was inspired. Of his early work, which was done in Blackhouse Glen, far from human life, alone with his lambs and dogs, the poet says: "For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still clear appellation of 'Jamie the Poeter.'" Hogg's poetry, which is happiest when it has a strong flavor of dialect, is notable for its fanciful humor or rollicking spirit of song, its love

of the weird and wonderful, its pictures of brownies, fairies, and country life; but his ambition to rival in their own way the greatest poets of his time was curiously egotistic. 'The Queen's Wake,' his most ambitious effort, was written in imitation of Scott's historical romances, and he boasted that he had "beaten him in his own line." Though a most prolific writer, the greater part of his verse is charming. He died at Eltrive Lake, November 21st, 1835, aged sixty-five.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY

O H, WHAT will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?
 Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?

There's no a heart in a' the glen
 That disna dread the day:
 Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,
 A waefu' wight is he;
 Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
 An' laid him down to dee;
 An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
 An' learnin' fast to pray:
 An' oh, what will the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
 Has drunk her health in wine;
 The priest has said—in confidence—
 The lassie was divine,
 An' that is mair in maiden's praise
 Than ony priest should say:
 But oh, what will the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
 That day will quaver high;
 'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
 The laverock frae the sky;
 The fairies frae their beds o' dew
 Will rise an' join the lay:
 An' hey! what a day 'twill be
 When Maggy gangs away!

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place:
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
 Where, on thy dewy wing—
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar singing away!
 Then when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

DONALD M'DONALD

Air—*"Woo'd an' married an' a'."*

MY NAME it is Donald M'Donald,
 I live in the Hielands sae grand;
 I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
 Wherever my Maker has land.
 When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
 Nae danger can fear me ava:
 I ken that my brethren around me
 Are either to conquer or fa'.
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogues an' a':
 An' is nae her very weel aff,
 Wi' her brogues an' brochen an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
 To tell it I dinna think shame:
 Poor lad! he came to us but barely,
 An' reckoned our mountains his hame.
 'Twas true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness carried the day;
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane away,
 Sword an' buckler an' a',
 Buckler an' sword an' a';
 Now for George we'll encounter the Devil,
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' oh, I wad eagerly press him
 The keys o' the East to retain;
 For should he gie up the possession,
 We'll soon hae to force them again.
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonor,
 Though it were my finishing blow,
 He aye may depend on M'Donald,
 Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row,
 Knees an' elbows an' a',
 Elbows an' knees an' a';
 Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
 His knees an' elbows an' a'!

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
 Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
 I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
 We'd rattle off frae our shore,
 Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
 An' sing him—'Lochaber no more!'
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',
 Bullets an' stanes an' a';
 We'll finish the Corsican callan
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'!

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
 An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
 An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;

An' I their gude brither M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough
Oh! a happy bird is he!
Where he pours his melting ditty
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny luken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,

Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,
Drops down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill:
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?

100
100
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100

LUDVIG HOLBERG

LUDVIG HOLBERG

(1684-1754)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE literature of modern Scandinavia was, like that of modern Germany, slow to emerge from the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages; and the writer who ushers in the literature of modern Denmark was a boy of sixteen when the seventeenth century rounded to its close. In Scandinavia, as in Germany, the Reformation had indeed been followed by a period of intellectual ferment, but the energies thus liberated found their chief vent in theological and political discussion. In Danish literature this period is known as the age of learning; but it was an age which left humanism clean out of the question, and even its learning was of the narrow scholastic type. Into the world thus busied, which was destined during his lifetime and largely owing to his activity to undergo so complete an intellectual transformation, Ludvig Holberg was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3d, 1684. The accident of his birth in this Hansa town has led the Norwegians to claim him for their own, and to dispute his title as the Father of Danish Literature. The facts are, of course, that Norway and Denmark were politically one until 1814, with a common language, and a common intellectual centre in Copenhagen. Nearly all the literature produced, whether by Danes or Norwegians, saw the light in the Danish capital, and is properly to be described as Danish literature. Holberg saw Norway for the last time in 1705; it was in Denmark that he lived and wrote, and made for himself the greatest name in all Scandinavian literature. ? ?

The principal authority for the facts of Holberg's life, except for the closing years, is a sort of autobiography, originally published in his 'Opuscula Latina,' and afterwards translated into Danish with the title 'Trende Epistler' (Three Epistles). This little volume is candid, concise, and extremely readable, mingling jest with earnest in an altogether delightful fashion. The touch of the writer of satirical comedy is frequently seen, and the author describes his own foibles with the same sort of good-humor that goes to the creation of the types immortalized in 'Den Danske Skueplads,' or collection of his plays. From this autobiography we learn that Ludvig was the youngest of twelve children, and was left an orphan at the age of

ten. He went to school in Bergen, and was then sent to Copenhagen for an examination. Being without the money needful for university study, he soon returned to Norway, where he taught for a year in a clergyman's family, incidentally preaching on occasion in his master's place, and giving great satisfaction in the latter capacity by the brevity of his discourses. With the money thus earned, he went back to Copenhagen, studied French and Italian, and passed a fairly creditable examination in philosophy and theology. In the autumn of 1704, with sixty rigsdaler in his pocket, he set out to see the world.

Holberg's first glimpse of foreign lands was gained in about two months, and at cost of no little hardship. He got as far as Amsterdam and Aachen, and then home again. This was the first of the five foreign journeys that he made in about twenty years. In itself it was unimportant, but all the five taken together were of great significance both for him and his country. For from these excursions into the larger world of thought and action, he brought back nothing less than the great gift of European culture to bestow upon his fellow-countrymen; through him the light of the modern intelligence shone upon the darkness of the North. The freedom of the human spirit was asserting itself in many directions abroad; at home it was held in the shackles of tradition. Holberg learned of such men as Rabelais and Montaigne, Descartes and Bayle, Newton and Locke, Leibnitz and Puffendorf, Spinoza and Grotius; and felt called upon to become their interpreter to his fellow-countrymen. To this task he gave his life; and, thanks to his efforts, the Scandinavian countries, in spite of their place apart, have never lagged far behind the rest of Europe. But it is eminently characteristic of their literature, from that time to the present, that its main inspiration has been thus brought from without; and Ibsen in 1864, leaving his country because its air seemed too sultry to breathe, but repeated the experience of Holberg a century and a half earlier.

Holberg's second outing took him to Oxford, where he remained from 1705 to 1707, pursuing his studies and supporting himself by teaching music and the languages. It has been recently pointed out, mainly from internal evidence, that Addison was probably numbered among the friends made during this English sojourn, and that the germs of several of the comedies may be found in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. The stay in Oxford was a turning-point in Holberg's life, in the sense that when he returned it was to Copenhagen, not to Norway, and that he never thereafter set foot upon his native soil. After lecturing for a while in Copenhagen, he went abroad for a winter in Dresden, Leipzig, and Halle. Returning in 1708, he spent the six years following in teaching, and during this period published his first

work, an introduction to European history. The publication of this work got the author into a literary controversy which is mainly significant because it first aroused Holberg's consciousness of his possession of the gift of satire, and helped prepare the way for 'Peder Paars' and the comedies.

The dedication to the King of a historical work of minor importance won for Holberg an appointment as professor extraordinary at the University, a purely honorary post. He thought it a good deal of a joke that he should be appointed to lecture at the University, in view of his opinion of the subjects most industriously pursued in that institution. "I could," he says, "by good luck frame a syllogism after a fashion, but could by no means be sure whether it was in Barbara or Elizabeth." The question of subsistence in his unsalaried position was, however, anything but a joke; for his new dignity debarred him from giving private instruction, hitherto his mainstay. But there came presently a traveling stipend of one hundred rigsdaler annually; and thus slenderly provided, he set out in 1714 upon his fourth foreign journey, remaining more than two years away from home, for the most part in France and Italy. In the summer of 1716 he made his way home, and his *Wanderjahre* were over. The one foreign journey subsequently made by him took place ten years later, when he was at the height of his fame.

For two years after his return, Holberg lived in great poverty. At this time he published a treatise upon the law of nations, basing his work upon that of Grotius and Puffendorf. At last a chair became vacant in the University, and he was called to fill it. In 1718 he was installed in his professorship, and for the rest of his life remained, occupying higher and higher positions, in close official connection with the University. Metaphysics was the subject at first assigned him, and so with a wry face he became, and remained for two years, *philosophe malgré lui*. Brandes very plausibly finds in this enforced and distasteful occupation a main cause of the irony which was planted deep within his soul, and the active impulse which led to the development of his genius in its most characteristic phase.

'Peder Paars,' the first of the works to which Holberg mainly owes his fame, was published in 1719-20. It is a mock epic in four books, and extends to upwards of six thousand lines. It is written in rhymed iambic hexameters of a very pedestrian gait. Although a poem in form, it is as destitute of the spirit of true poetry as is the 'Lutrin' of Boileau, which it suggests. Holberg was not a poet, and could not become one. The gifts of irony and satire he had in the richest measure, his humor was all but the deepest, and his imagination was vivid upon every side but the poetic. His intellectual and human sympathies embraced nearly all the life and thought of mankind. He

was of the Voltairean type, the incarnation of intelligence tempered by sympathy; and he even had his enthusiasms, although the superficial student might fail to find them. Most of these qualities appear in this his first great work, which recounts the adventures of a grocer of Callundborg upon a journey to Aarhus. It pretends to be written by one Hans Mickelson, and is provided with notes by an equally mythical Just Justesen. Speaking through the mask of the latter, the author declares that it is the object of his work "to ridicule the many ballads that are with so much eagerness read by the common people. . . . He has also wished to poke fun at heroic verse." The poem is from beginning to end a travesty of the heroic epic, employing and turning to ridicule the supernatural machinery and the rhetorical devices of the classics of antiquity. Both the one and the other seemed absurd enough to this shrewd humorist, and probably the use to which the classics were put in an institution like the University of Copenhagen was sufficient to repress any impulse on the part of anybody to enter into their real spirit.

In the course of his journeyings, Peder Paars is wrecked upon the island of Anholt; and the following passage, relating to the inhabitants of that spot, may be given to illustrate the poem:—

"Anholt the island's name, in answer he did say,
And daily for seafarers the islanders do pray,
That they may come to shore. And answer oft is given,
For hither storm-tossed ships quite frequently are driven.
Good people are they now, although I fear 'tis true
That they in former days were but a sorry crew.
A very aged man, once guest of mine, I know,
Who told me of a priest that lived here long ago,—
His name I do not give; it need not mentioned be,—
Who for a child baptized a daler charged as fee;
And when 'twas asked of him upon what grounds, and why,
He made this double charge, he boldly gave reply:—
'Two marks I am allowed for each child I baptize,
And two for burial. Now, rarely 'tis one dies
Of sickness in his bed, for hanged are nearly all,
And thus my rightful dues I get, or not at all.'
Of yore their lives were evil, as we from this may tell,—
It little touches me, for here I do not dwell,—
But now we see that better they grow from day to day,
For Christian lives they lead, and shipwrecks are their stay."

A certain worthy Anholter felt so much aggrieved at this description that he petitioned to have the poem burned by the hangman. Another passage, which gave particular offense to the solemn pedants of the University, thus describes an academic disputation:—

"The entire hall was seen with syllogisms quaking,
 While some their outstretched hands, and others fists were shaking.
 From off the learned brows salt perspiration ran,
 And most profusely from a venerable man
 Who in the pulpit stood. There flew his head about
 Greek-Latin shafts so thick, one could no longer doubt
 That nothing less than life and honor were at stake;
 Since for no trifle men would such a tumult make.
 Tell me, Calliope, what deep, what grievous wrong
 Hath to such passionate wrath stirred up this learned throng?
 What ails these sages now, whose minds the world illumine,
 That here, like men made drunk or mad, they shout and fume?"

In spite of the indignation aroused by such passages, the poem escaped burning and the author punishment. Tradition says that the King read it and found it amusing. And the public read it as no Danish book had ever been read before. The author had his reward in the fame that suddenly came to him, and in the proud consciousness that posterity would atone for the injustice done him by his enemies. Some years later, in verses that come as near to being genuine poetry as any that Holberg ever penned, he referred to himself and his work in the following prophetic terms:—

"Perchance, when in the grave his body moldering lies,
 Perchance, when with his death the voice of envy dies,
 Another tone may swell, struck from another chord,
 And things now hidden men may view with sight restored.
 Admit, the work does not display the scholar's lore,
 Admit that 'tis a fantasy, and nothing more:
 Although of little use, yet with a work of art
 For many learned books the wise man will not part."

We now come to the most fruitful period of Holberg's activity; the creative period that gave to Denmark a national stage, and to universal literature a series of comedies that can be classed with those of Molière alone. The comedies of Aristophanes and Shakespeare are of course out of court: they constitute a distinct literary species, with a divineness all its own. We owe the comedies of Holberg to the fact that King Frederik IV. was fond of the theatre, and the other fact that the foreign companies that gave plays in Copenhagen were not exactly successful in suiting the public taste. In this emergency, it was suggested that Danish plays might be ventured upon as an experiment, and Holberg was asked to try his hand at their composition. After some hesitation he consented, and soon had a batch of five comedies ready for the players. They were received by the public with great enthusiasm; and others followed in

quick succession, until no less than twenty-eight had been produced, all within a period of about five years. When we consider the technical finish of these comedies, their wealth of invention and humor, and the variety of the figures that live and breathe in their pages, we must reckon their production as one of the most astonishing feats in the history of literature.

The theatre was opened to the public in 1722. Six years later, Copenhagen was almost wholly destroyed by fire, and there was an end of theatre-going. In 1730 Christian VI. came to the throne; the court became strictly puritanical, and the genial days of play-acting were over. In 1747, under Frederik V., the theatre was reopened, and for it Holberg wrote six new plays, making thirty-four in all. These plays, to which the author himself gave the collective name of 'Den Danske Skueplads' (The Danish Stage), are the most important contribution yet made by the Scandinavian genius to literature.

To the student of Shakespeare or of Molière, the chronological order of the plays is a matter of the greatest consequence. To the student of Holberg it has no significance whatever. The first of them all is as finished and mature a production as any of those that come after. The only fact worth noting, perhaps, is that the comedies of the later period are less effective than those of the earlier; for the intervening score of years seem to have taken from the author's hand something of its cunning. One group of the comedies, six or eight in number, deal with fantastic and allegorical subjects. Here we may mention the 'Plutus,' an imitation of Aristophanes; 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' a jumble of incidents connected with the Trojan War; and 'Melampe,' a parody of French tragedy, and the only one of the comedies written largely in verse. Another group deals with the popular beliefs of a superstitious age,—beliefs very real in Holberg's day, and requiring considerable boldness to ridicule. This group of half a dozen includes 'Det Arabiske Pulver' (The Arabian Powder), concerned with the impostures of alchemy; 'Uden Hoved og Hale' (Without Head or Tail), which contrasts the two types of excessive credulity and excessive skepticism; and 'Hexerie' (Witchcraft), the hero of which makes a profitable business out of the Black Art. Many of the comedies depict "humors" in the Jonsonian sense, as 'Den Stundesløse' (The Busy Man); 'Den Voegelsindede' (The Fickle-Minded Woman); 'Jean de France,' depicting the dandy just returned from Paris; 'Jacob von Tyboe,' depicting the braggart soldier; and 'Den Honneste Ambition' (The Proper Ambition), depicting the personality of the title-seeking snob. Another group of the plays depend for their interest upon pure intrigue; and of these 'Henrich og Pernille' is perhaps the best, because the most symmetrical in construction.

Four of the comedies deserve more extended mention, because they display Holberg's highest powers of humorous satire, his keenest penetration, and his deepest moral earnestness. They are 'Den Politiske Kandestöber' (The Political Pewterer), 'Jeppe paa Bierget,' 'Erasmus Montanus,' and 'Det Lykkelige Skibbrud' (The Fortunate Shipwreck). In the first of these four plays we have a humorous delineation of the man who, without any practical experience in the work of government or any knowledge of political science, boldly discusses questions of public policy, and makes the most grotesque proposals for the welfare of the State. In 'Jeppe paa Bierget' we have the story made familiar to us by the 'Induction' to the 'Taming of the Shrew.' In his portrayal of a drunken peasant made for a day to believe himself a nobleman, Holberg achieved one of his greatest triumphs. It is not so much the drunken humor as the genuine humanity of the peasant that appeals to us, and the springs of pity are tapped no less than the springs of mirth. In 'Erasmus Montanus,' which Brandes calls "our deepest work," we have a study of the country youth who is sent to Copenhagen for his education, and who comes back to his simple home a pedantic prig, a superior person, scorning his family and old-time associates. Petty and insufferable as his training has made him, he is in some sort, after all, the representative of the intellectual life; and there is something almost tragic in the manner in which he is forced finally to succumb to prejudice, sacrificing the truth to his personal comfort. The special significance of 'Det Lykkelige Skibbrud' is in the last of the five acts, which gives us the author's *apologia pro vita sua*, and strikes a note of earnestness that must arrest the attention. The hero is a satirical poet, brought to judgment by his enraged fellow-citizens, and triumphantly acquitted by a righteous judge.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the comedies, large as they loom in the history of Danish letters, represent only five or six years of a life prolonged to the Scriptural tale, and almost Voltairean in its productiveness. Among the other works that must at least be mentioned are the 'Dannemarks Riges Historie' (History of the Kingdom of Denmark), the author's highest achievement as a historian; and the 'Hero Stories' and 'Heroine Stories' in Plutarch's manner, which were among the most popular of his prose writings. The most widely known of all Holberg's works is the 'Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterraneum' (Niels Klim's Underground Journey), published at Leipzig in 1741, and soon after translated into Danish and almost every other European tongue. It is a philosophical romance of the type of 'Utopia' and 'Gulliver,' and champions the spirit of tolerance in religious and other intellectual concerns.

The same liberal spirit breathes in the 'Moralske Tanker' (Moral Reflections) of 1744. This work, and the five volumes of 'Epistler'

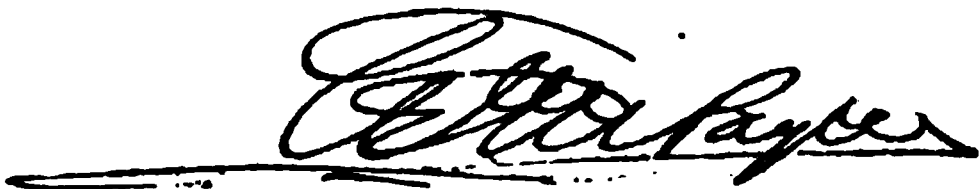
(1748-54), are about the last of Holberg's writings, and embody his ripest thought upon government, literature, philosophy, religion, and the practical conduct of life. If hitherto we have thought of Holberg as the Northern prototype of Molière or Voltaire, he appears to us in his 'Epistles' rather in the light of a Northern Montaigne. These brief essays, between five and six hundred in number, afford the most intimate revelation of the author's life and intellectual attitude. They are charmingly ripe and genial work, and close in the worthiest imaginable way the long list of the writings with which for nearly forty years he continued to enrich the national literature of which he had been the creator.

Nearly twenty years before his death, Holberg, who had never married, expressed a determination to devote to public uses the modest fortune that he had accumulated. He finally decided to apply this fortune to the endowment of Sorö Academy, a sort of auxiliary of the University; and the gift was made effective several years before his death. In 1747 he received a title of nobility; but as Baron Holberg remained the same conscientious and unaffected citizen that he had been as a commoner. He accepted his title with simple dignity, as a deserved recognition of his services to the State and the nation, just as in our own day the greatest of modern English poets accepted a similar title for similar reasons.

The last summons came to him near the close of 1753, in the form of an affection of the lungs. When told of his danger, he said:—"It is enough for me to know that I have sought all my life long to be a useful citizen of my country. I will therefore die willingly, and all the more so because I perceive that my mental powers are likely to fail me." The end came January 28th, 1754, when he had entered upon his seventieth year. His body lies in the church at Sorö, beneath a marble sarcophagus placed there a quarter of a century after his death.

The words just quoted strike the prevailing note of Holberg's character, in their unaffected simplicity revealing the inmost nature of the man. He was simple in his daily life, and simple in his chosen forms of literary expression, abhorring parade in the one as he abhorred pedantry in the other. Few figures of the eighteenth century stand out in as clear a light, and none is more deserving of respect. Holberg founded no school in the narrow sense, but in the wider sense the whole spiritual life of modern Denmark is traceable to his impulse and indebted to his example. He was not unconscious of his high mission, and even in the lightest of his comedies we may detect the ethical undercurrent. "Ej blot til Lyst"—"Not merely for pleasure"—has long been the motto of the Danish National Theatre; and it was in the spirit of that fine phrase that Holberg wrote, not only 'Den Danske Skueplads,' but also the many books of history

and allegory, of philosophy and criticism, that occupied his long and industrious days. Denmark may well be proud that such a figure stands in the forefront of its intellectual life.



NOTE. — It is difficult to give any adequate idea of Holberg's work by means of a few selections, but the attempt must be made. I have chosen three extracts from the comedies: the first, from 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' illustrates the author's work in its most fantastic phase; the second, from 'Den Politiske Kandestöber,' illustrates his powers and his limitations as a delineator of character; the third, from 'Erasmus Montanus,' develops the central situation of his most remarkable play, illustrating his insight, his humor, and his skill in the management of dialogue. To these dramatic scenes I have appended two of the most characteristic 'Epistles,' as examples of his manner as an essayist in prose. All the translations are my own, and made for the present occasion.

W. M. P.

FROM 'ULYSSES VON ITHACIA'

ULYSSES — Alas, Chilian, I have tried in every way to calm the wrath of Neptune; but prayers, offerings, are all in vain.

We have now wandered about for twenty years since the conquest of Troy from one place to another, until we have at last come to Cajania, where Queen Dido has promised us provision of ships for the pursuit of our journey; but alas! day after day goes by, and I fear that it will be longer than we think. For I am afraid of something I dare not think about. I am afraid, Chilian —

Chilian — What is my lord afraid of?

Ulysses — I am afraid that Dido has fallen in love with me.

Chilian — Perhaps —

Ulysses — Oh, unfortunate man that I am! If it is true, Chilian, we shall never get away from here.

Chilian — Will my lord not take it ill if I ask him how old he was when he left home?

Ulysses — I was in the flower of my age, not over forty.

Chilian — Good. Forty years to begin with; then ten years for the siege makes fifty, then twenty years on the homeward

journey makes seventy. The great Dido must be a great lover of antiquities, if she is so cold towards the many young men from whom she might choose, and falls in love with an aged and bearded man.

Ulysses—Listen, Chilian: I don't want to hear any such arguments; you must have made a mistake in the reckoning. When you see a thing with your eyes, you mustn't doubt it. If you saw snow in midsummer, you shouldn't say, "It is not possible that this should be snow, for it is now summer": it should be enough for you to see the snow with your eyes.

Chilian—I observe, my lord, that I must leave reason out of the question in the things that have happened to us. So I will no longer doubt, but rather think how we can get ourselves out of this fix.

Ulysses—How shall we escape this impending disaster?

Chilian—There is no other way but to steal away from the land in secret.

Ulysses—You are right there, Chilian. I will go right away and talk the situation over with my faithful comrades; stay here until I come back. [*Goes away.*]

Chilian [*alone*—I wish I had a pinch of snuff, so I could catch my breath; for my head is almost distracted. I am sure that when my lord comes back he will say again that it is ten years since he last spoke with me. We shall get to be five or six thousand years old before we come home to our fatherland; for I notice that we do not keep pace with time, but that time runs away from us while we stand still. I have a piece of English cheese here that I brought from Ithaca thirty years ago, and it is still quite fresh. And not only does time run away from us, but the earth on which we stand; for many times, when I light my pipe we are in the eastern corner of the world, and before I have smoked it out we find ourselves in the western corner.

Ulysses returns

Ulysses—Oh heavens! is it possible that such things can be in nature?

Chilian—What is up now, your Worship?

Ulysses—Alas, Chilian, I never could have imagined such a thing, if I hadn't seen it with these my eyes.

Chilian—What is it, my lord?

Ulysses—O Dido, Dido, what ill have I done thee, that thou shouldst thus exercise thy magic arts upon my faithful comrades?

Chilian—Are they bewitched?

Ulysses—Listen, Chilian, to a marvelous tale, the like of which has not been known from Deucalion's flood to the present time. During the four weeks since I last spoke with you—

Chilian—Is it only four weeks? I thought it was about four years.

Ulysses—During the four weeks, I say, I have been planning with my comrades to journey away in secret. We were all ready to go on board, when Dido got wind of it, and to prevent our departure, by magic changed all my comrades into swine.

Chilian—Ei, that cannot be possible, gracious lord! [*aside*] because they were swine before.

Ulysses—Alas, it is too true, Chilian. I thought my eyes deceived me, and I spoke to them. But their speech was transformed with their shape, and for an answer they grunted at me. Then I took flight for fear of likewise being turned into a hog. But there they come; I dare stay no longer. [*Departs weeping.*]

Enter the Comrades of Ulysses, crawling on their hands and feet, and grunting

Chilian—Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! The deuce take you all! I never saw the like in all my days.

Swine—Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian—Listen, you fellows: what devil is bestride you?

Swine—We are swine, little father. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian—The Devil take me if you are swine.

Swine—Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian [*gets down on his hands and feet, and begins to grunt*]—Ugh, ugh, ugh! Listen, you fellows, are you sure you are swine?

Swine—Ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian—Well, since you are swine, you shall have swine's food. Eat me up this filth that lies here.

Swine—We are not hungry, little father. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian [*beating them with a whip*]—Go on, I tell you,—eat it up, or I will cut your swinish backs into strips. Go on, go on; if you are swine it is the right food for you.

[*He flogs them roundly. The swine get up, and become men again.*]

Swine — As sure as you live, you shall pay us for these blows, my good Monsieur Wegner.* Aren't you ashamed to spoil the whole story in this way? [*They run off.*]

Chilian — I didn't spoil the story,—I made them into two-legged hogs, as they were before. But there comes my lord again.

Ulysses — Alas! Chilian, have they all gone?

Chilian — Yes, my lord, they have gone. They go on two legs now as they did before.

Ulysses — Are they no longer swine?

Chilian — I don't say that; far from it: but my leechcraft has gone so far as to make them two-legged once more.

Ulysses — O great son of Æsculapius! you deserve to have temples and altars erected in your honor. From what god or goddess did you learn such divine arts?

Chilian — I lay down in the field for a while, and with bitter tears bewailed the misfortune of our people. While weeping I fell asleep, and there appeared to me Proserpina, the goddess of leechcraft, (that's her name, isn't it?) who said to me: "Chilian, I have heard thy tears and thy prayers. Get up, and cut a branch from the first birch at your left hand. It is a sacred tree that no man has hitherto touched. As soon as you touch your countrymen with it, they shall rise up and walk on two legs as before." Which happened just as she said. Whether they are still swine or not, I don't say; but it is certain that they look as they used to, walk on two legs, and speak,—for they abused me because I hit them too hard with the sacred rod.

Ulysses — O Chilian, you have saved me! Let me embrace you!

Chilian — Serviteur! It would be a pleasure to me if my lord would also turn hog, so that I might have the satisfaction of curing him too.

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian, there is not much time to waste; the ship is all ready. Let us go and gather our people together, that we may escape hastily and in silence. See, there comes Dido: we must run.

*The name of the actor who took the part of Chilian.

FROM 'THE POLITICAL PEWTERER'

[Herman von Bremen, a Hamburg pewterer, has become a dabbler in politics, and with the freedom of ignorance expresses his opinions concerning various affairs of State. He meets regularly with a number of his friends in what they call a Collegium Politicum, for the discussion of political matters. The characters in this act are Herman, his wife Geske, his fellow-politicians, and his servant Heinrich.]

HERMAN — Heinrich, get everything ready. Mugs and pipes on the table. That is right.

[Heinrich makes preparations. One comes in after another, and all take seats at the table, Herman at the head.]

Herman — Welcome, good men, all of you! Where did we leave off last?

Richart the Brushmaker — We were talking about the interests of Germany.

Gert the Furrier — That is so; I remember now. It will all come up at the next Reichstag. I wish I could be there for an hour, — I would whisper something to the Elector of Mainz that he would thank me for. The good people do not know where the interests of Germany lie. When did one ever hear of an imperial city like Vienna without a fleet, or at least without galleys? They might keep a war fleet for the defense of the kingdom; there is the war tax and the war treasure. See how much wiser the Turk is. We can never learn to wage war better than he does. There are forests enough in Austria and Prague, if they were only used for ships and masts. If we had a fleet in Austria or Prague, then the Turk and the Frenchman would stop besieging Vienna, and we could go to Constantinople. But nobody thinks of such things.

Sivert the Inspector — No, not a mother's son of them. Our forefathers were a good deal wiser. It all depends upon circumstances. Germany is no bigger now than it was in the old days, when we not only defended ourselves well enough against our neighbors, but even seized large parts of France, and besieged Paris by land and water.

Frantz the Wigmaker — But Paris isn't a seaport.

Sivert the Inspector — Then I have read my map very badly. I know how Paris lies. Here lies England, right where my finger is; here is the Channel, here is Bordeaux, and here is Paris.

Frantz the Wigmaker—No, brother! Here is Germany, close to France, which connects with Germany; *ergo*, Paris cannot be a seaport.

Sivert—Doesn't France have any sea-coast?

Frantz—No indeed; a Frenchman who has not traveled abroad doesn't know anything about ships and boats. Ask Master Herman. Isn't it the way I say, Master Herman?

Herman—I will soon settle the dispute. Heinrich, get us the map of Europe.

The Host—Here you have one, but it is in pieces.

Herman—That doesn't matter. I know where Paris is, well enough, but I want the map to convince the others. Do you see, Sivert, here is Germany.

Sivert—That is all right; I can tell it by the Danube, which lies here.

[*As he points to the Danube his elbow tips over a mug, and the beer runs over the map.*]

The Host—The Danube is flowing a little too fast.

[*General laughter.*]

Herman—Listen, good people,—we talk too much about foreign affairs: let us talk about Hamburg; there is plenty here to think about. I have often wondered how it happens that we have no settlements in India, and have to buy our wares of others. This is a matter that the *Bürgermeister* and his council ought to think about.

Richart—Don't talk about *Bürgermeister* and council; if we wait till they think about it, we shall have to wait a long while. Here in Hamburg a *bürgermeister* gets credit only for restricting law-abiding citizens.

Herman—What I mean, my good men, is that it is not yet too late; for why should not the King of India trade with us as well as with Dutchmen, who have nothing to send him but cheese and butter, which generally spoils on the way? It is my opinion that we should do well to bring the matter before the council. How many of us are there here?

Host—There are only six of us; I don't believe the other six are coming any more.

Herman—There are enough of us. What is your opinion, host? Let us put it to vote.

Host—I am not wholly in favor of it; for such journeys bring a good many people here from town, and I pick up some skillings from them.

Sivert—It is my opinion that we should think more of the city's welfare than of our own interests, and that Master Herman's plan is one of the finest that has ever been made. The more trade we have, the more the city must prosper; the more ships come hither, the better it will be for us small officials. Yet this is not the chief reason why I vote for the plan; and I recommend it wholly for sake of the city's needs and prosperity.

Gert—I can't altogether agree with this plan, but propose rather settlements in Greenland and Davis Strait; for such trade would be much better and more useful for the city.

Frantz the Cutler—I see that Gert's vote has more to do with his own interest than with the good of the republic; for Indian voyages bring less business to furriers than voyages to the North. For my part, I hold that the Indian trade is the most important of all; for in India you can often get from the savages, for a knife or a fork or a pair of scissors, a lump of gold that weighs as much. We must arrange it so that the plan we propose to the council shall not savor of self-interest, else we shall not make much headway with it.

Richart—I am of Niels Skrivers opinion.

Herman—You vote like a brushmaker: Niels Skrivers isn't here. But what does that woman want? It is my wife, I declare.

Enter Geske

Geske—Are you here, you idler? It would be quite as well if you did some work, or looked after your people a little. We are losing one job after another by your neglect.

Herman—Be quiet, wife! You may be Frau Bürgermeister before you know it. Do you suppose I am wasting my time? I am doing ten times more work than all of you in the house: you only work with your hands, and I am working with my head.

Geske—That's what all crazy folks do: they build air-castles, and split their heads with craziness and foolishness, imagining that they are doing something important when it amounts to nothing at all.

Gert—If that was my wife, she shouldn't talk that way more than once.

Herman—Ei, Gert! A politician mustn't mind it. Two or three years ago, I would have dressed my wife's back for such

words; but since I began to dip into political books, I have learned to scorn talk like that. *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare* (Who knows not how to dissimulate knows not how to reign), says an old politician who was no fool; I think his name was Agrippa or Albertus Magnus. It is a principle of politics all over the world, that he who cannot bear a few sharp words from an ill-tempered and crazy woman isn't fit for any high place. Coolness is the greatest of virtues, and the jewel that best adorns rulers and authorities. So I hold that no one here in the city should have a place in the council before he has given proof of his coolness, and let people see that he cannot be disturbed by abusive words, blows, and boxes on the ear. I am quick-tempered by nature, but I strive to overcome it by reflection. I have read in the preface of a book called 'Der Politische Stockfisch' (The Political Stockfish) that when a man is overcome with anger he should count twenty, and his anger will often pass away.

Gert — It wouldn't help *me* if I counted a hundred.

Herman — That means you are only fit for a humble place. Heinrich, give my wife a mug of beer at the little table.

Geske — Ei, you rascal, do you think I came here to drink?

Herman — One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen — now it is all over. Listen, mother: you mustn't talk so harshly to your husband,—it is so very vulgar.

Geske — Is it genteel to beg? Hasn't any wife cause to scold, when she has for husband an idler who neglects his family this way, and lets his wife and children suffer?

Herman — Heinrich, give her a glass of brandy: she is getting excited.

Geske — Heinrich, box the ears of that rascal my husband.

Heinrich — You will have to do that yourself: I don't like the commission.

Geske — Then I will do it myself. [*Boxes her husband's ears.*]

Herman — One, two, three [*counts up to twenty, then acts as if he were about to strike back, but begins to count twenty over again*] — If I hadn't been a politician, it would have been bad for you.

Gert — If you can't manage your wife, I'll do it for you. [*To Geske.*] Get out of here!

[*Geske flings herself out.*]

Gert—I'll teach her to stay at home next time. If you have to be dragged about by the hair by your wife to be a politician, I shall never be one.

Herman—Ah, ah! *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare*. It is easily said, but not so easy to practice. I confess it was a great shame my wife did me; I think I will run after her and beat her in the street. Yet—one, two, three [*counts to twenty*]. It is all over: let us talk about something else.

Frantz—Women-folk have altogether too much to say here in Hamburg.

Gert—That is true; I have often thought of making a proposal on the subject. But it is a serious thing to get into trouble with them. The proposal is a good one, however.

Herman—What is your proposal?

Gert—There are not many articles in it. First, I would not have the marriage contract lasting, but only for a certain number of years, so that if a man were not satisfied with his wife, he could make a new contract with another: only both he and his companion should be bound to let each other know, three months before moving day (which might be at Easter or Michaelmas); in case he was satisfied with her, the contract might be renewed. Believe me, if such a law were passed, there wouldn't be a single bad wife in Hamburg: they would all do their best to please their husbands and get the contract extended. Have any of you anything to say against the article? *Frantz*! you smile in a knowing way: you must have something to say against it—let us hear from you.

Frantz—Might not a wife sometimes find her account in getting separated from a husband who either treated her badly, or was lazy, doing nothing but eat and drink, without working to support his wife and children? Or she might take a liking for somebody else, and lead her husband such a dance that he would let her go in spite of his resolve to keep her. I think that great misfortunes might spring from such a plan. There are ways to manage a wife, after all. If everybody would, like you, Master Herman, count twenty every time his ears were boxed, we should have a lot of fine wives.—Let us hear the other articles, *Gert*.

Gert—Yes, you are likely to. You only want to make more fun of me: no plan can be so good that something will not be said against it.

Herman — Let us talk about something else. Anybody who heard us would think we met to discuss the marriage relation. I was thinking last night, when I could not sleep, how the government of Hamburg might be changed so as to shut out a few families, who seem born to be bürgermeisters and councilors, and bring back full freedom to the city. I was thinking that we might choose our bürgermeisters, now from one trade, now from another, so that all citizens could share in the government and all kinds of business prosper: for example, when a goldsmith became bürgermeister he would look after the goldsmiths' interests, a tailor after the tailors', a pewterer after the pewterers'; and nobody should be bürgermeister more than a month, so that no trade should prosper more than another. If the government were arranged that way, we might be a truly free people.

All — Your plan is a fine one, Master Herman. You talk like a Solomon.

Franz the Cutler — The plan is good enough, but —

Gert the Furrier — You are always coming in with your "buts." I believe your father or mother was a Mennonite.*

Herman — Let him say what he means. What do you want to say? What do you mean by your "but"?

Frantz — I was wondering whether it wouldn't be hard sometimes to find a good bürgermeister in every trade. Master Herman is good enough, for he has studied; but after he is dead, where could we find another pewterer fit for such an office? For when the republic is on its knees, it isn't as easy to mold it into another shape as it is to mold a plate or a mug when it is spoiled.

Gert — Oh, rubbish! We can find plenty of good men among the working classes.

Herman — Listen, Frantz: you are a young man yet, and so you can't see as far into things as we others; but I see that you have a good head, and may amount to something in time. I will briefly prove to you from our own company that your reason is not a good one. There are twelve of us here, all working people, and each of us can see a hundred mistakes that the council makes. Now just imagine one of us made bürgermeister: he could correct the mistakes we have so often talked about, and that the council is too blind to see. Would Hamburg City

* This is a play upon the words: Men — but; — Mennist, Mennonite.

lose anything by such a bürgermeister? If you good people think it would, I will give up my plan.

All—You are quite right.

Herman—But now about our affairs. The time is going, and we haven't read the papers yet. Heinrich, let us have the latest papers.

Heinrich—Here are the latest papers.

Herman—Hand them to Richart the brushmaker, who is our reader.

Richart—They write from the head camp on the Rhine that recruits are expected.

Herman—Yes, they have written that a dozen times running. Skip the Rhine. I lose my temper altogether when that thing is talked about. What is the news from Italy?

Richart—They write from Italy that Prince Eugene has broken up his camp, crossed the Po, and passed by all the fortresses to surprise the enemy's army, which thereupon retreated four miles in great haste. The Duke of Vendôme laid waste his own country on the retreat.

Herman—Ah, ah! His Highness is struck with blindness; we are undone; I wouldn't give four skillings for the whole army in Italy.

Gert—I believe that the Prince did right; that was always my plan. Didn't I say the other day, Frantz, that he ought to do so?

Frantz—No, I can't remember that you did.

Gert—I have said so a hundred times, for how can the army lie and loiter there? The Prince was all right. I will maintain it against anybody.

Herman—Heinrich, give me a glass of brandy. I must say, gentlemen, that things grew black before my eyes when I heard this news read. Your health, Mussiörs! Now, I confess I call it a capital mistake to pass by the fortresses.

Sivert—I would have done just the same if the army had been under my command.

Frantz—Yes, the next thing we shall see is that they will make generals out of inspectors.

Sivert—You need not jeer; I could do as well as some other people.

Gert—I think that Sivert is right, and that the Prince did well to go straight at the enemy.

Herman—Ei, my good Gert, you know too much; you have a good deal to learn yet.

Gert—I won't learn it from Frantz the cutler.

[*They get into a sharp quarrel, talk in one another's faces, get up from their stools, storm and threaten.*]

Herman [*strikes the table and shouts*—Quiet, quiet, gentlemen! Let us not talk about it any more; every one can have his own opinion. Listen, gentlemen, pay attention! Do you suppose the Duke of Vendôme retreated and laid waste the country because he was frightened? No; the fellow has read the chronicle of Alexander Magnus, who acted just that way when Darius pursued him, and then won a victory as great as ours at Hochstedt.

Heinrich—The postmaster's clock just struck twelve.

Herman—Then we must all go.

[*They continue the dispute on the way out.*]

FROM 'ERASMUS MONTANUS'

[Rasmus Berg, the son of Jeppe and Nille, simple country-folk, has been sent to the university for an education, and returns to his home a pedantic prig. He has Latinized his name into Erasmus Montanus, and his attainments make a deep impression upon his parents. The third act introduces, besides these three, the betrothed of Erasmus, Lisbed by name, her parents Jeronimus and Magdelone, Jesper Ridefoged the bailiff, and Per Degn the parish clerk.]

NILLE—My son Montanus is staying away a long while. I wish he would come back before the bailiff goes, for he wants to talk with him, and is curious to ask him about this and that, such as— Why, there he comes! Welcome back, my dear son! Jeronimus must have been glad to see Mr. Son in good health after so long an absence.

Montanus—I spoke neither with Jeronimus nor his daughter, on account of a fellow with whom I got into an argument.

Nille—What sort of a fellow was he? Perhaps it was the schoolmaster.

.....*Montanus*—No, it was a stranger who leaves here to-day. I know him a little, although I never associated with him in Copenhagen. I lose my temper completely with people who imagine themselves the embodiment of all wisdom, and who are idiots. I will tell you, little mother, what it was all about. The fellow has been *ordinarius opponens* once or twice, and therein is his

sole *merita*. But how did he perform his *partes*? *Misere et hæsitanter absq. methodo*. When Præses once made a distinction *inter rem et modum rei*, he asked, *Quid hoc est?* Wretch! you should have learned that *antequam in arenam descendis*. "*Quid hoc est?*" *quæ bruta!* A fellow that ignores *distinctiones cardinales*, and yet would dispute *publice!*

Nille — Well, Mr. Son must not take it too much to heart. I can tell from what you say that he must be a fool.

Montanus — An ignoramus.

Nille — Nothing is more certain.

Montanus — An idiot.

Nille — He cannot be anything else.

Montanus — He publicly confused *materiam cum forma*.

Nille — He ought to be punished for it.

Montanus — And such a fellow thinks he can dispute.

Nille — The devil he can!

Montanus — Not to speak of the mistake he made in his *proæmio*, when he said, *Lectissimi et doctissimi auditores*.

Nille — What a fool he must be!

Montanus — Think of putting *lectissimus* before *doctissimus*, when *lectissimus* is a *prædicat*, as every beginner should know.

Jeppe — But didn't my son get to talk with Jeronimus?

Montanus — No, for just as I was going in I saw the fellow passing by the door, and since we knew each other I went up to greet him; whereupon we got into a discussion about learned matters, and finally into a disputation, so that I had to postpone my visit.

Jeppe — I am afraid that Monsieur Jeronimus will take it ill, that my son went to his place and came away without seeing him.

Montanus — I couldn't help it. When a man attacks philosophy, he attacks my honor. I am fond of Mademoiselle Lisbed, but *metaphysica* and *logica* have the prior place in my affections.

Nille — O my dear son, what do I hear? Are you engaged to two other girls in Copenhagen? You may get into trouble with the courts.

Montanus — You don't understand me: it is not meant that way. They are not girls, but two branches of science.

Nille — That is different. But here comes the bailiff; don't be angry any more.

Montanus — I can't be angry with him, because he is a simple and ignorant man, with whom I cannot get into any argument.

Enter Jesper

Jesper — *Serviteur, Monsieur.* I congratulate you on your return.

Montanus — Thank you, Mr. Bailiff.

Jesper — I am very glad that we have so learned a man in town. It must have racked his brain a good deal before he got so far. I wish you joy, too, Jeppe Berg! Your son makes you very happy in your old age.

Jeppe — Yes, that is true.

Jesper — Now listen, my dear Monsieur Rasmus: I want to ask you about something.

Montanus — My name is Montanus.

Jesper [*aside to Jeppe*] — Montanus — is that Latin for Rasmus?

Jeppe — Yes, it must be.

Jesper — Listen, my dear Monsieur Montanus Berg: I have heard said that learned folks have singular ideas. Is it true that in Copenhagen they think the earth is round? Here in the country no one will believe it; for how can it be, since the earth seems quite flat?

Montanus — That is because the earth is so big that we do not notice its roundness.

Jesper — Yes, that is true: the earth is big; it is almost half as big as the world. But listen, monsieur: how many stars would it take to make a moon?

Montanus — A moon! The moon is to a star about as Pebling Lake is to the whole of Sjælland.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! Learned people are never quite right in their heads. I have even heard people say that the earth runs and the sun stands still. Monsieur doesn't believe that too?

Montanus — No reasonable man any longer doubts it.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! If the earth ran, we should all fall over and break our necks.

Montanus — Cannot a ship sail with you without breaking your neck?

Jesper — But you say that the earth goes round; if a ship turned over, wouldn't the people fall out into the sea?

Montanus — I will explain it more clearly, if you will only be patient.

Jesper — I don't want to hear about it. I should have to be crazy to believe such stuff. The earth turns round without our

all falling into the gulf and going to the devil, ha, ha, ha! But, my dear Monsieur Berg, how does it happen that the moon is sometimes so little and sometimes so big?

Montanus—If I were to tell you, you wouldn't believe it.

Jesper—But just be good enough to tell me.

Montanus—It is because when the moon is grown to full size, they cut off little pieces to make stars of.

Jesper—That is very curious, I declare. I didn't know that before. If they didn't cut off the little pieces it might grow too big, and be as broad as Sjælland. Nature rules things very wisely. But why doesn't the moon warm us like the sun, since it is quite as big?

Montanus—It is because the moon gives no light, but is made of the same dark matter as the earth, and gets its light from the sun.

Jesper—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Let us talk about something else. These things are distracting enough to make a man's head turn Catholic.

Enter Per Degn

Jeppe—Welcome, Per! Good people come where good people are. Here you see my son, who has just come home.

Per—Welcome here, Monsieur Rasmus Berg!

Montanus—In Copenhagen I am usually called Montanus: I beg that you will address me by that name.

Per—All right, it amounts to about the same thing. How are affairs in Copenhagen? Did many graduate this year?

Montanus—As many as usual.

Per—Were there some rejected this year?

Montanus—Two or three *conditionaliter*.

Per—Who is *imprimatur* this year?

Montanus—What do you mean?

Per—I mean, who is *imprimatur* in verses and books that are printed?

Montanus—Is that supposed to be Latin?

Per—It was good Latin in my time.

Montanus—If it was good Latin then, it must be now; but it was never Latin in the sense you give to it.

Per—Good Latin it is, all the same.

Montanus—Is it a *nomen* or a *verbum*?

Per—It is a *nomen*.

Jesper—That's right, Per, stick to it!

Montanus—*Cujus declinationis is imprimatur* then?

Per—All the words there are, belong to eight classes, which are *nomen, pronomen, verbum, principium, conjugatio, declinatio, interjectio*.

Jesper—Hear, hear; listen to Per, when he talks off-hand. That is right, press him hard!

Montanus—He doesn't answer what I ask him. What is *imprimatur* in *genitivo*?

Per—*Nominativus ala, genitivus alæ, dativus alo, vocativus alo, ablativus ala*.

Jesper—There, there, Monsieur Montanus, we have people here in the country too.

Per—I should say so. In my time the fellows that matriculated were of a different sort from nowadays. They were fellows that got shaved twice a week, and could *scandere* all sorts of verse.

Montanus—That is a great thing to boast of: anybody can do that now in the second lesson. Fellows now graduate from the schools of Copenhagen who can make Hebrew and Chaldaic verses.

Per—Then they can't know much Latin.

Montanus—Latin! If you were to go to school now, they would put you in the booby class.

Jesper—Don't say that, Montanus. I know that the clerk is a deeply studied man; I have heard the tax collector and the district judge say so.

Montanus—Perhaps they know no more Latin than he does.

Jesper—But I can hear that he speaks up stoutly for himself.

Montanus—He doesn't answer the questions I ask him. *E qua schola dismissus es, mi domine?*

Per—*Adjectivum et substantivum genere, numero, et caseo conveniunt*.

Jesper—He gives him full measure, i' faith. Come, Per, we'll have a glass of brandy together.

Montanus—If Mr. Bailiff knew what these answers meant, he would split his sides laughing. I ask him from what school he graduated, and he answers with a lot of rubbish that has nothing to do with the question.

Per—*Tunc tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet*.

Jesper—Well, well, now he wants to go on. Just answer that.

Montanus—I cannot answer it; it is mere nonsense. Let us talk Danish together, so that the others can understand, and you will soon find out what sort of fellow he is.

[*Nille weeps.*]

Jesper—What are you weeping for, mother?

Nille—It hurts me so to have my son beaten in Latin.

Jesper—Well, mother, that is no wonder,—Per is so much older than he is. It is no wonder. Let them talk Danish now, so we can all understand.

Per—Very well. I am ready for whichever he chooses. We will ask each other a few questions: for example, who was it that cried so loud that he was heard all over the world?

Montanus—I know of no one who can cry louder than donkeys and parish clerks.

Per—Nonsense! can you hear them all over the world? It was an ass in the ark, because the whole world was in the ark.

Jesper—Ha, ha, ha! So it was, ha, ha, ha! Per Degn has got a cunning head on his shoulders.

Per—Who killed a quarter of mankind?

Montanus—I do not answer such coarse questions.

Per—It was Cain, who killed his brother Abel.

Montanus—Prove that there were not more than four human beings in the world.

Per—Prove that there were more.

Montanus—I am not forced to; for *affirmanti incumbit probatio*. Do you understand that?

Per—Certainly. *Omnia conando docilis solertia vincit*. Do you understand that?

Montanus—I am very foolish to stay here in disputation with a booby. You would dispute, and know neither Latin nor Danish, still less what *logica* is. Let us hear, *Quid est logica?*

Per—*Post molestam senectutem, post molestam senectutem nos habebat humus.*

Montanus—Will the rascal make fun of me?

[*Grabs him by the hair; they struggle; the clerk escapes, crying "Booby, booby!" All go out except the bailiff.*]

Enter Jeronimus

Jeronimus — Your servant, Mr. Bailiff. So I find you here. I came to see my future son-in-law, Rasmus Berg.

Jesper — He will be here right away. Pity you didn't come half an hour sooner; you might have heard him argue with the clerk.

Jeronimus — How did it come out?

Jesper — Per Degn, deuce take him, is slyer than I thought; I see that he has forgotten neither his Latin nor his Hebrew.

Jeronimus — I can believe that, for he never knew much of them.

Jesper — Don't say that, Monsieur Jeronimus. He has got a deuce of a mouth on him. It is really a pleasure to hear the man talk Latin.

Jeronimus — That is more than I supposed he could do. But how does my son-in-law look?

Jesper — He looks dreadfully learned; you would hardly know him again. He has got another name, too.

Jeronimus — Another name! What is his name now?

Jesper — He calls himself Montanus, which is the same as Rasmus in Latin.

Jeronimus — Oh fie! that is abominable. I have known many who have thus changed their Christian names, and they never did well in the world. I knew one a few years ago who was christened Peer, and who when he amounted to something sought to change his stamp, and had himself called Peiter. But his Peiter cost him dear, for he broke his leg and died in great wretchedness. Our Lord does not like such doings, Mr. Bailiff.

Jesper — I don't care what sort of a name he takes, but I don't like to have him believe in such strange opinions.

Jeronimus — What opinions has he got?

Jesper — They are frightful. The hair stands up on my head when I think of them. I don't remember all that I heard, but I know that he said for one thing that the earth was round. What do you think of that, Monsieur Jeronimus? It is nothing less than upsetting all religion and leading people away from their faith. A heathen cannot be worse.

Jeronimus — He must have said it in jest.

Jesper — It is dreadful to make such jests. See, there he comes.

Enter Montanus

Montanus—Welcome, dear father-in-law. I am glad to see you in good health.

Jeronimus—People of my age cannot expect to have remarkable health.

Montanus—You look thoroughly well.

Jeronimus—Do you think so?

Montanus—How is Mademoiselle Lisbed?

Jeronimus—Well enough.

Montanus—Why, what is the matter, that you greet me so coldly, dear father-in-law?

Jeronimus—I have good cause to.

Montanus—What wrong have I done?

Jeronimus—I have been told that you have peculiar opinions: people must think you are crazy or Catholic in your head, for how can a reasonable man have the rashness to say that the earth is round?

Montanus—Of course it is round; I must say what is true.

Jeronimus—It is the Devil's own truth; such notions must come from the father of lies. I am sure there is not one man in this town who would not condemn such an opinion: ask the bailiff, who is a reasonable man, if he doesn't agree with me.

Jesper—It is all the same to me whether it is round or long; but I must believe my eyes, and they tell me the earth is flat as a pancake.

Montanus—It is all the same to me what the bailiff or anybody else in this town thinks about it, for I know the earth is round.

Jeronimus—It isn't round. I believe you are crazy. You have eyes in your head like other men.

Montanus—It is well known, my dear father-in-law, that there are people right under us, with feet pointed toward ours.

Jesper—Ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha, ha, ha!

Jeronimus—You may well laugh, for he has a screw loose in his head. Just try once to get up under the ceiling, and turn your head down, and then see what will come of it.

Montanus—That is quite another matter, father-in-law.

Jeronimus—I won't be your father-in-law any more. I think more of my daughter than to throw her away on you.

Montanus — Your daughter is as dear to me as my own soul, in truth; but you cannot expect me for her sake to renounce philosophy and send my intelligence into exile.

Jeronimus — Yes, yes, I hear you have got some other woman in your head. You may keep your Lucy or Sophy: I shall not force my daughter upon you.

Montanus — You misunderstand me. Philosophy is only a branch of science, and it has opened my eyes in this matter as in others.

Jeronimus — It has rather blinded both eyes and understanding. How can you show such a thing as that?

Montanus — It is not necessary to prove it. Educated persons no longer doubt it.

Jesper — Per Degn would never admit that.

Montanus — Per Degn! He is a nice fellow! I am foolish to stand here and talk philosophy with you; but to please Monsieur Jeronimus, I will give you two proofs. First, that we get from travelers; who, when they get several thousand miles away from us, have daylight when we have night, see other stars and another sky.

Jeronimus — Are you crazy, that you say there is more than one heaven and earth?

Jesper — Yes, Monsieur Jeronimus. There are twelve heavens, one above the other, until you come to the crystal heaven. He is right as to that.

Montanus — *O quantæ tenebræ!*

Jeronimus — I went to Kiel sixteen times when I was young, but as true as I am an honest man, I never saw any other sky than the one we have here.

Montanus — You would have to travel sixteen times as far, Domine Jeronime, before you could see it, because —

Jeronimus — Stop talking such nonsense; it doesn't lead to anything. Let us hear the other proof.

Montanus — The other proof is from eclipses of the sun and moon.

Jesper — Just listen to that; now he is really crazy.

Montanus — What do you suppose an eclipse is?

Jesper — Eclipses are signs set upon the sun and moon to show when some misfortune is to happen on earth. I can prove that by my own experience: when my wife was sick three years

ago, and when my daughter Gertrude died, both times there were eclipses before.

Montanus—Such nonsense will drive me crazy.

Jeronimus—The bailiff is right; for there is never an eclipse that does not mean something. When the last one occurred, everything seemed to be going well, but not for long: only two weeks afterwards we got news from Copenhagen that six students had failed at once, and two of them were deans' sons. If you don't hear of something bad in one place after such an eclipse, you are sure to in another.

Montanus—That is certain enough; for no day passes without bringing misfortune in some part of the world. As for the people you speak about, they should not put it off on the eclipse, for if they had studied harder they would have got through.

Jeronimus—What is an eclipse of the moon, then?

Montanus—It is nothing but the earth's shadow, which deprives the moon of sunlight; and since the shadow is round, we can see that the earth likewise is round. It is all perfectly natural; for we can calculate eclipses, and therefore it is foolishness to say that they are signs of coming misfortune.

Jeronimus—Ah, Mr. Bailiff, I feel sick. It was an unhappy hour when your parents let you study.

Jesper—Yes, he is pretty near to becoming an atheist. I must set Per Degn at him again. There is a man who can talk to some purpose. He shall prove to you, either in Latin or Greek as you like, that the earth, thank God, is as flat as my hand. But there comes Madame Jeronimus with her daughter.

Enter Magdelone and Lisbed

Magdelone—O my dear son-in-law, it is a joy to see you back again in good health.

Lisbed—O my love, let me embrace you!

Jeronimus—Softly, softly, my child, not so fast.

Lisbed—May I not embrace my betrothed, whom I have not seen for years?

Jeronimus—Keep away from him, I tell you, or you will get beaten.

Lisbed [*weeping*—I know that we were publicly betrothed.

Jeronimus—That is true enough; but a difficulty has since arisen.

[*Lisbed weeps.*]

Jeronimus—You shall know, my child, that when he became engaged to you he was a well-behaved man and a good Christian; but now he is a heretic and a fanatic, who deserves to be put into the Litany rather than into relationship with us.

Lisbed—Is that all, father? We can settle that easily enough.

Jeronimus—Keep away from him, I say!

Magdelone—What does this mean, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper—It is bad enough, madame! He brings false learning into the town, says that the earth is round, and things of that sort that I blush to mention.

Jeronimus—Don't you pity the good old parents who have spent so much money on him?

Magdelone—Ei, is that all? If he loves our daughter he will give up his notion, and say that the earth is flat, for her sake.

Lisbed—Ah, my love, say for my sake that it is flat.

Montanus—I cannot oblige you, so long as my reason is left me. I cannot give the earth any other shape than it has by nature. I will say and do all that is possible for your sake, but I cannot oblige you in this. For should my fellow students come to know that I had made such a statement, I should be scorned and held for a fool; besides, we learned men never take back what we have said, but defend it to the last drop of our ink-bottle.

Magdelone—Listen, husband: this does not seem to me important enough to make us break off the match.

Jeronimus—And I say that if they were already married, I would have them divorced on account of it.

Magdelone—I think I've got something to say about it; for if she is your daughter she is mine too.

Lisbed [*weeping*]—O my dear, say that it is flat.

Montanus—That I cannot.

Jeronimus—Listen, wife: you must know that I am the man of the house, and that I am her father.

Magdelone—You must know also that I am the woman of the house, and that I am her mother.

Jeronimus—What I mean is, that a father is of more account than a mother.

Magdelone—And I say that he isn't, for no one can doubt that I am her mother, while you— I won't say any more, or I shall get excited.

Lisbed [weeping] — O my love, can't you say for my sake that it is flat?

Montanus — I cannot, my pet: *nam contra naturam est*.

Jeronimus — What do you mean by that, wife? Am I not her father as you are her mother? Listen, *Lisbed*, am I not your father?

Lisbed — I think you must be, for my mother says so. I think you are my father, but I know she is my mother.

Jeronimus — What do you think of all this nonsense, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — I can't say that ma'mselle is wrong, because —

Jeronimus — That's enough. Come, let us go. Be quite sure, my good Rasmus Berg, that you shall never get my daughter as long as you persist in your errors.

Lisbed [weeping] — O my love, say that it is flat!

Jeronimus — Out, out of the door!

[*The visitors all depart.*]

A DEFENSE OF THE DEVIL

From the 'Epistles'

OUR last conversation was about apologetic or defensive writings, which I confessed I could not endure; partly because an honest man and a good book need no apology, partly because it is possible to write in defense of anything, even of the Devil. You laughed at my words, and replied that the latter task might prove somewhat difficult. I retorted that it would be no more difficult than to frame the defense that is made for the ass, wherein this beast is credited with various heroic qualities. In order to show that the thing may be done, I will briefly set forth what an apologist willing to trouble himself in such a cause may find to say in defense of the Devil.

I will say nothing of his capacity and intelligence; for all, including his greatest enemies, are agreed that a person who bears six thousand years on his shoulders, and who has lived twice as long as the Shoemaker of Jerusalem, must possess more learning and wisdom than the seven wise men of Greece, perhaps more than all the professors on earth if they were made into one. Nor will it be urged that he is falling into the childishness of age; a thing that cannot be asserted without *médiance*, since the

most learned theologians, who have made a thorough study of the man's character, and know him to a nicety, are quite sure that he is in full vigor, so that age cannot have bitten him much if at all. Similarly, the learned men of the last century who had the honor of talking with the Shoemaker of Jerusalem bore witness that this self-same shoemaker was still in full possession of his five senses; so that neither understanding nor memory was at fault, although he had wandered about the world for sixteen hundred years. 'There can therefore be no dispute about the understanding and knowledge of the Devil, which cannot be other than vast, when we take his great age into consideration; and this is the reason why the Norse peasants bestow upon him the venerable title of Old Erik.

But let us examine the evil characteristics that are ascribed to him. 'The Devil is frequently said to go about plunging men into misfortune and leading souls astray. 'But since he has plainly, and by manifesto, so to speak, declared war upon the human race, he is more excusable than many men who under the guise of friendship mislead their neighbors; who make peaceful compacts only to break them, and who call God to witness the uprightness of their hearts, that are yet full of hatred, enmity, and predatory desire. Hence it is said that we can guard ourselves against the Devil, but not against men. That he should seek to lead souls astray is nothing more than that he should be desirous of strengthening his power, and showing that he is an alert politician, statesman, and economist. 'In the matter of pacts and contracts his dealings are far more honorable than those of most men; for although the latter make agreements straightway to break them, and have thus brought themselves into so ill credit that none will contract with them save under the protection of a guarantee, experience on the other hand teaches us that the Devil fulfills his agreements to the letter, performs exactly his promises to the contracting party, and seizes upon no one before the stipulated time is out; as we may see from the history of Dr. Faustus and other worthy men, whom by virtue of executed contracts he has instructed in arts, learning, and statesmanship, or aided with great cash subsidies, and demanded no payment for the work until the time of expiry, the term, and the hour, came to hand. Among all the harsh things that are said of the Devil, we hear no one accuse him of failing to perform his contracts, or even of cheating anybody with false coin.

or false wares, as great numbers of our merchants and writers do,—the former by giving false names to their wares, the latter by attaching false titles to their writings, for which they ask payment in advance; while the Devil, for his part, carries out his agreements, neither giving nor exacting any advance payment. For that reason, we never hear of any one who has contracted with the Devil exacting any guarantee, which is indisputable evidence that he keeps his agreements honestly.

It may be objected to this, that the uprightness shown by the Devil in his pacts and contracts does not proceed from honesty but from self-interest; since thereby he supports himself, and entices many to contract with him. But do you suppose our so-called upright merchants in all their dealings are honest merely for the sake of being honest? May not the rectitude of their conduct spring from the same source? It is said that when two things are one, they are yet not one; for what we call a virtue in the merchant is depicted as a vice in the Devil. Since then the Devil has thus come into ill repute, we ascribe to his influence adultery, murder, theft, and all evil doings. I do not go so far in this matter as wholly to acquit him; but I venture to say that the charges ordinarily brought against him have a bad effect, and are not well based. Their effect is bad, because they persuade sinners to put their guilt off their own shoulders and use the Devil as a shield for their misdoings. They are ill based, because the corrupt flesh and blood of men are sufficient, without any co-operation, to drive them to sin.

Further, the Devil is said to prowl about at night for the disturbance of mankind. The conception one is bound to have of a cunning and evil spirit has prevented me from sharing the opinion of the learned in this matter; partly because I find the thing improbable,—unless people admit, as no one does, that he is in his second childhood,—and partly because such spooking would oppose his own interests. But since I have been blamed for this opinion, I have renounced it, and now confess with the orthodox that it really is the Devil who spooks by night in church-yards, houses, and nurseries. But in that case it follows that people are made God-fearing, and that the Devil by this practice of spooking shows himself a friend rather than an enemy of mankind, so that he should be praised rather than blamed for the habit. His function as the judge and executioner of the lost should not be a blot upon his name and good report;

for that is a necessity, and just as no city can dispense with an executioner, so mankind in general cannot get along without such a general officer to execute the judgments pronounced upon the guilty. The office in itself is not only necessary, but even honorable, as we may see from the ancient Greeks, who made two men of importance, Minos and Rhadamanthus, the executioners in Pluto's realm. 'We see from all these considerations that the Devil is not as black as he is painted; that on the contrary he has many good qualities, so that it is far less difficult to defend him than many men upon whose record there is no blot.' It is quite to be believed, as many unpartisan men have observed, that we go too far in such judgments; and that if the learned and unpartisan theologian Gotfried Arnold, who was the advocate for many despised persons, had lived longer, he would have undertaken the defense of this notorious spirit, which we see is not a task so difficult but that with the help of a good *rhethorica* it may be given some color of success. That the Devil tempts men cannot well be disputed; but since experience shows that these alleged temptations may often be driven off by means of powders and drops, we see that even this accusation is often ill-founded, unless one is willing to contend that the Devil himself may be driven off by crabs' eyes and purgative pills; which would be to hold the enemy too cheap.

'See, here you have the Devil's defense, written in haste.' You may see from it what a skillful *disputator* might accomplish, who should undertake to defend his case *ex cathedra*, or an advocate who had won a reputation for turning evil to good.' *Logica* and *rhethorica* are two of the chief sciences. 'It was with the aid of *logica* that Zeno Eleates proved that nothing in the world had motion. "It was by the same aid that Erasmus Montanus distinctly showed Peder Degn to be a cock, and that to beat one's parents is a meritorious act. But to speak seriously, I beg that you will not show this letter to anybody, and particularly not to Herr Niels or Peder Degn; for they might take it all literally, and find in it the text for a sermon, and it might fare with me as with a certain man who was dubbed cardinal by the jovial papal *collegio* organized in this town a few years ago: after his death a number of letters were found giving him the title of Cardinal Orsini, and this the authorities took literally, discussing with their colleagues whether the deceased might be permitted burial in Christian earth.

I remain, etc

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN

From the 'Epistles'

YOU express surprise that I, who am advanced in years, and have always been devoted to study, should take more satisfaction in the society of women than of men. But you will be still more surprised when I say that it is precisely on account of my studies that I seek such society. To make sense out of this paradox, you must know that when at home I am usually occupied with some sort of work that racks my brains, and go out only for the purpose of giving my head a necessary rest. Such rest may be comfortably enjoyed in the drawing-rooms of women, where there is heard as a rule only commonplace talk that calls for no meditation. And that is the reason why, when I have given myself a headache with study, I would rather go to see Madame N. N. than anybody else; for she will tell me nothing except what she has eaten during the day, or how many eggs her hens have laid that week, or other things of that sort, which neither rack the brains nor strain the sinews of the head.

In men's company, on the other hand, there are discourses that make the head swim. There is usually talk of judicial proceedings and affairs of State, which are useful enough matters, and even agreeable at the proper time, but not when one seeks society for the sole purpose of recreating the mind and giving the brain a rest. People begin, as soon as the first greetings are over, by explaining to me some matter that has that day been decided in court or council chamber, in order to get my opinion of it; or they entangle my wits in affairs of State, for which any new regulation or bit of fresh news affords a pretext; which is like proposing a game of chess to a man just out of his library, thus setting him to the work of study again.


This is the reason why Englishmen, among other matters that give evidence of their discernment, do not like games that require meditation. Their *Back Game* [sic], for example, is not nearly so tedious as our *forkering*. The same can be said of their sports in the shape of cocks' and bull-dogs' fights, and others of the sort. *Le jeu déchec*, the French say, *n'est pas assez jeu*; that is, chess and other games of that sort are not amusement but study. Hence they are good for people who have nothing serious to do, and whose brains are in danger of rusting

from idleness; but not for busy folks, who seek for recreation in games and society. We find in consequence that people of affairs set apart certain hours of the day in which they wish to hear nothing but innocent gossip; and it is related that for this reason Richelieu spent one hour of each day in such company, for he could not find his account in taking up metaphysical discussions when he had just left his cabinet all tired out. It was also for this reason that Socrates played with his children now and then. Another reason why I prefer to seek the society of women is this: when I come into men's society, I am offered either a glass of wine or a pipe of tobacco, which is by no means to my taste. In women's society, on the other hand, I get tea, coffee, and nonsensical chatter, which best suits my idle hours. Here you have the reasons for my conduct in this matter.

I remain, etc.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

(—?-1580?)

ONCERNING the personal history of Raphael Holinshed (or Holingshead), the Elizabethan chronicler, there are only vague outlines. The day and the year of his birth are unknown; so is his birthplace. It is believed that he was born in Sutton Downes, Cheshire; but this is conjectural. Again, he is said to have been a University man,—probably from Cambridge,—but of this there is no documentary proof. Rumors, too, that he was a clergyman are quite in the air. All that is really known of Holinshed is that early in Elizabeth's reign he came to London, and procured work as a translator from Reginald Wolfe, King's Printer. That he liked said Wolfe may be gathered from a dedication in which he describes himself as "singularly beholden" to the former. He made his will October 1st, 1578 (the year of the publication of the 'Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland'), and therein wrote himself down as a steward by occupation. Wood states that he died in 1580,—another conjecture, of which there is no reliable record.

The story of the preparing of the 'Chronicles' is this:—Wolfe inherited valuable notes from Leland (the King's Antiquary), planned a sort of universal history and cosmography, with maps and illustrations, and spent twenty-five years of labor upon the part relating to Great Britain. He died in 1573; and his successors, frightened at the vast extent of the work as sketched by him, drew in these ideas and devoted their attention to the countries named in the title,—England, Scotland, and Ireland. Holinshed carried this restricted plan through to publication, being assisted therein by a number of scholars, the best known of whom are William Harrison and John Stowe. The three original publishers of the work were George Bishop, John and Luke Harrison. The first edition (1578) was in two folio volumes, which had portraits, battle-pieces, and other cuts in the highest style of the art of that time. The work was dedicated to William Cecil, Lord Burghley. The writing of it was apportioned to the several chroniclers, Holinshed doing parts of the histories of all three countries. The freedom used in the treatment of events almost contemporaneous led to expurgations in the subsequent revised edition, prepared and printed (1586-7) after Holinshed's death, by his fellow workers; the result being that copies of the unexpurgated edition are very rare, and much coveted by bibliophiles. The British Museum

possesses a copy made by inserting in the revised version the canceled pages of the first edition.

Holinshed's personality is impressed upon the 'Chronicles' which bear his name, and of which he is the master spirit. His style is clear rather than warm, and his diligence in collecting historical material is attested by the copious references to authorities. Though honestly striving to present the truth, his Protestant bias is marked, and he is unreliable when dealing with earlier times. But as an indefatigable pioneer delver in historic lore—as one of the chroniclers who paved the way for the modern historian—he is worthy of much praise, especially as he wrote in a way to make enjoyable reading.

His relation to literature is both direct and indirect. In his own work, using the rich, full-mouthed speech of his period, he gives an example of Elizabethan English in many ways admirable: solid, harmonious, dignified. He lacks the picturesque touch and the idiomatic virility of William Harrison, whose famous descriptions in the same work of the social aspects of England rise to a higher plane. But Holinshed's 'Chronicles' also proved a rich mine for the Elizabethan dramatists to quarry from: the master of them all, Shakespeare, drew most of his historical plays from this source, as well as 'Macbeth,' (King Lear,) and parts of (Cymbeline,) as has been convincingly shown by W. G. Boswell-Stone in his (Shakespeare's Holinshed) (1896).

Thus Holinshed forms a link in the chain of history writers, bears a not unimportant relation to the great dramatic poetry of his day, and is himself a writer of vigorous and felicitous English which can still be read with pleasure.

MACBETH'S WITCHES

From the 'Chronicles'

SHORTLY after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortun'd as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed towards Fores, where the King then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the midst of a laund there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of the elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said:—

"All hail Makbeth,thane of Glammis!"

(For he had lately entered into that office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said:—

“Hail Makbeth, thane of Cawder!”

But the third said:—

“All hail Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland!”

Then Banquho: “What manner of women” (saith he) “are you that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?” “Yes” (saith the first of them), “we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him: for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place; when certainly thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent.” Herewith the fore said women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest, King of Scotland, and Makbeth again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecie by their necromatical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES

From the ‘Chronicles’

KING RICHARD after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit (in his new honour) the town of which he bare the name of his old, devised (as he rode) to fulfil the things which he before had intended. And forsomuch that his mind gave him, that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm; he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen could amend his cause and make him a kindly king. Whereupon he sent one Sir John Greene (whom he specially trusted) to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, with a letter and

credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in any wise put the children to death.

Sir John Greene did his errand unto Brackenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer John Greene returning, recounted the same to King Richard at Warwick yet in his way. Wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his: "Ah, whom shall a man trust? Those that I have brought up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me—even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me."

"Sir" (said his page), "there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say, to do your Grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse." Meaning by this Sir James Tirrell, which was a man of right goodly personage, and for nature's gifts worthy to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God, and by grace obtained as much truth and good-will as he had strength and wit.

The man had a high heart, and sore longed upwards, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped; being hindered and kept under by the means of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby, which longing for no more partners of the prince's favour; and namely, not for him whose pride they wist would bear no peer, kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trust; which thing this page well had marked and known. Wherefore this occasion offered of very special friendship, he took his time to put him forward, and by such wise to do him good that all the enemies he had (except the Devil) could never have done him so much hurt. For upon this page's words King Richard arose (for this communication had he sitting apart in his own chamber) and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed Sir James and Sir Thomas Tirrells, of person like, and brethren in blood, but nothing akin in conditions.

Then said the King merrily to them: "What Sirs, be ye in bed so soon?" and calling up Sir James, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter. In which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brackenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things

as he had given him commandment. After which letter delivered, and the keys received, Sir James appointed the night next ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince (as soon as the Protector left that name and took himself as King) had it showed unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which word the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh, and said: "Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom."

Then he that told him the tale used him with good words; and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them, only one (called Black Will or William Slaughter) excepted, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor aught wrought of himself, but with that young babe his brother lingered with thought and heaviness, until this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness. For Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave.

Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely children lying in their beds), came to the chamber, and suddenly lapping them up among the clothes, so too bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while, smothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of Heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which upon the sight of them caused those murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and shewed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and (as some say) there made him knight. But he allowed not (as I have heard) the burying in so vile a corner, saying that he would have them buried in a better place, because they were a king's sons. Lo, the honorable courage of a king! Whereupon

they say that a priest of Sir Robert Brackenbury's took up the bodies again and secretly entered them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which only knew it, could never since come to light. Very truth is it and well known, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower for treason committed against the most famous prince King Henry the Seventh, both Dighton and he were examined and confessed the murder in manner above written; but whither the bodies were removed they could nothing tell.

And thus (as I have learned of them that must know and little cause had to lie) were these two noble princes, these innocent tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live, reign, and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his despiteous tormentors: which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal; or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart; or finally what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty.

For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrest at St. Martins piecemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged yet ere he die. But Sir James Tirrell died at the Tower Hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog; and the mischief that he took within less than three years of the mischief that he did; and yet all (in the meantime) spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish, and sorrow within. . . . He never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever upon his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again, he took ill rest o' nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, much troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes start up, leapt out of his bed and ran about the chamber: so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deeds.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

(1819-1881)

WHEN Josiah Gilbert Holland, returning to Springfield, Massachusetts, at the age of thirty, there met Mr. Samuel Bowles and became his co-worker on the Springfield Republican, he found at last a fitting opportunity for his talent. Up to that time he had drearily struggled with poverty, and bravely tried in many ways to earn his living. His father, the original of the well-known poem 'Daniel Gray,' had inventive power but no practical ability, and drifted with his family from town to town in search of work. Josiah, born at Belchertown, Massachusetts, in 1819, early learned the necessity of self-support. He was eagerly ambitious of education and a professional career; and in spite of many obstacles he entered the Northampton High School, although ill health prevented him from finishing the course. When twenty-one he began the study of medicine, and in 1844 was graduated with honor from the Berkshire Medical College.

The years that followed were discouraging, for patients did not come to the young doctor. With true Yankee versatility he turned his hand to anything,—taught district school, was a traveling writing-master,

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

and a daguerreotypist. Of his boyish mortification at being a mill hand he has told us in 'Arthur Bonnicastle.' For a year he was superintendent of education at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He tried editorial work, and started the Bay State Courier, which ran for six months. All these varied experiences gave him the knowledge of American life and appreciation of workaday struggles which later made the value of his poems, essays, and novels. It was largely due to his influence that the Springfield Republican became so widely known and popular a journal. In it his 'Letters to Young People Married and Single: By Timothy Titcomb' first attracted readers by their vivacious style, moral sincerity, and good common-sense. Later, in book form, they had a great and immediate success.

In 1870 Dr. Holland was one of the founders and became editor of Scribner's Monthly, later the Century Magazine, and retained the

editorship until his death in 1881. Here, as in all his work, he showed his conscious purpose to be a helpful moral influence to his readers.

Dr. Holland's novels, 'Arthur Bonnicastle' (1873), 'Sevenoaks' (1876), and 'Nicholas Minturn' (1877), although showing his quick and sympathetic observation and containing fine passages, have been far less popular than his poems. The latter, in their constant appeal to moral sense, and in their accurate depiction of the homely and picturesque in New England life, found many lovers. Several of the short lyrics, with 'Bittersweet' (1858), 'Katrina' (1868), and 'The Mistress of the Manse' (1871), came as messages from a true American poet who understood and honored his own people.

CRADLE SONG

From 'Bittersweet: A Poem.' Copyright 1886, by Elizabeth L. Holland

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!

Unwritten history!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know

Where the summers go;—

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the mannikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,

Blind, and wailing, and alone,

Into the light of day?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony;

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls,—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
 What does he think of his mother's hair?
 What of the cradle-roof that flies
 Forward and backward through the air?
 What does he think of his mother's breast,
 Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,—
 Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
 Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
 What does he think when her quick embrace
 Presses his hand and buries his face
 Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
 With a tenderness she can never tell,
 Though she murmur the words
 Of all the birds—
 Words she has learned to murmur well?
 Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
 I can see the shadow creep
 Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
 Over his brow, and over his lips
 Out to his little finger-tips!
 Softly sinking, down he goes!
 Down he goes! Down he goes!
 See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

THE SONG OF THE CIDER

From 'Bittersweet: A Poem.' Copyright 1886, by Elizabeth L. Holland

SIXTEEN barrels of cider
 Ripening all in a row!
 Open the vent-channels wider!
 See the froth, drifted like snow,
 Blown by the tempest below!
 Those delectable juices
 Flowed through the sinuous sluices
 Of sweet springs under the orchard;
 Climbed into fountains that chained them,
 Dripped into cups that retained them,
 And swelled ~~till~~ they dropped, and we gained them.
 Then they were gathered and tortured
 By passage from hopper to vat,
 And fell—every apple crushed flat.
 Ah! how the bees gathered round them,
 And how delicious they found them!

Oat-straw, as fragrant as clover,
 Was platted, and smoothly turned over,
 Weaving a neatly ribbed basket;
 And as they built up the casket,
 In went the pulp by the scoop-full,
 Till the juice flowed by the stoup-full,—
 Filling the half of a puncheon
 While the men swallowed their luncheon.
 Pure grew the stream with the stress
 Of the lever and screw,
 Till the last drops from the press
 Were as bright as the dew.
 There were these juices spilled;
 There were these barrels filled;
 Sixteen barrels of cider—
 Ripening all in a row!
 Open the vent-channels wider!
 See the froth, drifted like snow,
 Blown by the tempest below!

WANTED

From 'The Complete Poetical Writings of Dr. J. G. Holland.' Copyright
 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons

GOD give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready
 hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking:
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife,—lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

DANIEL GRAY

From 'The Complete Poetical Writings of Dr. J. G. Holland.' Copyright
1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons

IF I SHALL ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well: in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude;
Nor was he called as one among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now,—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering-and-to-conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind:
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,

And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.


15

. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809-1894)

BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1809, under the shadow—or the sunshine, shall we say?—of Harvard University. "I remember that week well," the doctor wrote in after years: "for something happened to me once at that time; namely, I was born." "Nature was active that year," says his biographer, "like a stirred volcano; casting forth also upon the world Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln." The discovery of a pile of old almanacs belonging to his father gave Dr. Holmes, late in life, a whimsical view of his own birthday. "I took up that for the year 1809: opposite a certain date was an asterisk, and a note below consisting of four letters, thus:—

August 27
 " 28
 " 29*
 " 30
 *Son b.

My father thus recorded my advent; and after he wrote the four letters, according to his wont, he threw black sand upon them to keep them from blotting. I am looking at it now, and there the black sand glistens still."

Dr. Holmes even went so far as to have the page photographed, and never failed to regard the brief memorandum with a kind of odd pathos.

He came of the Brahmin caste of New England, to quote a phrase of his own invention: his father being a minister of the old-fashioned severe type of that period; while his mother was a lady, he once wrote, bred in quite a different atmosphere from that of the strait-laced Puritanism. She was a bright, vivacious woman, of small size, sprightly manners, and good education. She lived to a great age, a quaint figure, youthful and sympathetic to the end. "Like a faithful wife as she was," her son says, "she sobered her pleasant countenance and sat down to hear us recite of 'justification,' 'adoption,'

and 'sanctification,' and the rest of the programme. . . . I was given to questionings, and my mind early revolted." Those who knew Dr. Holmes's father and mother well, say there was more of the intellectual character of the mother than of the father in him. There was a human and humane side to his mother, something akin to her neighbors because of their common humanity; a simple trait of kindly interest in all who drew within the scope of their acquaintance, which also belonged to her son and made him what he became. The simplicity of the life of a minister's family in the Cambridge of that period was very unlike anything we know to-day, when Cambridge has become a large city; and it is difficult to believe so few years have passed since boyish rambles were carried on in the very heart of what is now a town.

Dr. Holmes's writings, of course, give something more than a hint of these conditions: we are made to see them pretty clearly; but there is nothing in the life of old England which is a match for them,—nothing by which men nurtured under different conditions can estimate the advantages and drawbacks of the New England of that time. The men of his day were not nursed in letters; there was no Eton, and no Bluecoat School to which the younger boys were sent. They stayed at home and learned their first lessons, but they frequently studied on the principle of some church-goers who trust that an hour on Sunday will give them absolution for a week of indulgence: studying served by the way, as it were; a kind of toll-gate to be passed before the good things of life set in. The boys of those days chopped wood, made fires, ran errands, skated, birds'-nested, or went nutting, according to the seasons. Their heads were not burthened by breathing a scholastic atmosphere. But if the education to a life of literature was wanting, the finer inciters to true thought and life were not wanting. "My birth chamber," writes Dr. Holmes, "and the places most familiar to my early years, looked out to the west. My sunsets were as beautiful as any poet could ask for. Between my chamber and the sunset were hills covered with trees, from amid which peeped out here and there the walls of a summer mansion, which my imagination turned into a palace."

His scheme of life did not readily mature. At school in Andover, and while in Harvard College, he was "totally undecided what to study." "It will be law or physick," he wrote, "for I cannot say that I think the trade of authorship quite adapted to this meridian."

It is very curious to see how his mind wavered between these three careers. Neither Lowell nor Longfellow appears to have been detained for an instant from the pursuit of literature by "the meridian"! But Dr. Holmes was not a great reader; he was not trained, as we have said, in a home atmosphere of letters, and it was like

putting to sea in an untrimmed boat. On the whole, the law presented itself to his mind as possessing the largest advantages to a man of gifts; and after leaving college in 1829 he decided to devote a year to that study. He says of himself, in reverting to this period: "I had been busy, more or less, with the pages of Blackstone and Chitty and other text-books of legal study. More or less, I say, but I am afraid it was less rather than more. For during that year I first tasted the intoxicating pleasure of authorship. A college periodical conducted by friends of mine, still undergraduates, tempted me into print; and there is no form of lead poisoning which more rapidly and thoroughly pervades the blood and bones and marrow than that which reaches the young author through mental contact with type-metal. . . . What determined me to give up law and apply myself to medicine I can hardly say; but I had from the first looked upon that year's study as an experiment."

It appears that his second choice of profession, although most conscientiously followed and always considered by him as final, was not the career which was to make his name and fame nor his modest fortune. One might say even more: a certain turn for or faith in science was a substratum of his mind. He loved to see the proof of what his imagination or that of other men had suggested. In this we are reminded of Shelley, who said once that whatever the imagination of a man can see clearly, the man can reproduce in words. Dr. Holmes looked askance at what could not be proved; and his study of medicine enlarged his intellectual sphere. He was immediately associated in Paris with the most distinguished scientists of his day, who doubtless found their eager pupil very engaging. He had an overwhelming distaste for many details of his profession; but as the years went on, he found his place on the scientific rather than the more immediately practical side of his profession. He was chosen professor and lecturer to the Harvard Medical School, a position which he filled for thirty-five years, only relinquishing it when age gave him warning against over-fatigue.

Dr. Holmes did not wish in after years to recognize his first literary ventures, which were even earlier than the year of his law studies. 'The Spectre Pig' and a few other juvenile verses had actually found their way into print, but he never looked upon them with favor. He understood himself well enough to recognize that year in the law school as the moment of his first poetic inspiration. The frigate Constitution was at that time lying in the Navy Yard at Charlestown. Dr. Holmes saw a paragraph in a newspaper saying that the ship was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. He was on fire at the idea; with a pencil hurriedly writing down his verses 'Old Ironsides' on a scrap of paper, he soon

wrought them into shape and sent them to a Boston newspaper. They flew from end to end of the country; were reprinted on slips and distributed in the streets of Washington. The old man-of-war was saved, and the country learned the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a young law student in Cambridge, for the first time.

Edward Everett Hale, a man who is an electric storage-battery of thought to the men of his time, long ago said that "every man should have his vocation and his avocation." For many years Dr. Holmes looked upon his profession as the vocation of his life and literature as his avocation; but by degrees, and perhaps without acknowledgment to himself, the tables were gradually turned, and the pen-point became his weapon with which to front the world.

After returning from his studies in Paris and putting up his sign as a physician in Boston, he found himself, while waiting "for the smallest favors or fevers," again writing verses. There was something about his self-occupied yet gay boyishness which did not incline the hypochondriac to face such strong sunshine. Whatever the reasons may have been, his calls as a physician were few and his verses were many. 'The Last Leaf' among others was written in this pause; and at the end of a twelvemonth he was so unwise, from a professional point of view, as to publish a volume. In brief, his light was one not to be concealed. His quickness of sympathy and readiness of expression marked him immediately as the spokesman of great occasions. He was invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1836, and from this date there was probably never a year of his life without invitations to perform some such service, public or private. What is still more important to record as a part of literary history, his prose style was beginning to take form. He took prizes for medical essays and dissertations. "It is somewhat pleasant," he wrote this same year of 1836, "to have cut out a fifty-dollar prize under the guns of two old blazers, who have each of them swamped their competitors in preceding trials." In 1834 his essay on 'The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever' marked him to the eyes of the scientific world as a man of original thought and careful but determined expression of the truth. The qualities which distinguished him afterward in the larger world of letters were then slowly acknowledged for the first time by men of science. In after years he referred to this experience in 'The Professor at the Breakfast-Table':—"When, by the permission of Providence, I held up to the professional public the damnable facts connected with the conveyance of poison from one young mother's chamber to another's,—for doing which humble office I desire to be thankful that I have lived, though nothing else good should ever come of my life,—I had to hear the sneers of those whose position I had assailed, and as I believe, have at last

demolished, so that nothing but the ghosts of dead women stir among the ruins."

Among Dr. Holmes's early writings were two prose essays published in the *New England Magazine*, which lived briefly from 1831 to 1835. They bore the title of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table'; but they appeared afterward to the author as "early windfalls," and he was not willing to incorporate them among his acknowledged works, except as he acknowledges and quotes from them in one of his prefaces to the 'Autocrat' of 1857. Whether Lowell had seen these papers, or whether he judged what Dr. Holmes could do from his scientific productions and his incomparable conversation, no one can say; but when the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched, and a little later Lowell was asked to become its editor, he made one condition: "that Dr. Holmes should be the first contributor to be engaged." "I looked at the old Portfolio," said Dr. Holmes, "and said to myself, 'Too late! too late!'" But Lowell insisted—otherwise there would be no *Atlantic*; and Dr. Holmes yielded. "Lowell," he wrote afterward, "woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service." Dr. Holmes's genius, as seen in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' will carry his name down the tide of time. It was succeeded by nine volumes of prose, interrupted only by what now amounts to three volumes of verse, making thirteen volumes of his complete works. It is, even in quantity, no small showing, when we recall in addition his thirty-five years of medical professorship. Dr. Holmes was no idler: he loved to work and to do his work well. He scorned no expenditure of time in order to find the right word and to bring his verse into accurate form.

In 1840 Dr. Holmes married Amelia Lee Jackson, a woman exquisitely adapted to make him happy. She was not beautiful, nor in common phrase a woman of society; but she possessed a refinement, a wit, a charm, a power of self-forgetfulness, which were all her own. She was known to a small circle only, but wherever she allowed herself the opportunity to know and be known, she was beloved.

There were three children; only one of whom, Judge Holmes, survives his father. Dr. Holmes suffered the pain of seeing his wife and a son and daughter go before him. Nevertheless life was very sweet to him, and he bore the trials of age cheerfully, dying October 7th, 1894. He wrote once to Lowell: "Life is never monotonous, absolutely, to me. I am a series of surprises to myself in the changes that years and ripening, and it may be a still further process which I need not name, bring about. The movement onward is like changing place in a picture gallery,—the light fades from this picture and falls on that; . . . but what a strange thing life is, when you

have waded in up to your neck and remember the shelving sands you have trodden!"

But all the writing in the world about Dr. Holmes appears totally inefficient to represent his delightful ebullient spirit, freshening and sweetening every subject that he touched. The world soon found that a new wit was astir under the old pudding-stone, and that wit they could not do without. Every year, from 1851 until just before the end, he wrote and read a class poem; every dinner-table in Boston aspired to listen to his words; every occasion of importance called for his presence. Loving and beloved, he passed on his cheerful way. The cabman who drove him, the maid who put on his shoes, every one who performed the slightest service for him, loved him. No wonder life was not all dark to the one who shed such sunshine.

Amie Fields

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OLD IRONSIDES*

AY, TEAR her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

*This was the popular name by which the frigate Constitution was known. The poem was first printed in the Boston Daily Advertiser, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas-times;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
Who dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale:
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should
fail,
He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnapps.

And then, of course, you know what's next: it left the Dutchman's shore

With those that in the Mayflower came, a hundred souls and more,
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted, from his nest the screaming eagle flew,—
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows.
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,—
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said: "'twill do you good,—poor child, you'll never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill."
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.
'Tis but the fool that loves excess: hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,
The moss that clothes its broken walls, the ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me:
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words, "My dear, where *have* you
been?"

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE
OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A Logical Story

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay:
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five:
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
'T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess.
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day:
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay;
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text;
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

A SUN-DAY HYMN

LORD of all being! throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 Star of our hope, thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
 Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
 Till all thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame!

THE VOICELESS

WE COUNT the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory!
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,

But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

BILL AND JOE

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare:
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H-O-N. and L-L.-D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see:
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—

They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,
And shake their heads: they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade:
So they painted the little maid.
On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Redcoat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed:
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,—
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;

Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered *No*,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's *Yes*;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less:
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Edward's and Dorothy's, all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Redcoat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

THE THREE PROFESSIONS

From 'The Poet at the Breakfast-Table'

WHAT is your general estimate of doctors, lawyers, and ministers? said I.

—Wait a minute, till I have got through with your first question, said the Master. One thing at a time.—You asked me about the young doctors, and about our young doctor. They come home *très bien chaussés*, as a Frenchman would say, mighty well shod with professional knowledge. But when they begin walking round among their poor patients,—they don't commonly start with millionaires,—they find that their new shoes of scientific acquirements have got to be broken in just like a pair of boots or brogans. I don't know that I have put it quite strong enough. Let me try again. You've seen those fellows at the circus that get up on horseback, so big that you wonder how they could climb into the saddle. But pretty soon they throw off their outside coat, and the next minute another one, and then the one under that, and so they keep peeling off one garment after another till people begin to look queer and think they are going too far for strict propriety. Well, that is the way a fellow with a real practical turn serves a good many of his scientific wrappers,—flings 'em off for other people to pick up, and goes right at the work of curing stomach-aches and all the other little mean unscientific complaints that make up the larger part of every doctor's business. I think our Dr. Benjamin is a worthy young man, and if you are in need of a doctor at any time I hope you will go to him; and if you come off without harm, I will—recommend some other friend to try him.

—I thought he was going to say he would try him in his own person; but the Master is not fond of committing himself.

Now I will answer your other question, he said.—The lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible.

The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars" and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them,—every side of a case has a right to the best

statement it admits of; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever *vs.* Patient, the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil, according to the salary offered, and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quicker witted than either of the other professions, and abler men generally. They are good-natured, or if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers; but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case, which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things. They are apt to talk law in mixed company; and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating,—as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on the witness stand at a dinner party once.

The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting men: full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class—working downwards from knowledge to ignorance, that is; not so much upwards, perhaps—that we have. The trouble is, that so many of 'em work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They feed us on canned meats mostly. They cripple our instincts and reason, and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em, of all sorts of belief; and I don't think they are quite so easy in their minds, the greater number of them, nor so clear in their convictions, as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as that famous old skipper John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points, and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By-and-by the congregation will get ahead of *him*, and then it must have another new skipper. The

priest holds his own pretty well; the *minister* is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen,—no oracle at all, but a man of more than average moral instincts, who, if he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets. You find it very pleasant to be spoiled, no doubt; so do they. Now and then one of 'em goes over the dam; no wonder,—they're always in the rapids.

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weathercocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to switch off the talk on to another rail.

How about the doctors? I said.

—Theirs is the least learned of the professions, in this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to, and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not, they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when people are *in extremis*, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip,—tell a lie, for instance, or smuggle a silk dress through the custom-house: but they call in the doctor when the child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it doesn't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights doesn't take long. Besides, everybody doesn't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires, and find this world as good as they deserve: but everybody loves to talk physic. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases; people are eager to tell the doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from "a complication of diseases," and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a *Cephalalgia*, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

In old times, when people were more afraid of the Devil and of witches than they are now, they liked to have a priest or a minister somewhere near to scare 'em off: but nowadays, if you could find an old woman that would ride round the room on a broomstick, Barnum would build an amphitheatre to exhibit her in; and if he could come across a young imp, with hoofs, tail, and budding horns,—a lineal descendant of one of those "dæmons" which the good people of Gloucester fired at and were fired at by "for the best part of a month together," in the year 1692, the great showman would have him at any cost for his museum or menagerie. Men are cowards, sir, and are driven by fear as the sovereign motive. Men are idolaters, and want something to look at and kiss and hug, or throw themselves down before; they always did, they always will: and if you don't make it of wood, you must make it of words, which are just as much used for idols as promissory notes are used for values. The ministers have a hard time of it without bell and book and holy water; they are dismounted men in armor since Luther cut their saddle-girths, and you can see they are quietly taking off one piece of iron after another until some of the best of 'em are fighting the devil (not the zoölogical Devil with the big D) with the sword of the Spirit, and precious little else in the way of weapons of offense or defense. But we couldn't get on without the spiritual brotherhood, whatever became of our special creeds. There is a genius for religion, just as there is for painting or sculpture. It is half-sister to the genius for music, and has some of the features which remind us of earthly love. But it lifts us all by its mere presence. To see a good man and hear his voice once a week would be reason enough for building churches and pulpits.—The Master stopped all at once, and after about half a minute laughed his pleasant laugh.

What is it? I asked him.

I was thinking of the great coach and team that is carrying us fast enough, I don't know but too fast, somewhere or other. The D. D.s used to be the leaders, but now they are the wheel-horses. It's pretty hard to tell how much they pull, but we know they can hold back like the—

—When we're going down hill,—I said, as neatly as if I had been a High Church curate trained to snap at the last word of the response, so that you couldn't wedge in the tail of a comma between the end of the congregation's closing syllable and the beginning of the next petition.

ELSIE AT THE SPROWLE «PARTY»

From 'Elsie Venner'

THE conversation rose into one of its gusty paroxysms just then. . . . All at once it grew silent just round the door, where it had been loudest,—and the silence spread itself like a stain, till it hushed everything but a few corner duets. A dark, sad-looking, middle-aged gentleman entered the parlor, with a young lady on his arm,—his daughter, as it seemed, for she was not wholly unlike him in feature, and of the same dark complexion.

“Dudley Venner,” exclaimed a dozen people, in startled but half-suppressed tones.

“What can have brought Dudley out to-night?” said Jefferson Buck, a young fellow who had been interrupted in one of the corner duets which he was executing in concert with Miss Susy Pettingill.

“How do I know, Jeff?” was Miss Susy’s answer. Then, after a pause, — “Elsie made him come, I guess. Go ask Dr. Kit-tredge: he knows all about ’em both, they say.” . . .

Jefferson Buck was not bold enough to confront the doctor with Miss Susy’s question, for he did not look as if he were in the mood to answer queries put by curious young people. His eyes were fixed steadily on the dark girl, every movement of whom he seemed to follow.

She was indeed an apparition of wild beauty, so unlike the girls about her that it seemed nothing more than natural that when she moved, the groups should part to let her pass through them, and that she should carry the centre of all looks and thoughts with her. She was dressed to please her own fancy, evidently, with small regard to the modes declared correct by the Rockland milliners and mantua-makers. Her heavy black hair lay in a braided coil, with a long gold pin shot through it like a javelin. Round her neck was a golden *torque*, a round, cord-like chain, such as the Gauls used to wear; the Dying Gladiator has it. Her dress was a grayish watered silk; her collar was pinned with a flashing diamond brooch, the stones looking as fresh as morning dew-drops, but the silver setting of the past generation; her arms were bare, round, but slender rather than large, in keeping with her lithe round figure. On her wrists she wore

bracelets: one was a circlet of enameled scales, the other looked as if it might have been Cleopatra's asp, with its body turned to gold and its eyes to emeralds.

Her father—for Dudley Venner was her father—looked like a man of culture and breeding, but melancholy and with a distracted air, as one whose life had met some fatal cross or blight. He saluted hardly anybody except his entertainers and the doctor. One would have said, to look at him, that he was not at the party by choice; and it was natural enough to think, with Susy Pettingill, that it must have been a freak of the dark girl's which brought him there, for he had the air of a shy and sad-hearted recluse.

It was hard to say what could have brought Elsie Venner to the party. Hardly anybody seemed to know her, and she seemed not at all disposed to make acquaintances. Here and there was one of the older girls from the Institute, but she appeared to have nothing in common with them. Even in the school-room, it may be remembered, she sat apart by her own choice, and now in the midst of the crowd she made a circle of isolation round herself. Drawing her arm out of her father's, she stood against the wall, and looked, with a strange cold glitter in her eyes, at the crowd which moved and babbled before her.

The old doctor came up to her by-and-by.

"Well, Elsie, I am quite surprised to find you here. Do tell me how you happened to do such a good-natured thing as to let us see you at such a great party."

"It's been dull at the mansion-house," she said, "and I wanted to get out of it. It's too lonely there,—there's nobody to hate since Dick's gone."

The doctor laughed good-naturedly, as if this were an amusing bit of pleasantry; but he lifted his head and dropped his eyes a little, so as to see her through his spectacles. She narrowed her lids slightly, as one often sees a sleepy cat narrow hers,—somewhat as you may remember our famous Margaret used to, if you remember her at all,—so that her eyes looked very small but bright as the diamonds on her breast. The old doctor felt very oddly as she looked at him; he did not like the feeling, so he dropped his head and lifted his eyes and looked at her *over* his spectacles again.

"And how have you all been at the mansion-house?" said the doctor.

"Oh, well enough. But Dick's gone, and there's nobody left but Dudley and I and the people. I'm tired of it. What kills anybody quickest, doctor?" Then, in a whisper, "I ran away again the other day, you know."

"Where did you go?" The doctor spoke in a low, serious tone.

"Oh, to the old place. Here, I brought this for you."

The doctor started as she handed him a flower of the *Atragene Americana*; for he knew that there was only one spot where it grew, and that not one where any rash foot, least of all a thin-shod woman's foot, should venture.

"How long were you gone?" said the doctor.

"Only one night. You should have heard the horns blowing and the guns firing. Dudley was frightened out of his wits. Old Sophy told him she'd had a dream, and that I should be found in Dead Man's Hollow, with a great rock lying on me. They hunted all over it, but they didn't find me,—I was farther up."

Dr. Kittredge looked cloudy and worried while she was speaking, but forced a pleasant professional smile as he said cheerily, and as if wishing to change the subject:—

"Have a good dance this evening, Elsie. The fiddlers are tuning up. Where's the young master? has he come yet? or is he going to be late, with the other great folks?"

The girl turned away without answering, and looked toward the door.

The "great folks," meaning the mansion-house gentry, were just beginning to come; Dudley Venner and his daughter had been the first of them.

Mr. Bernard came in later than any of them: he had been busy with his new duties. He looked well, and that is saying a good deal; for nothing but a gentleman is endurable in full dress. Hair that masses well, a head set on with an air, a neckerchief tied cleverly by an easy, practiced hand; close-fitting gloves; feet well shaped and well covered,—these advantages can make us forgive the odious sable broadcloth suit, which appears to have been adopted by society on the same principle that condemned all the Venetian gondolas to perpetual and uniform blackness. Mr. Bernard, introduced by Mr. Geordie, made his bow to the colonel and his lady, and to Miss Matilda, from whom he got a particularly gracious curtsy, and then began looking

about him for acquaintances. He found two or three faces he knew, many more strangers. There was Silas Peckham—there was no mistaking him; there was the inelastic amplitude of Mrs. Peckham; few of the Apollinean girls, of course, they not being recognized members of society,—but there is one with the flame in her cheeks and the fire in her eyes, the girl of vigorous tints and emphatic outlines, whom we saw entering the school-room the other day. Old Judge Thornton has his eyes on her, and the colonel steals a look every now and then at the red brooch which lifts itself so superbly into the light, as if he thought it a wonderfully becoming ornament. Mr. Bernard himself was not displeased with the general effect of the rich-blooded schoolgirl, as she stood under the bright lamps fanning herself in the warm, languid air, fixed in a kind of passionate surprise at the new life which seemed to be flowering out in her consciousness. Perhaps he looked at her somewhat steadily, as some others had done; at any rate, she seemed to feel that she was looked at, as people often do, and turning her eyes suddenly on him, caught his own on her face, gave him a half-bashful smile, and threw in a blush involuntarily which made it more charming.

“What can I do better,” he said to himself, “than have a dance with Rosa Milburn?” So he carried his handsome pupil into the next room and took his place with her in a cotillon. Whether the breath of the Goddess of Love could intoxicate like the cup of Circe,—whether a woman is ever phosphorescent with the luminous vapor of life that she exhales,—these and other questions which relate to occult influences exercised by certain women we will not now discuss. It is enough that Mr. Bernard was sensible of a strange fascination, not wholly new to him, nor unprecedented in the history of human experience, but always a revelation when it comes over us for the first or the hundredth time, so pale is the most recent memory by the side of the passing moment with the flush of any new-born passion on its cheek. Remember that Nature makes every man love all women, and trusts the trivial matter of special choice to the commonest accident.

If Mr. Bernard had had nothing to distract his attention, he might have thought too much about his handsome partner, and then gone home and dreamed about her, which is always dangerous, and waked up thinking of her still, and then begun to be

deeply interested in her studies, and so on through the whole syllogism which ends in Nature's supreme *quod erat demonstrandum*. What was there to distract him or disturb him? He did not know,—but there was something. This sumptuous creature, this Eve just within the gate of an untried Paradise, untutored in the ways of the world but on tiptoe to reach the fruit of the tree of knowledge,—alive to the moist vitality of that warm atmosphere palpitating with voices and music, as the flower of some dioecious plant which has grown in a lone corner, and suddenly unfolding its corolla on some hot-breathing June evening, feels that the air is perfumed with strange odors and loaded with golden dust wafted from those other blossoms with which its double life is shared,—this almost over-womanized woman might well have bewitched him, but that he had a vague sense of a counter-charm. It was perhaps only the same consciousness that some one was looking at him which he himself had just given occasion to in his partner. Presently, in one of the turns of the dance, he felt his eyes drawn to a figure he had not distinctly recognized though he had dimly felt its presence, and saw that Elsie Venner was looking at him as if she saw nothing else but him. He was not a nervous person, like the poor lady teacher; yet the glitter of the diamond eyes affected him strangely. It seemed to disenchant the air, so full a moment before of strange attractions. He became silent and dreamy.

ON RATTLESNAKE LEDGE

From 'Elsie Venner'

THE more he saw her, the more the sadness of her beauty wrought upon him. She looked as if she might hate, but could not love. She hardly smiled at anything, spoke rarely, but seemed to feel that her natural power of expression lay all in her bright eyes, the force of which so many had felt, but none perhaps had tried to explain to themselves. A person accustomed to watch the faces of those who were ailing in body or mind, and to search in every line and tint for some underlying source of disorder, could hardly help analyzing the impression such a face produced upon him. The light of those beautiful eyes was like the lustre of ice; in all her features there was nothing of that human warmth which shows that sympathy has

reached the soul beneath the mask of flesh it wears. The look was that of remoteness, of utter isolation. There was in its stony apathy, it seemed to him, the pathos which we find in the blind who show no film or speck over the organs of sight; for Nature had meant her to be lovely, and left out nothing but love. And yet the master could not help feeling that some instinct was working in this girl which was in some way leading her to seek his presence. She did not lift her glittering eyes upon him as at first. It seemed strange that she did not, for they were surely her natural weapons of conquest. Her color did not come and go like that of young girls under excitement. She had a clear brunette complexion, a little sun-touched, it may be,—for the master noticed once, when her necklace was slightly displaced, that a faint ring or band of a little lighter shade than the rest of the surface encircled her neck. What was the slight peculiarity of her enunciation when she read? Not a lisp, certainly, but the least possible imperfection in articulating some of the lingual sounds,—just enough to be noticed at first, and quite forgotten after being a few times heard.

Not a word about the flower on either side. It was not uncommon for the schoolgirls to leave a rose or pink or wild flower on the teacher's desk. Finding it in the Virgil was nothing, after all: it was a little delicate flower, which looked as if it were made to press, and it was probably shut in by accident at the particular place where he found it. He took it into his head to examine it in a botanical point of view. He found it was not common,—that it grew only in certain localities,—and that one of these was among the rocks of the eastern spur of The Mountain.

It happened to come into his head how the Swiss youth climb the sides of the Alps to find the flower called the *Edelweiss* for the maidens whom they wish to please. It is a pretty fancy, that of scaling some dangerous height before the dawn so as to gather the flower in its freshness, that the favored maiden may wear it to church on Sunday morning, a proof at once of her lover's devotion and his courage. Mr. Bernard determined to explore the region where this flower was said to grow, that he might see where the wild girl sought the blossoms of which Nature was so jealous.

It was on a warm, fair Saturday afternoon that he undertook his land voyage of discovery. He had more curiosity, it may be,

than he would have owned; for he had heard of the girl's wandering habits, and the guesses about her sylvan haunts, and was thinking what the chances were that he should meet her in some strange place, or come upon traces of her which would tell secrets she would not care to have known.

The woods are all alive to one who walks through them with his mind in an excited state, and his eyes and ears wide open. The trees are always talking; not merely whispering with their leaves (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone in the middle of a pasture), but grating their boughs against each other as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling palms together, dropping a nut or a leaf or a twig, clicking to the tap of a woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch. It was now the season of singing birds, and the woods were haunted with mysterious tender music. The voices of the birds which love the deeper shades of the forest are sadder than those of the open fields: these are the nuns who have taken the veil, the hermits that have hidden themselves away from the world and tell their griefs to the infinite listening Silences of the wilderness,—for the one deep inner silence that Nature breaks with her fitful superficial sounds becomes multiplied as the image of a star in ruffled waters. Strange! The woods at first convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman: the little twigs are crossing and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still; the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant curl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude; and the rounded masses of foliage swell upward and subside from time to time with long soft sighs, and it may be the falling of a few rain-drops which had lain hidden among the deeper shadows. I pray you, notice, in the sweet summer days which will soon see you among the mountains, this inward tranquillity that belongs to the heart of the woodland, with this nervousness (for I do not know what else to call it) of outer movement. One would say that Nature, like untrained persons, could not sit still without nestling about or doing something with her limbs or features; and that high breeding was only to be looked for in trim gardens, where the soul of the trees is ill at ease perhaps, but their manners are unexceptionable, and a rustling branch or leaf falling out of season is an indecorum.

The real forest is hardly still except in the Indian summer; then there is death in the house, and they are waiting for the sharp shrunken months to come with white raiment for the summer's burial.

There were many hemlocks in this neighborhood, the grandest and most solemn of all the forest trees in the mountain regions. Up to a certain period of growth they are eminently beautiful, their boughs disposed in the most graceful pagoda-like series of close terraces, thick and dark with green crystalline leaflets. In spring the tender shoots come out of a paler green, finger-like, as if they were pointing to the violets at their feet. But when the trees have grown old, and their rough boles measure a yard and more through their diameter, they are no longer beautiful, but they have a sad solemnity all their own, too full of meaning to require the heart's comment to be framed in words. Below, all their earthward-looking branches are sapless and shattered, splintered by the weight of many winters' snows; above, they are still green and full of life, but their summits overtop all the deciduous trees around them, and in their companionship with heaven they are alone. On these the lightning loves to fall. One such Mr. Bernard saw—or rather what had been one such; for the bolt had torn the tree like an explosion from within, and the ground was strewn all around the broken stump with flakes of rough bark and strips and chips of shivered wood, into which the old tree had been rent by the bursting rocket from the thunder-cloud.

—The master had struck up The Mountain obliquely from the western side of the Dudley mansion-house. In this way he ascended until he reached a point many hundred feet above the level of the plain, and commanding all the country beneath and around. Almost at his feet he saw the mansion-house, the chimney standing out of the middle of the roof, or rather like a black square hole in it,—the trees almost directly over their stems, the fences as lines, the whole nearly as an architect would draw a ground plan of the house and the inclosures round it. It frightened him to see how the huge masses of rock and old forest growths hung over the home below. As he descended a little and drew near the ledge of evil name, he was struck with the appearance of a long narrow fissure that ran parallel with it and above it for many rods, not seemingly of very old standing,—for there were many fibres of roots which had evidently been

snapped asunder when the rent took place, and some of which were still succulent in both separated portions.

Mr. Bernard had made up his mind, when he set forth, not to come back before he had examined the dreaded ledge. He had half persuaded himself that it was scientific curiosity: he wished to examine the rocks, *to see what flowers grew there*, and perhaps to pick up an adventure in the zoölogical line; for he had on a pair of high, stout boots, and he carried a stick in his hand which was forked at one extremity, so as to be very convenient to hold down a *crotalus* with, if he should happen to encounter one. He knew the aspect of the ledge from a distance; for its bald and leprous-looking declivities stood out in their nakedness from the wooded sides of The Mountain, when this was viewed from certain points of the village. But the nearer aspect of the blasted region had something frightful in it. The cliffs were water-worn, as if they had been gnawed for thousands of years by hungry waves. In some places they overhung their base, so as to look like leaning towers which might topple over at any minute. In other parts they were scooped into niches or caverns. Here and there they were cracked in deep fissures, some of them of such width that one might enter them, if he cared to run the risk of meeting the regular tenants, who might treat him as an intruder.

Parts of the ledge were cloven perpendicularly, with nothing but cracks or slightly projecting edges in which or on which a foot could find hold. High up on one of these precipitous walls of rock he saw some tufts of flowers, and knew them at once for the same that he had found between the leaves of his Virgil. Not there, surely! no woman would have clung against that steep, rough parapet to gather an idle blossom. And yet the master looked round everywhere, and even up the side of that rock, to see if there were no signs of a woman's footstep. He peered about curiously, as if his eye might fall on some of those fragments of dress which women leave after them whenever they run against each other or against anything else,—in crowded ball-rooms, in the brushwood after picnics, on the fences after rambles, scattered round over every place which has witnessed an act of violence, where rude hands have been laid upon them. Nothing. Stop, though, one moment. That stone is smooth and polished, as if it had been somewhat worn by the pressure of human feet. There is one twig broken among the stems of that

clump of shrubs. He put his foot upon the stone and took hold of the close-clinging shrub. In this way he turned a sharp angle of the rock and found himself on a natural platform, which lay in front of one of the wider fissures,—whether the mouth of a cavern or not he could not yet tell. A flat stone made an easy seat, upon which he sat down, as he was very glad to do, and looked mechanically about him. A small fragment splintered from the rock was at his feet. He took it and threw it down the declivity a little below where he sat. He looked about for a stem or a straw of some kind to bite upon,—a country instinct, relic no doubt of the old vegetable-feeding habits of Eden. Is that a stem or a straw? He picked it up. It was a hair-pin.

To say that Mr. Langdon had a strange sort of thrill shoot through him at the sight of this harmless little implement would be a statement not at variance with the fact of the case. That smooth stone had been often trodden, and by what foot he could not doubt. He rose up from his seat to look round for other signs of a woman's visits. What if there is a cavern here, where she has a retreat, fitted up perhaps as anchorites fitted their cells,—nay, it may be, carpeted and mirrored, and with one of those tiger-skins for a couch, such as they say the girl loves to lie on? Let us look, at any rate.

Mr. Bernard walked to the mouth of the cavern or fissure and looked into it. His look was met by the glitter of two diamond eyes,—small, sharp, cold, shining out of the darkness, but gliding with a smooth, steady motion towards the light and himself. He stood fixed, struck dumb, staring back into them with dilating pupils and sudden numbness of fear that cannot move, as in the terror of dreams. The two sparks of light came forward until they grew to circles of flame, and all at once lifted themselves up as if in angry surprise. Then for the first time thrilled in Mr. Bernard's ears the dreadful sound that nothing which breathes, be it man or brute, can hear unmoved,—the long, loud, stinging whirr, as the huge, thick-bodied reptile shook his many-jointed rattle and adjusted his loops for the fatal stroke. His eyes were drawn as with magnets toward the circles of flame. His ears rung as in the overture to the swooning dream of chloroform. Nature was before man with her anæsthetics: the cat's first shake stupefies the mouse; the lion's first shake deadens the man's fear and feeling; and the *crotalus* paralyzes before he strikes. He waited as in a trance,—waited as one that longs to have the

blow fall, and all over, as the man who shall be in two pieces in a second waits for the axe to drop. But while he looked straight into the flaming eyes, it seemed to him that they were losing their light and terror, that they were growing tame and dull; the charm was dissolving, the numbness was passing away, he could move once more. He heard a light breathing close to his ear, and half turning saw the face of Elsie Venner, looking motionless into the reptile's eyes, which had shrunk and faded under the stronger enchantment of her own.

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

From 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table'

(*A Parenthesis*)

I CAN'T say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

—I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.—Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think after a while one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of them.—Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy.—She who

nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman put on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle and more than middle aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. "Oh, that is the maternal grandfather," said a wise old friend to me: "he was a boor."—Better too few words from the woman we love than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself.—Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men, therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

—Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not,—whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon,—whether I cribbed them from Balzac,—whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom,—or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs),—I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things—and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

—You are a stranger to me, ma'am. I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress. I shan't do it;—I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in these pages. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

—My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front yards or borders: Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences: one in Myrtle Street, or at the back of it; here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts

in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head (as I said in my poem the other day), and look as if they were whispering, "May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!"—and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower-beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday-school boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything.—I hold any man cheap, he said, of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans.—How is that, Professor? said I: I should have set you down for one of that sort.—Sir, said he, I am proud to say that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from moldy

roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, "Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, "Wait awhile!" By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

—Let us cry!—

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it,—but she goes into all the corners and attends to the leaves as much as to the covers.—Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that,—that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit,—to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards,—to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing-sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant which passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

—I never addressed one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was perhaps a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but somehow I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. 'The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it "the long path," and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly, said the schoolmistress; with much pleasure.—Think, I said, before you answer: if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree.—Pray, sit down, I said.—No, no, she answered softly: I will walk the *long path* with you!

—The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking arm-in-arm about the middle of the long path, and said very charmingly, "Good-morning, my dears!"

THE LARK ON SALISBURY PLAIN

From 'Our Hundred Days in Europe'

ONE incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, "Look! Look! See the lark rising!" I looked up with the rest. There was the bright blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish. Again, one called out, "Hark! Hark! Hear him singing!" I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? *Those that look out at the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low.* Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate, unless,—unless,—if our mild humanized theology promises truly, I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me? For in whatever world I may find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home, which some kind angel

may point out to me as a gilded globule swimming in the sunlight far away. After walking the streets of pure gold in the New Jerusalem, might not one like a short vacation, to visit the well-remembered green fields and flowery meadows? I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasing life entertainment was unstringing its instruments, and the lights were being extinguished,—that the show was almost over. All this I kept to myself, of course, except so far as I whispered it to the unseen presence which we all feel is in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my eyes, and through them into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who for the first time gently presses back the longing lips of her as yet unweaned infant.

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HERMANN EDUARD VON HOLST

(1841-1904)



HERMANN EDUARD VON HOLST, the historian, was born at Fellin, Livonia, June 19th, 1841, and was educated at Heidelberg and Dorpat. While traveling in Germany he published a pamphlet which was offensive to the Russian authorities, and was forbidden to return to the land of his birth. Soon afterwards he came to the United States, where he occupied himself in literary work for several years. In 1872 he was appointed to a professorship in the University of Strassburg, and two years later became professor of modern history at Freiburg, retaining that chair till 1892, when he was called to Chicago University. His chief work is his 'Constitutional and Political History of the United States' (1876-85), translated from the German by J. J. Lalor and A. B. Mason. Besides this he wrote lives of John C. Calhoun and John Brown, 'The Constitutional Law of the United States of America' (1887), and 'The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career' (1894).

Von Holst had unusual advantages as a student of American politics and history. **HERMANN VON HOLST** His foreign birth and education might well have served to give to his work such a character of impartiality as it would have been more difficult for the native historian to secure. The great Civil War which was going on when he came to the United States appealed powerfully to his sympathies, and determined him to search for its historical causes. Unfortunately for his repute as a historian, he saw these causes with the eye of a partisan of the North, and he traversed the past like a belated Nemesis dealing out to our departed statesmen the retribution which he thought their sins deserved. To his mind the slavery question assumed proportions so enormous that the entire history of the country was nothing but a record of the struggle between freedom and the "slavocracy," and the latter's insidious purposes are discernible everywhere. In spite of this, it is safe to say that no historian since the war has exerted a wider influence than Von Holst.

If his conclusions are not wholly accepted, his zeal, his vigor, his picturesque manner, and his sincerity have stimulated others to good work. Few recent historical books have been more widely read, and that despite a certain roughness of style and confusion of metaphor which make many of his passages hard reading. In the matter of style, however, the translators of his 'Constitutional History' are in part at fault, and his lives of Brown and Calhoun are more concise and readable. For many years his history was regarded as the standard American work on the period since the adoption of the Constitution, and was constantly used by teachers, in Northern colleges at least, as a book of reference. Of late, special treatises on portions of the period covered have superseded it to a certain extent.

Dr. Von Holst's power of picturesque and dramatic presentation is seen to good advantage in the volume on the French Revolution from which the selections are made. The story is centred around its most striking personality, and after the manner of Carlyle, that personality is made vital and hence explicable. History writing, even upon this most fascinating of themes, is seldom made so attractive. This gift of making his subject-matter interesting also came out in Dr. Von Holst as a lecturer: his influence at Chicago was considerable and widespread. He retired to Freiburg in ill health in 1900, and died on January 20th, 1904.

MIRABEAU

From 'The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career.' Copyright 1894.
by Callaghan & Co.

"DON'T be frightened!" It is said that on March 9th, 1749, these ill-omened words announced to Victor Riquetti, Marquis Mirabeau, that the longed-for son and heir was born to him. The warning was to prepare him to see a twisted foot and an over-sized head of uncommon ugliness, rendered the more impressive by two premature teeth. If a prophet's hand had lifted for him the curtain concealing the future, he would have seen that there were other and infinitely graver reasons to frighten him. With that ill-shaped baby Providence had committed to his hands a trust of incalculable import to France, and thereby to the world. He knew it no more than the child knew that the very first thing it did in life was to cause deep vexation to its irritable father by its unsightliness. If he had known it, he might have understood his duty towards the child somewhat differently, and some of history's most awful pages might possibly have a somewhat different tale to tell.

In his last years Mirabeau rather prided himself upon his ugliness. He declared it no mean element in his extraordinary power over men, and there was in fact a strange fascination in its forceful impressiveness. The father, however, was proof against its charm. If I read the character of the eccentric man correctly, the baby acted most unwisely in furnishing good cause for that horrified exclamation. Any father's child is to be pitied that is bid such a welcome upon its entrance into the world; and if there was a father whose feelings could not with impunity be trifled with, it was the famous author of the 'Friend of Men.' Forsooth a proud title. A brighter diadem than a crown, if it had been conferred by others. Bestowed by himself it savored of presumption. Still it was by no means a false, mendacious pretension. A great and warm heart beat with an uncommonly strong pulse in the rugged chest. But when this heart set to reasoning, as it was fearfully prone to do whenever it was hurt, it always did so with the sledge-hammer's logic. And as to this baby it at once began to reason, because it was deeply wounded in a most tender spot by its extravagant ugliness. From the first dismayed look the father took at his offspring, it was certain that unless the son proved a paragon of all virtues according to the father's conceptions, fair weather would be the exception rather than the rule in their relations. Ere the child is fairly out of the nursery they begin to take a tragical turn. When Gabriel Honoré is still a lithe-limbed boy, a veritable tragedy is well under way. The beard does not yet sprout on the chin of the youth, and bitter wrangling degenerates into a fierce feud. The same blood flows in their veins, but as to each other every drop of it seems to turn into corrosive poison. No diseased imagination of a sensational novelist has ever invented a wilder romance and used more glaring colors in painting characters and scenes. It is indescribably revolting, but at the same time of overwhelming, heart-rending pathos; not only because it is life and not fiction, but principally because both, father and son, are infinitely more to be pitied than to be blamed, though the guilt of both is great. As to this there can be no difference of opinion. But for more than a century it has been a much-controverted question whether the father or the son was the more culpable. I shall give no doubtful answer to the question as to what I think on this head. By far the greater stress, however, I lay on the assertion that the principal culprit was the *ancien régime*. If

this be not made the basal line in examining the case, it is impossible to do full justice to either of the parties; and in my opinion all the historians of the portentous family tragedy have thus far more or less failed to see, or at least to do, this.

Unless Marquis Victor could exempt himself from the law that causes have effects, his being constantly in hot water in regard to his family affairs was inevitable. The hot sun of the Provence tells upon the temperature of the blood, and with the Mirabeaus it seemed to rise a degree or two with every generation. In this respect nothing was changed by the fact that any ordinary man would have died if he had lost half the quantity of blood that flowed in the wars of Louis XIV. from the wounds of Jean Antoine, Victor's father. He deemed it his due always to be sent where death was sure to reap the richest harvest, and he was not possessed of any charm rendering him steel-and-bullet-proof. Of one of the battles he used to speak as "the day on which I died." The soldiers said of him: "He is a Mirabeau: they are all devils." . . .

It was an uncommonly ugly baby,—that is all I have thus far said of him who was to render the name Mirabeau immortal; and yet I have said already enough to decide the mooted question, whether the father or the son was more to blame that the story of their relations was written with gall and venom, and the latter's name became a stench in the nostrils of all decent people. I have said enough to decide this question, unless one is prepared to contend that not parents have to educate their children, but children their parents, and to deny that example is one of the most essential elements in education.

Surely the children of the marquis would have needed a treble set of guardian angels, to come out of the atmosphere of this household uncontaminated. As to Honoré, a whole battalion of them would have been of no avail, for against them father and son were from the first the closest allies. All that was out of joint and awry in the father's way of feeling, thinking, and acting, was brought to bear upon the hapless child systematically, with dogged persistency and the utmost force. Not enough that he was born so ugly that the most mealy-hearted father, intending to make his son the head of one of the great families of France, would have felt justly aggrieved. As if he wanted to try just how much the father's patience would stand, he became still more disfigured by small-pox. The *bailli* was informed that

his nephew vied in ugliness "with the Devil's nephew." Starting from this basis, the marquis soon commenced to discover that he resembled this disreputable personage in many other respects also. Small wonder! The precocious child was a most genuine twig of the old tree, and most people judge those defects of character with the greatest severity which characterize themselves. Upon the hot-tempered father, afflicted with the infallibility delusion and the duty craze, the faithful reproduction of his own unconfessed faults in his son necessarily had the effect that a red cloth has upon the turkey-cock; and the logical consequence was a pedagogical policy necessarily producing results diametrically opposed to those it was intended to have. Dismay grew into chronic anger, baffled anger into provoking passion, thwarted passion into obdurate rigor and obstinacy, defied rigor into systematic injustice and cruelty, breeding revengeful spite and more and more weakening and wrenching out of shape all the springs of moral volition.

The brain in the oversized head of the boy worked with unnatural intensity, and molten iron instead of blood seemed to flow in his veins. What he needed above all was therefore a steady hand to guide him. The hand, however, cannot possibly be steady if the judgment is constantly whirling around like a weathercock. Now the father sees in him "a lofty heart under the jacket of a babe, with a strange but noble instinct of pride"; and only four days later he has changed into "a type of unutterably deep baseness, of absolute platitude, and the quality of an uncouth and dirty caterpillar which will not undergo a transformation." Then again: "An intelligence, a memory, a capacity, which overpower, exciting astonishment, nay, fright." And not quite four weeks later: "A nothing, embellished with trivialities that will throw dust into the eyes of chatterboxes, but never be anything but a quarter of a man, if peradventure he should ever be anything at all."

Unquestionably it was no easy task properly to educate this boy, for there was a great deal of solid foundation for every one of the father's contradictory judgments: the boy was like the father, as "changeable as the sea." Still, by conforming the education, with untiring, loving patience, to the strongly pronounced individuality of the child, a good pedagogue would have been sure to achieve excellent results. The application of any cut-and-dried system based upon preconceived notions was certain

to work incalculable mischief. This the marquis failed to see, and his system was in all its parts as adapted to the intellectual and moral peculiarities of the boy as a blacksmith's hammer to the repairing of a chronometer.

Many years later, the Baron von Gleichen wrote to the father: "I told you often that you would make a great rascal of the boy, while he was of a stuff to make a great man of him. He has become both." So it was; and that he became a rascal was to a great extent due to the treatment he received at his father's hands, while he became a great man in spite of it. Appeals to reason, pride, honor, noble ambition, and above all affection, always awakened a strong responsive echo in his bosom; the father, however, whenever he was provoked,—and the high-spirited unruly boy constantly provoked him,—had only sternness, stinging sarcasm, sharp rebuke, and severe punishment for him. Instead of educating him by methodically developing his better qualities, he persists in trying to subdue him by fear, although he cannot help confessing that the word fear is not to be found in the boy's vocabulary. Contradicting himself, he then again proudly asserts that while Honoré is afraid of no one else, he fears him. That was a delusion. He knew that from the father he had to expect nothing but punishment, and that he tried to elude by hook and by crook; having, in spite of his fearlessness, no more a liking for it than any other boy. The father accused him, now and ever afterwards, of being by nature a liar. It was he who had caused the germ of untruthfulness, which is liable to be pretty strong with most very vivacious children, to sprout so vigorously and to cast such deep roots, by systematically watering it every day. From his early childhood to the day of his death, Mirabeau was possessed of a secret charm that in spite of everything, opened him the hearts of almost all people with whom he came into close contact. Even the father was by no means, as he pretended to be, wholly proof against it. But as he was extraordinarily skillful in deceiving himself on this head, he also admirably succeeded in concealing it from the son. The boy learned more and more to look upon his father as his one natural enemy, whom it was a matter of course to oppose by all available means, fair and foul. He did his best to make himself a terror to his son, and he not only deadened natural affection, but also undermined filial respect. To reimpose the punishments remitted by the teacher, to make everybody, from the father confessor down to the comrades,

a spy and informant, purposely and confessedly to exaggerate to instructors and superiors his moral shortcomings,—that was a policy to drive an angel to revolt. It would have been nothing less than a miracle if it had not goaded into viciousness an unusually bright and hot-tempered boy, with a superabundance of human nature in his every fibre. There is no surer way utterly to ruin a full-blooded colt than madly to tear and jerk the bridle, while brutally belaboring him with spur and whip.

Honoré was still a child, and the marquis already persuaded himself that he was in the strict sense of the word a criminal. He not only said so, but he also treated him as such, though he admitted that in truth, thus far only boyish pranks could be laid to his charge. As a last attempt to save him from perdition, he was at the age of fifteen years intrusted to the Abbé Choquard. The marquis himself applies to the institution the harsh name "reformatory school." It was not so bad as that. Among Honoré's comrades were even some English boys "of family," who were not at all suspected of being candidates for the hangman's kind attentions. Not by putting him into this institution did the marquis disgrace his son, but he did brand him by depriving him of his name. As Pierre Buffière he was entered in the lists. Loménie—*facile princeps* among Mirabeau's biographers—makes light of this. He is even strongly inclined to suppose that as Buffière was the name of a large estate forming part of the prospective inheritance of his wife, the marquis was largely induced by the desire to gratify his pride to impose this name on the son. A strange way of distributing light and shadow in painting this family tragedy! The marquis states in the plainest words that he intends to burn a mark upon the forehead of the son. . . .

Here again Mirabeau soon gained the vivid affection, not only of his comrades, but also of his teachers. A touching demonstration of the former induced his father to refrain from carrying out the intention of punishing him for the crime of accepting some money presents from his mother, by taking him out of the school and casting him adrift on the sea of life in a way which would have burned an indelible mark on his, the father's, forehead.

In 1767, Pierre Buffière was put into the army. From this time the feud between father and son rapidly sinks into darker and darker depths. The son now comes in for a steadily and fast increasing share of real guilt; but his guilt is always outrun by his father's unreasonable, unjust, and despotic paternalism. . . .

Debts, contracted at the gambling-table and in all sorts of other indulgences of a more or less reprehensible character, and an indiscreet and impure love affair, caused his father to resume the idea I just alluded to. He thought of sending the son to the Dutch colonies, *because* their mephitic climate would render it rather more than likely that he would never return from them. Many a year later Mirabeau wrote from his terrible dungeon in Vincennes to his father:—"You have confessed to me in one of your letters, that from the time of my imprisonment on the Isle of Rhé you have been on the point of sending me to the Dutch colonies. The word has made a deep impression upon me, and influenced in a high degree my after life. . . . What had I done at the age of eighteen years, that you could conceive such an idea, which makes me tremble even now, when I am buried alive? . . . I had made love." Why do Loménie and Stern not quote this letter? It seems to me that it *must* be quoted, if one is to judge fairly.

The project was abandoned in favor of a milder means, which the *ancien régime* offered to persons of high standing and influence to rid themselves of people who were in their way,—the so-called *lettres de cachet*. The person whose name a complacent minister entered upon the formulary was arrested in the name of the king, and disappeared without trial or judgment in some State prison, for as long a time as his persecutor chose to keep him caged. By this handy means the marquis now began to drag his son from prison to prison, in his "quality of natural tribunal," as he said.

Loménie lays considerable stress upon the fact that once or twice Mirabeau seems to have been rather satisfied with thus being taken care of, because he was thereby protected from his creditors. The marquis however gains but little by that. As to his son, he appears in regard to this particular instance in a better light than before this fact was unearthed, but from the other side a new shadow falls upon him. Where did this fanatic of duty find the moral justification to prevent the creditors from getting their due, by thus putting their debtor "under the hand of the king," as the phrase ran? It certainly could not be derived from any paragraph in his catechism. It is a most genuine piece of the code of the *ancien régime*.

For a number of years Mirabeau's debts constituted his principal wrong. He was one of those men who would somehow

manage to get into debt even on a desert island, and with Robinson's lump of gold for a pillow. But he would have had no opportunity to run up in the briefest time an account of over 200,000 francs, if he had not closely followed the father's bad example in choosing a wife. Miss Marignane was also an heiress, but—though bearing no resemblance to the *née* Miss Vassan—in almost every other respect pretty much the reverse of what a sensible man must wish his wife to be. Mirabeau would certainly never have thought of offering her his hand, if she had not been an heiress. His main reasons for wooing her seem, however, to have been the longing to become more independent of his father, and a freak of petty vanity: he was tickled by the sensation it would cause, that in spite of his ugliness the much-coveted prize was carried off by him. He did not even scruple to force the hand of the girl by gravely compromising her. But when she was his wife, he was only too gallant a knight. She was one of those women whose whole existence is comprised in sipping the cup of pleasure. She is, so to speak, all outside without any inside at all. If you want to get at her intellectual life, you must listen to her merry laugh about nothing at the picnic parties, and the animated recitation of her part on the amateur stage, on which she is quite a star; and to find her heart, you must go to the milliner's and jeweler's shop. To them and to the caterers Mirabeau carried the bulk of the money he borrowed from the usurers. She had eaten up with her frivolities most of the money, for the squandering of which he had to pine his youth away in prison. And that was not all she had to answer for. She too had enjoyed all the advantages of good example, and she profited as much by it as Mirabeau. Her grandmother and her mother were separated from their husbands, and very soon she gave Mirabeau the right to bid her leave his house forever. He forgave her the adultery, of which she stood convicted by her own confession; and he never told any one of her shame, until he thought that by revealing his magnanimity he could induce the courts to compel her to rejoin him. She thanked him for his generosity by telling him that he was a fool, when he implored and commanded her to join him in his place of detention, in order to stand between him and the temptation which threatened to close the gulf over him by pushing him from guilt into crime. Aye, Mirabeau sinned much, but he was infinitely more sinned against.

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HÖLTY

(1748-1776)

HÖLTY, one of the best of the German lyric poets of the eighteenth century, was born in Mariensee, near Hannover. The son of a country minister, he was excellently grounded by his father in the classics and modern languages. Though incessantly, even as a boy, poring over his studies, and thereby weakening his constitution, he yet escaped being a bookworm; for, growing up in the country, he early developed that passion for nature and for solitude which colored all his poetry. In 1769 he went to Göttingen to study theology. Here, falling in with Bürger, Voss, the Stolbergs, and other poets of kindred tastes, he became one of the founders of the Göttingen "Hainbund." This league of young enthusiasts was aflame for Klopstock, then considered the greatest German poet, for patriotism and for friendship, detested Wieland's sensual poems and his Frenchified manner, read the classics together, and wrote poetry in friendly emulation. Höltý's constitutional melancholy deepened when the girl whom he had celebrated under the name of "Laura" married. His health was further undermined by the shock of the death of his father, to whom he was fondly attached. The year after, on September 1st, 1776, he died of consumption, not quite twenty-eight years of age.

HÖLTY

Höltý is an engaging figure. His poems reveal a lovable personality. The strain of sentimentality that runs through all his work is not affectation, as it was with so many of the younger poets of that age in which Rousseau had made sentimentality fashionable, but was the true expression of Höltý's nature. He chose by preference themes in which the thought of death was in some shape present, and he was most effective where this thought served as the shadow in the bright picture of fleeting joys. A presentiment of his own early death hovered constantly about him; but it neither marred his enjoyment of the present, nor did it diminish his delight in the beauties of nature, or prevent his outbursts of youthful frolic. His range was

small; but within its limits his work was perfect, and many of his songs have become the common property of the people. His wide knowledge of ancient and modern poetry made him familiar with many verse forms; his own poems are marked by harmony of form and matter, and by great technical skill in the handling of subjects both gay and grave. They show on the one hand a deep feeling for nature and solitude, and again an innocent gayety in treating of the simple social relations. He combined in a curious degree a capacity for enjoyment of the passing moment with a profound melancholy and longing for death. The influence of the English poets with whom Hölty was well acquainted is easily traceable, and in his verse one hears the mournful echo of Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

COUNTRY LIFE

HAPPY the man who has the town escaped!
 To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
 The shining pebbles, preach
 Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
 To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
 Each verdant sod a shrine,
 Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down;
 The nightingale reawakes him, fluting sweet,
 When shines the lovely red
 Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!
 In the ascending pomp of dawning day,—
 Thee in thy glorious sun,
 The worm, the budding branch;

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass
 Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests:
 Inhales the breath of prime,
 The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-decked thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
 And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
 Than golden halls of state
 Or beds of down afford.

To him the plummy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death;
And in the village church-yard by the graves
Sits, and beholds the cross,
Death's waving garland there,

The stone beneath the elders, where a text
Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die,
And with his scythe stands Death,
An angel too with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town:
Him did an angel bless when he was born,
The cradle of the boy
With flowers celestial strewed.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SPRING SONG

THE snow melts fast,
May comes at last,
Now shoots each spray
Forth blossoms gay,
The warbling bird
Around is heard.

Come, twine a wreath,
And on the heath
The dance prepare
Ye maidens fair!
Come, twine a wreath,
Dance on the heath!

Who can foretell
The tolling bell,
When we with May
No more shall play?
Canst thou foretell
The coming knell?

Rejoice, rejoice!
 To speak his voice
 Who gave us birth
 For joy on earth.
 God gives us time,—
 Enjoy its prime.

Translation of A. Baskerville.

HARVEST SONG

SICKLES sound;
 On the ground
 Fast the ripe ears fall;
 Every maiden's bonnet
 Has blue blossoms on it:
 Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
 Maidens sing
 To the sickle's sound;
 Till the moon is beaming,
 And the stubble gleaming,
 Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
 All are singing,
 Every lisping thing.
 Man and master meet,
 From one dish they eat;
 Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
 Whet the sickle,
 Piping merrily.
 Now they mow; each maiden
 Soon with sheaves is laden,
 Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,
 And the kisses!
 Now the wit doth flow
 Till the beer is out;
 Then, with song and shout,
 Home they go, yo ho!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

WINTER SONG

SUMMER joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE

SHE is no more, who bade the May month hail;
Alas! no more!
The songstress who enlivened all the vale,—
Her songs are o'er;
She whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,
Rang through my breast,
When, by the brook that murmured 'mong the flowers,
I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep full throat
The silvery lay,
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,
Far, far away!
Then was the hour when village pipe and song
Sent up their sound,
And dancing maidens lightly tripped along
The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hillside,
Far down the grove,
While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride
In speechless love.
Their hands were locked oft as thy silvery strain
Rang through the vale;
They heeded not the merry dancing train,
Sweet nightingale!

They listened thee till village bells from far
Chimed on the ear,
And like a golden fleece, the evening star
Beamed bright and clear.
Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,
Homeward they stole,
Full of sweet thoughts, breathed by thy tender lay
Through the deep soul.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE OLD FARMER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

MY SON, be honest truth thy guide,
And to thy dying day
Turn not a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
Then shall thy pilgrim pathway lie
Through meadows sunny-green;
Then shalt thou look on death with eye
Unshrinking and serene:

Then shall the pathway to thy tomb
By frequent feet be trod,
And summer flowers of sweet perfume
Spring from the moistened sod;
For oft shall children's children, led
By fond affection's care,
At evening seek thy grave, and shed
The tear of sorrow there.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

And in no house or street or nook
Can I my love discover.

Come back, sweet image of the night,
With thy angelic bearing,
Clad in the shepherd garments light
Which marked thy first appearing;
And with thee bring the swan-white hand
Which stole my heart completely,
The purple-scarlet bosom-band,
The nosegay scented sweetly;

The pair of great and glad blue eyes,
From whence looked out an angel;
The forehead, in such kindly guise,
Amenity's evangel;
The mouth, love's paradise abode;
The dimples laughing clearest,
Where Heaven's bright portal open stood,—
Bring all with thee, my dearest!

HOMAGE

~~O~~ YE beauties,
~~no need my death~~
~~From the appointed way~~
~~on such thy pilgrim parties~~
Through meadows ath,
Then shalt th strains while upraising;
Unsh till my death
All your virtues praising.
Th

Ye, O good ones,
Joy-imbued ones,
Give life its sweet guise,
Man an angel making,
And a paradise
Of a world law-breaking.

Who the blisses
Of true kisses
Never tasted hath,
Wanders like one fleeing
O'er life's beaten path,—
Is an unborn being.

And in no house or street or nook
Can I my love discover.

Come back, sweet image of the night,
With thy angelic bearing,
Clad in the shepherd garments light
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ay

f. Brooks.

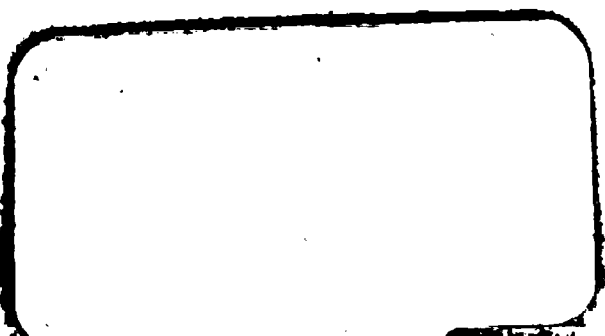
HIS SON

HOMAGE

thy guide,
ring day
YE beauties, angel's breadth
shall my pointed way
shall thy pilgrim pathies
Through meadows ath,
Then shalt thou strains while upraising;
Unshorn till my death
All your virtues praising.
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